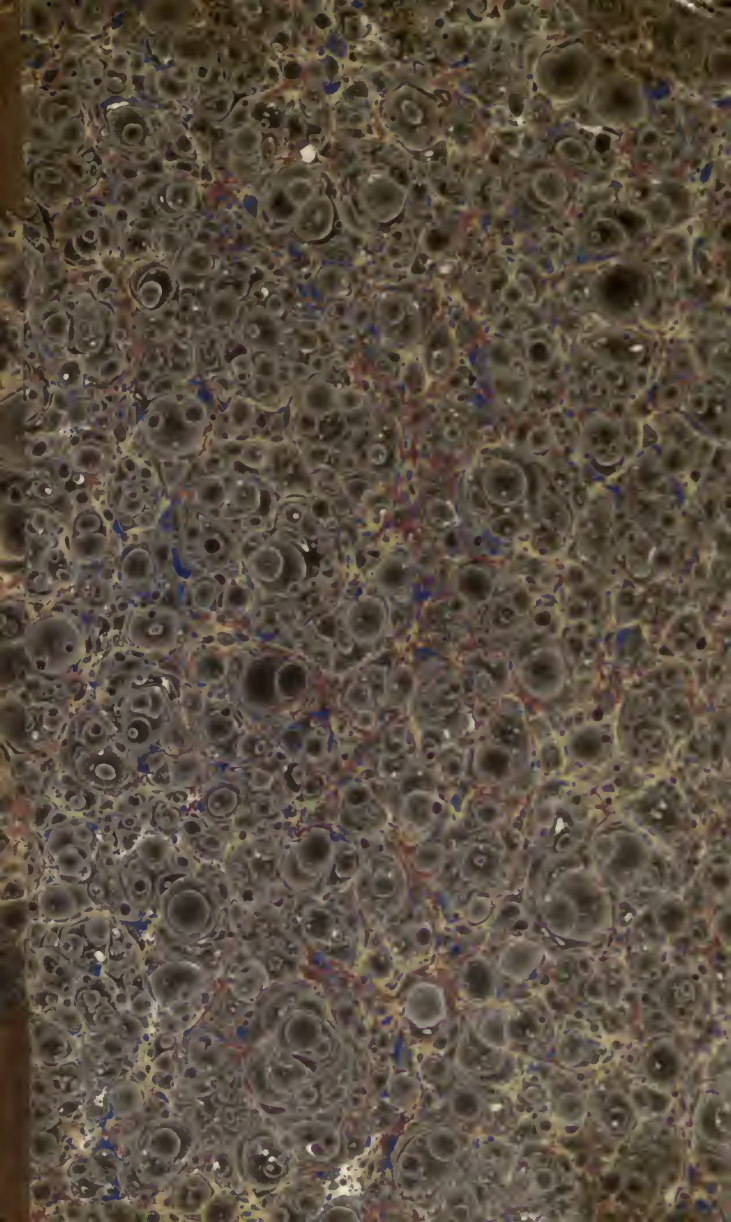
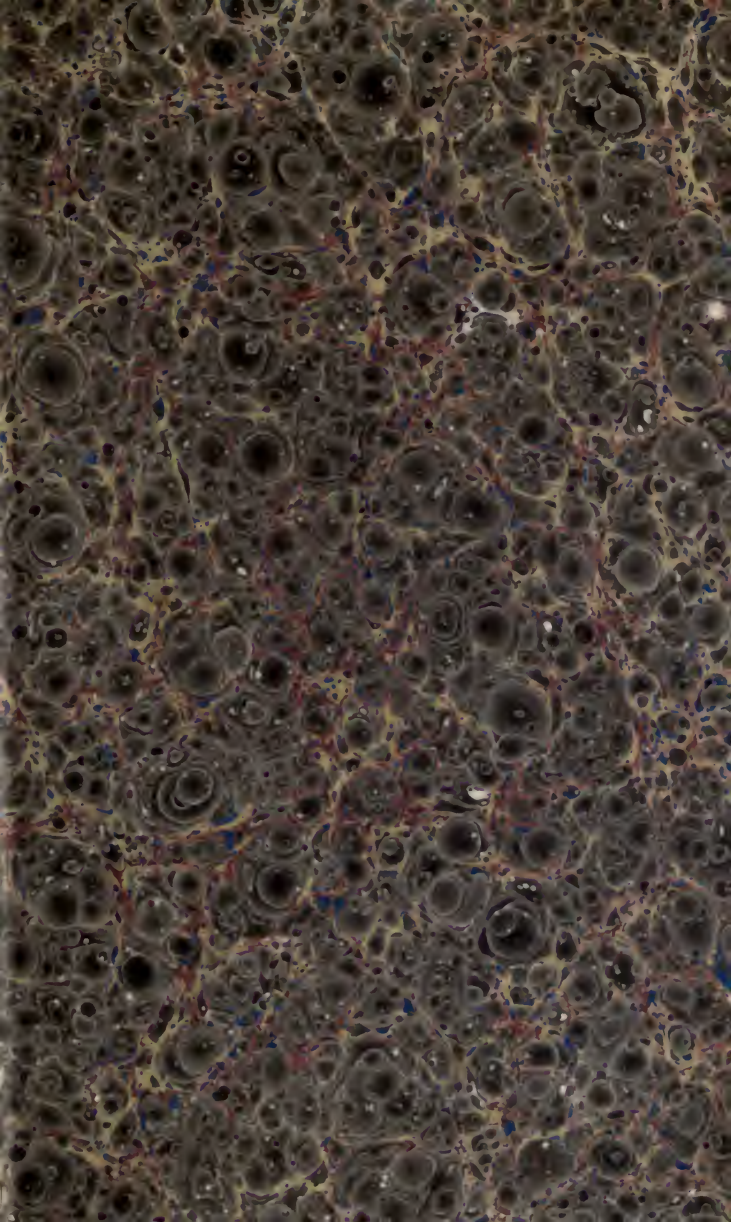




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3 vols in one





THE
WEST INDIES,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY,
AUTHOR OF 'THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,' &c.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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TO
THE PUBLIC.

THE Poem of 'THE WEST INDIES,' originally published by Mr BOWYER, in his splendid volume on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, is now presented in a form more convenient for general perusal.

'There are objections against the title and plan of this piece, which will occur to almost every reader. The Author will not anticipate them : he will only observe, that the title seemed the best, and the plan the most eligible, which *he* could adapt to a subject so various and excursive, yet so familiar and exhausted, as the African Slave Trade,—a subject which had become antiquated, by frequent, minute, and disgusting exposure ;

which afforded no opportunity to awaken, suspend, and delight curiosity, by a subtle and surprising developement of plot; and concerning which public feeling had been wearied into insensibility, by the agony of interest which the question excited, during three-and-twenty years of almost incessant discussion. That trade is at length abolished. May its memory be immortal, that henceforth it may be known only *by* its memory!—This extract from the preface to the former edition of ‘THE WEST INDIES’ will probably be a sufficient introduction to the present.

Of the lesser pieces that follow, it is unnecessary to say more than that they are offered as humble candidates for the same public favour (if they be deemed worthy of it) which their predecessors, accompanying ‘THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND,’ have most liberally obtained.

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THE
WEST INDIES.

A POEM, IN FOUR PARTS.

WRITTEN IN HONOUR OF THE ABOLITION OF THE AFRICAN
SLAVE TRADE BY THE BRITISH LEGISLATURE,
IN 1807.

“ Receive him for ever ; not now as a servant, but above a servant,—a brother beloved.”

St Paul's Epist. to Philemon, v. 15, 16.



THE
WEST INDIES.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction ; on the Abolition of the Slave Trade.—The Mariner's Compass.—Columbus.—The Discovery of America.—The West Indian Islands.—The Charibs.—Their Extermination.

‘ **THEY** chains are broken, Africa, be free !’

Thus saith the island-empress of the sea ;

Thus saith Britannia.—O, ye winds and waves !

Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves ;

Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gambia' side,

And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,²

Through radiant realms, beneath the burning zone,
 Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown,
 ' Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea,
 ' Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free !'

Long lay the ocean-paths from man conceal'd ;
 Light came from heaven,—the magnet was reveal'd,
 A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
 Than the pale glory of the northern sky ;
 Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
 Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray ;
 Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
 Still with strong impulse turning to the pole,
 True as the sun is to the morning true,
 Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.

Then man no longer plied with timid oar,
 And failing heart, along the windward shore ;
 Broad to the sky he turn'd his fearless sail,
 Defied the adverse, woo'd the favouring gale,

Bared to the storm his adamantine breast,
 Or soft on ocean's lap lay down to rest ;
 While free, as clouds the liquid ether sweep,
 His white-wing'd vessels coursed the unbounded
 deep ;

From clime to clime the wanderer loved to roam,
 The waves his heritage, the world his home.

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand
 Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land ;
 The floods o'erbalanced :—where the tide of light,
 Day after day, roll'd down the gulph of night,
 There seem'd one waste of waters :—long in vain
 His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main ;
 When sudden, as creation burst from nought,
 Sprang a new world through his stupendous thought,
 Light, order, beauty !—While his mind explored
 The unveiling mystery, his heart adored ;
 Where'er sublime imagination trod,
 He heard the voice, he saw the face of God.

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye
 O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky :
 In calm magnificence the sun declined,
 And left a paradise of clouds behind :
 Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
 The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

‘ —Ah ! on this sea of glory might I sail,
 ‘ Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil
 ‘ That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,
 ‘ Where day-light sojourns till our morrow rise !’

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone ;
 Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,
 The eye of evening, brightening through the west
 Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest :
 ‘ Whither, O golden Venus ! art thou fled ?
 ‘ Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed ;
 ‘ Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn
 ‘ Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn ;

‘ Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,
 ‘ The morn and eve divide the year with thee.’

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia’s slender bow
 Crested the farthest wave, then sunk below :
 ‘ Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,
 ‘ Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,
 ‘ What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,
 ‘ What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn ?’

Now earth and ocean vanish’d, all serene
 The starry firmament alone was seen ;
 Through the slow, silent hours, he watch’d the host
 Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,
 Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,
 Fled o’er the mighty waters, and the morn
 Danced on the mountains :—‘ Lights of heaven !’ he
 cried,
 ‘ Lead on ;—I go to win a glorious bride ;

' Fearless o'er gulphs unknown I urge my way,
 ' Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey :
 ' Hope swells my sail ;—In spirit I behold
 ' That maiden world, twin-sister of the old,
 ' By nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,
 ' Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me.' ¹

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore
 The brave adventurer to the promised shore ;
 Far in the west, array'd in purple light,
 Dawn'd the new world on his enraptured sight :
 Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,
 Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,
 With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,
 When life within, and light without he found ;
 When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,
 He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the whole.
 So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,
 At the last look of resolute despair,

The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,
 With gradual beauty open'd on his view.
 In that proud moment, his transported mind
 The morning and the evening worlds combined,
 And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,
 A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore.

Vain, visionary hope ! rapacious Spain
 Follow'd her hero's triumph o'er the main,
 Her hardy sons in fields of battle tried,
 Where Moor and Christian desperately died.
 A rabid race, fanatically bold,
 And steel'd to cruelty by lust of gold,
 Traversed the waves, the unknown world explored,
 The cross their standard, but their faith the sword ;
 Their steps were graves ; o'er prostrate realms they
 trod ;
 They worshipp'd Mammon while they vow'd to God.

Let nobler bards in loftier numbers tell
 How Cortez conquer'd, Montezuma fell ;
 How fierce Pizarro's ruffian arm o'erthrew
 The sun's resplendent empire in Peru ;
 How, like a prophet, old Las Casas stood,
 And raised his voice against a sea of blood,
 Whose chilling waves recoil'd while he foretold
 His country's ruin by avenging gold.
 —That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
 That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
 Thenceforth by righteous heaven was doom'd to shed
 Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head ;
 For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
 His gold and he were every nation's prey.

But themes like these would ask an angel-lyre,
 Language of light and sentiment of fire ;
 Give me to sing, in melancholy strains,
 Of Charib martyrdoms and Negro chains ;

II

• One race by tyrants rooted from the earth,
One doom'd to slavery by the taint of birth !

Where first his drooping sails Columbus furl'd,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of elysian isles ;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky :
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze ;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales :
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits, and amaranthine flowers ;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.—NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty :

She flourishes where'er the sun-beams play
 O'er living fountains, sallying into day ;
 She withers where the waters cease to roll,
 And night and winter stagnate round the pole :
 Man too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
 Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies ;
 Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
 Clings to the clod ; his root is in the grave ;
 Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair,
 Freedom the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air !

In placid indolence supinely blest,
 A feeble race these beauteous isles possess'd ;
 Untamed, untaught, in arts and arms unskill'd,
 Their patrimonial soil they rudely till'd,
 Chased the free rovers of the savage wood,
 Insnares the wild-bird, swept the scaly flood,
 Shelter'd in lowly huts their fragile forms
 From burning suns and desolating storms ;

Or when the halcyon sported on the breeze,
 In light canoes they skimm'd the rippling seas ;
 Their lives in dreams of soothing languor flew,
 No parted joys, no future pains they knew,
 The passing moment all their bliss or care ;
 Such as the sires had been, the children were
 From age to age ; as waves upon the tide
 Of stormless time, they calmly lived and died.

Dreadful as hurricanes, athwart the main
 Rush'd the fell legions of invading Spain ;
 With fraud and force, with false and fatal breath,
 (Submission bondage, and resistance death,)
 They swept the isles. In vain the simple race
 Kneel'd to the iron sceptre of their grace,
 Or with weak arms their fiery vengeance braved ;
 They came, they saw, they conquer'd, they enslaved,
 And they destroy'd ;—the generous heart they broke,
 They crush'd the timid neck beneath the yoke ;

Where'er to battle march'd their fell array,
 The sword of conquest plough'd resistless way ;
 Where'er from cruel toil they sought repose,
 Around, the fires of devastation rose.
 The Indian, as he turn'd his head in flight,
 Beheld his cottage flaming through the night,
 And, midst the shrieks of murder on the wind,
 Heard the mute blood-hound's death-step close behind.

The conflict o'er, the valiant in their graves,
 The wretched remnant dwindled into slaves ;
 Condemn'd in pestilential cells to pine,
 Delving for gold amidst the gloomy mine.
 The sufferer, sick of life-protracting breath,
 Inhaled with joy the fire-damp blast of death :
 —Condemn'd to fell the mountain palm on high,
 That cast its shadow from the evening sky,
 Ere the tree trembled to his feeble stroke,
 The woodman languish'd, and his heart-strings broke ;

—Condemn'd in torrid noon, with palsied hand,
To urge the slow plough o'er the obdurate land,
The labourer, smitten by the sun's quick ray,
A corpse along the unfinish'd furrow lay.
O'erwhelm'd at length with ignominious toil,
Mingling their barren ashes with the soil,
Down to the dust the Charib people pass'd,
Like autumn foliage withering in the blast :
The whole race sunk beneath the oppressor's rod,
And left a blank among the works of God.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



THE
WEST INDIES.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.

*The Cane.—Africa.—The Negro.—The Slave-Carrying Trade.
—The Means and Resources of the Slave Trade.—The Portu-
guese,—Dutch,—Danes,—French,—and English in America.*

AMONG the bowers of paradise, that graced
Those islands of the world-dividing waste,
Where towering cocoas waved their graceful locks,
And vines luxuriant cluster'd round the rocks ;
Where orange-groves perfumed the circling air,
With verdure, flowers, and fruit for ever fair ;
Gay myrtle-foliage track'd the winding rills,
And cedar forests slumber'd on the hills ;

—An eastern plant, ingrafted on the soil,⁴
 Was till'd for ages with consuming toil ;
 No tree of knowledge with forbidden fruit,
 Death in the taste, and ruin at the root,
 Yet in its growth were good and evil found,
 It bless'd the planter, but it cursed the ground ;
 While with vain wealth it gorged the master's hoard,
 And spread with manna his luxurious board,
 Its culture was perdition to the slave,
 It sapp'd his life, and flourish'd on his grave.

When the fierce spoiler from remorseless Spain
 Tasted the balmy spirit of the cane,
 (Already had his rival in the west,
 From the rich reed ambrosial sweetness press'd,)
 Dark through his thoughts the miser purpose roll'd
 To turn its hidden treasures into gold.
 But at his breath, by pestilent decay,
 The Indian tribes were swiftly swept away ;

Silence and horror o'er the isles were spread,
The living seem'd the spectres of the dead.
The Spaniard saw ; no sigh of pity stole,
No pang of conscience touch'd his sullen soul ;
The tiger weeps not o'er the kid ;—he turns
His flashing eyes abroad, and madly burns
For nobler victims, and for warmer blood :
Thus on the Charib shore the tyrant stood,
Thus cast his eyes with fury o'er the tide,
And far beyond the gloomy gulph descried
Devoted Africa : he burst away,
And with a yell of transport grasp'd his prey.

Where the stupendous Mountains of the Moon
Cast their broad shadows o'er the realms of noon ;
From rude Caffraria, where the giraffes browse,
With stately heads among the forest boughs,
To Atlas, where Numidian lions glow
With torrid fire beneath eternal snow :

From Nubian hills, that hail the dawning day,
 To Guinea's coast, where evening fades away,
 Regions immense, unsearchable, unknown,
 Bask in the splendour of the solar zone ;
 A world of wonders,—where creation seems
 No more the works of Nature, but her dreams ;
 Great, wild, and beautiful, beyond controul,
 She reigns in all the freedom of her soul ;
 Where none can check her bounty when she showers
 O'er the gay wilderness her fruits and flowers ;
 None brave her fury, when, with whirlwind breath,
 And earthquake step, she walks abroad with death ;
 O'er boundless plains she holds her fiery flight,
 In terrible magnificence of light ;
 At blazing noon pursues the evening breeze,
 Through the dun gloom of realm-o'ershadowing trees,
 Her thirst at Nile's mysterious fountain quells,
 Or bathes in secrecy where Niger swells
 An inland ocean, on whose jasper rocks
 With shells and sea-flower-wreaths she binds her locks :

She sleeps on isles of velvet verdure, placed
Midst sandy gulphs and shoals for ever waste ;
She guides her countless flocks to cherish'd rills,
And feeds her cattle on a thousand hills ;
Her steps the wild bees welcome through the vale,
From every blossom that embalms the gale ;
The slow unwieldy river-horse she leads
Through the deep waters, o'er the pasturing meads ;
And climbs the mountains that invade the sky,
To sooth the eagle's nestlings when they cry.
At sun-set, when voracious monsters burst
From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst ;
When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,
Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night ;
When darkness seems alive, and all the air
Is one tremendous uproar of despair,
Horror, and agony ;—on her they call ;
She hears their clamour, she provides for all,
Leads the light leopard on his eager way,
And goads the gaunt hyæna to his prey.

In these romantic regions Man grows wild ;
 Here dwells the negro, Nature's outcast child,
 Scorn'd by his brethren ; but his mother's eye,
 That gazes on him from her warmest sky,
 Sees in his flexile limbs untutor'd grace,
 Power on his forehead, beauty in his face ;
 Sees in his breast, where lawless passions rove,
 The heart of friendship and the home of love ;
 Sees in his mind, where desolation reigns,
 Fierce as his clime, uncultured as his plains,
 A soil where virtue's fairest flowers might shoot,
 And trees of science bend with glorious fruit ;
 Sees in his soul, involved with thickest night,
 An emanation of eternal light,
 Ordain'd, midst sinking worlds, his dust to fire,
 And shine for ever when the stars expire.
 Is he not *Man*, though knowledge never shed
 Her quickening beams on his neglected head ?
 Is he not *Man*, though sweet religion's voice
 Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice ?

Is *he* not Man, by sin and suffering tried ?
 Is *he* not Man, for whom the Saviour died ?
 Belie the Negro's powers :—In headlong will,
 Christian ! *thy* brother thou shalt prove him still ;
 Belie his virtues ; since his wrongs began,
 His follies and his crimes have stamp'd him Man.

The Spaniard found him such :—the island-race
 His foot had spurn'd from earth's insulted face ;
 Among the waifs and foundlings of mankind,
 Abroad he look'd, a sturdier stock to find ;
 A spring of life, whose fountains should supply
 His channels as he drank the rivers dry :
 That stock he found on Afric's swarming plains,
 That spring he open'd in the Negro's veins ;
 A spring, exhaustless as his avarice drew,
 A stock that like Prometheus' vitals grew
 Beneath the eternal beak his heart that tore,
 Beneath the insatiate thirst that drain'd his gore.

Thus, childless as the Charibbeans died,
 Afric's strong sons the ravening waste supplied ;
 Of hardier fibre to endure the yoke,
 And self-renew'd beneath the severing stroke ;
 As grim oppression crush'd them to the tomb,
 Their fruitful parent's miserable womb
 Teem'd with fresh myriads, crowded o'er the waves,
 Heirs to their toil, their sufferings, and their graves.

Freighted with curses was the bark that bore
 The spoilers of the west to Guinea's shore ;
 Heavy with groans of anguish blew the gales
 That swell'd that fatal bark's returning sails ;
 Old Ocean shrunk as o'er his surface flew
 The human cargo and the demon crew.
 —Thenceforth, unnumber'd as the waves that roll
 From sun to sun, or pass from pole to pole,
 Outcasts and exiles, from their country torn,
 In floating dungeons o'er the gulph were borne ;

—The valiant seized, in peril-daring fight ;
 The weak, surprised in nakedness and night ;
 Subjects by mercenary despots sold ;
 Victims of justice prostitute for gold ;
 Brothers by brothers, friends by friends betray'd ;
 Snared in her lover's arms the trusting maid ;
 The faithful wife by her false lord estranged,
 For one wild cup of drunken bliss exchanged ;
 From the brute-mother's knee, the infant-boy,
 Kidnapp'd in slumber, barter'd for a toy ;
 The father resting at *his* father's tree,
 Doom'd by the son to die beyond the sea :
 —All bonds of kindred, law, alliance broke,
 All ranks, all nations crouching to the yoke ;
 From fields of light, unshadowed climes that lie
 Panting beneath the sun's meridian eye,
 From hidden Ethiopia's utmost land ;
 From Zaara's fickle wilderness of sand ;
 From Congo's blazing plains and blooming woods ;
 From Whidah's hills, that gush with golden floods ;

Captives of tyrant power and dastard wiles,
 Dispeopled Africa, and gorged the isles.
 Loud and perpetual o'er the Atlantic waves,
 For guilty ages, roll'd the tide of slaves ;
 A tide that knew no fall, no turn, no rest,
 Constant as day and night from east to west ;
 Still widening, deepening, swelling in its course,
 With boundless ruin and resistless force.

Quickly by Spain's alluring fortune fired,
 With hopes of fame, and dreams of wealth inspired,
 Europe's dread powers from ignominious ease
 Started ; their pennons stream'd on every breeze :
 And still where'er the wide discoveries spread,
 The cane was planted and the native bled ;
 While, nursed by fiercer suns, of nobler race,
 The Negro toil'd and perish'd in his place.

First, Lusitania,—she whose prows had borne
 Her arms triumphant round the car of morn,

—Turn'd to the setting sun her bright array,
And hung her trophies o'er the couch of day.

Holland,—whose hardy sons roll'd back the sea,
To build the halcyon-nest of liberty,
Shameless abroad the enslaving flag unfurl'd,
And reign'd a despot in the younger world.

Denmark,—whose roving hordes, in barbarous
times,
Fill'd the wide north with piracy and crimes,
Awed every shore, and taught their keels to sweep
O'er every sea, the Arabs of the deep,
—Embark'd, once more to western conquest led
By Rollo's spirit, risen from the dead.

Gallia,—who vainly aim'd, in depth of night,
To hurl old Rome from her Tarpeian height,
(But lately laid, with unprevented blow,
The thrones of kings, the hopes of freedom low,)

—Rush'd o'er the theatre of splendid toils,
To brave the dangers and divide the spoils.

Britannia,—she who scathed the crest of Spain,
And won the trident sceptre of the main,
When to the raging wind and ravening tide
She gave the huge Armada's scatter'd pride,
Smit by the thunder-wielding hand that hurl'd
Her vengeance round the wave-encircled world ;
—Britannia shared the glory and the guilt,
By her were Slavery's island-altars built,
And fed with human victims ;—while the cries
Of blood, demanding vengeance from the skies,
Assail'd her traders' grovelling hearts in vain,
—Hearts dead to sympathy, alive to gain,
Hard from impunity, with avarice cold,
Sordid as earth, insensible as gold.

Thus through a night of ages, in whose shade
The sons of darkness plied the infernal trade,

Wild Africa beheld her tribes, at home,
In battle slain ; abroad, condemned to roam
O'er the salt waves, in stranger-isles to bear,
(Forlorn of hope, and sold into despair,)
Through life's slow journey, to its dolorous close,
Unseen, unwept, unutterable woes.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE
WEST INDIES.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.

The Love of Country, and of Home, the same in all Ages and among all Nations.—The Negro's Home and Country.—Mungo Park.—Progress of the Slave Trade.—The Middle Passage.—The Negro in the West Indies.—The Guinea Captain.—The Creole Planter.—The Moors of Barbary.—Buccancers.—Maroons.—St Domingo.—Hurricanes.—The Yellow Fever.

✓ THERE is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend :
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;

Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.

“Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?”

Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;

O, thou shalt find, howe’er thy footsteps roam,

That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home! ✓

On Greenland’s rocks, o’er rude Kamschatka’s
plains,

In pale Siberia’s desolate domains;

When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,

Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey,

The rein-deer’s spoil, the ermine’s treasure shares,

And feasts his famine on the fat of bears;

Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,

Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,

Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain

Plunging down headlong through the whirling main;

—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye

Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky,

And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods ;
In California's pathless world of woods ;
Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne,
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone ;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles ;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health ;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth ;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink ;
On Carmel's crest ; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanish'd like a dream ;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves ;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonour'd vales ;

Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
 Around the beauteous isle of Liberty ;
 —Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
 His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

And is the Negro outlaw'd from his birth ?
 Is he alone a stranger on the earth ?
 Is there no shed, whose peeping roof appears
 So lovely that it fills his eyes with tears ?
 No land, whose name, in exile heard, will dart
 Ice through his veins and lightning through his heart ?
 Ah ! yes ; beneath the beams of brighter skies,
 His home amidst his father's country lies ;
 There with the partner of his soul he shares
 Love-mingled pleasures, love-divided cares ;

There, as with nature's warmest filial fire,
 He soothes his blind, and feeds his helpless sire ;
 His children sporting round his hut behold
 How they shall cherish him when he is old,
 Train'd by example from their tenderest youth
 To deeds of charity, and words of truth.¹
 —Is *he* not blest ? Behold, at closing day,
 The negro-village swarms abroad to play ;
 He treads the dance through all its rapturous rounds,
 To the wild music of barbarian sounds ;
 Or, stretch'd at ease, where broad palmettos shower
 Delicious coolness in his shadowy bower,
 He feasts on tales of witchcraft, that give birth
 To breathless wonder, or ecstatic mirth ;
 Yet most delighted, when, in rudest rhymes,
 The minstrel wakes the song of elder times,
 When men were heroes, slaves to Beauty's charms,
 And all the joys of life were love and arms.
 —Is not the Negro blest ? His generous soil
 With harvest-plenty crowns his simple toil ;

More than his wants his flocks and fields afford ;

He loves to greet the stranger at his board :

‘ The winds were roaring and the White Man fled ;

‘ The rains of night descended on his head ;

‘ The poor White Man sat down beneath our tree,

‘ Weary and faint, and far from home was he :

‘ For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,

‘ No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul :

‘ —Pity the poor White Man, who sought our tree,

‘ No wife, no mother, and no home has he.’

Thus sung the Negro’s daughters ;—once again,

O, that the poor White Man might hear that strain !

—Whether the victim of the treacherous Moor ;

Or from the Negro’s hospitable door

Spurn’d, as a spy from Europe’s hateful clime,

And left to perish for thy country’s crime ;

Or destin’d still, when all thy wanderings cease,

On Albion’s lovely lap to rest in peace ;

Pilgrim ! in heaven or earth, where’er thou be,

Angels of mercy guide and comfort thee !

Thus lived the Negro in his native land,
 Till Christian cruisers anchor'd on his strand ;
 Where'er their grasping arms the spoilers spread,
 The Negro's joys, the Negro's virtues, fled ;
 Till, far amidst the wilderness unknown,
 They flourish'd in the sight of Heaven alone :
 While from the coast, with wide and wider sweep,
 The race of Mammon dragg'd across the deep
 Their sable victims, to that western bourn,
 From which no traveller might e'er return,
 To blazon in the ears of future slaves
 The secrets of the world beyond the waves.

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
 Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb ;
 When with the mother's pangs the expiring earth
 Shall bring her children forth to second birth ;
 Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
 With human relics, render up their dead :

Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
 Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
 In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
 Of ocean-slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
 Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
 From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
 Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
 From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
 By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
 Or headlong plunged alive into the main,²
 Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
 And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Yet small the number, and the fortune blest,
 Of those who in the stormy deep found rest,
 Weigh'd with the unremember'd millions more,
 That 'scaped the sea, to perish on the shore,
 By the slow pangs of solitary care,
 The earth-devouring anguish of despair,³

The broken heart, which kindness never heals,
 The home-sick passion which the negro feels,
 When toiling, fainting in the land of canes,
 His spirit wanders to his native plains ;
 His little lovely dwelling there he sees,
 Beneath the shade of his paternal trees,
 The home of comfort :—then before his eyes
 The terrors of captivity arise.

—'Twas night :—his babes around him lay at rest,
 Their mother slumber'd on their father's breast :
 A yell of murder rang around their bed ;
 They woke ; their cottage blazed ; the victims fled ;
 Forth sprang the ambush'd ruffians on their prey,
 They caught, they bound, they drove them far away ;
 The white man bought them at the mart of blood ;
 In pestilential barks they cross'd the flood ;
 Then were the wretched ones asunder torn,
 To distant isles, to separate bondage borne,
 Denied, though sought with tears, the sad relief
 That misery loves,—the fellowship of grief.

The Negro, spoiled of all that nature gave
 To freeborn man, thus shrunk into a slave,
 His passive limbs to measured tasks confined,
 Obey'd the impulse of another mind ;
 A silent, secret, terrible controul,
 That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
 Not for himself he waked at morning-light,
 Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night ;
 His rest, his labour, pastime, strength, and health,
 Were only portions of a master's wealth ;
 His love—O, name not love, where Britons doom
 The fruit of love to slavery from the womb !

Thus spurn'd, degraded, trampled, and oppress'd,
 The Negro-exile languish'd in the west,
 With nothing left of life but hated breath,
 And not a hope except the hope in death,
 To fly for ever from the Creole-strand,
 And dwell a freeman in his father-land.

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave ?

—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,

False as the winds that round his vessel blow,

Remorseless as the gulph that yawns below,

Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,

A Christian broker in the trade of blood ;

Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,

He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.

At noon, when sky and ocean, calm, and clear,

Bend round his bark, one blue unbroken sphere ;

When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,

And sun-beam circles o'er the waters shine ;

He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,

No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,

But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,

Curses the winds that loiter on their way.

When swoln with hurricanes the billows rise,

To meet the lightning midway from the skies ;

When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves

Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves ;

Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
 Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
 But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
 Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.⁴

Lives there a reptile baser than the slave ?⁵
 —Loathsome as death, corrupted as the grave,
 See the dull Creole, at his pompous board,
 Attendant vassals cringing round their lord ;
 Sate with food, his heavy eyelids close,
 Voluptuous minions fan him to repose ;
 Prone on the noonday couch he lolls in vain,
 Delirious slumbers rock his maudlin brain ;
 He starts in horror from bewildering dreams,
 His bloodshot eye with fire and frenzy gleams ;
 He stalks abroad ; through all his wonted rounds,
 The negro trembles, and the lash resounds,
 And cries of anguish, shrilling through the air,
 To distant fields his dread approach declare.

Mark, as he passes, every head declined ;
 Then slowly raised,—to curse him from behind.
 This is the veriest wretch on nature's face,
 Own'd by no country, spurn'd by every race ;
 The tether'd tyrant of one narrow span,
 The bloated vampire of a living man ;
 His frame,—a fungus form, of dunghill birth,
 That taints the air, and rots above the earth ;
 His soul ;—has *he* a soul, whose sensual breast
 Of selfish passions is a serpent's nest ?
 Who follows headlong, ignorant, and blind,
 The vague brute-instinct of an idiot mind ;
 Whose heart, 'midst scenes of suffering senseless
 grown,
 E'en from his mother's lap was chill'd to stone ;
 Whose torpid pulse no social feelings move ;
 A stranger to the tenderness of love
 His motley haram charms his gloating eye,
 Where ebon, brown, and olive beauties vie ;

His children, sprung alike from sloth and vice,
 Are born his slaves, and loved at market price :
 Has *he* a soul ?—With his departing breath,
 A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
 The spectre Conscience,—shrieking through the
 gloom,

‘ Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.’

O Africa ! amidst thy children’s woes,
 Did earth and heaven conspire to aid thy foes ?
 No, thou hadst vengeance—From thy northern
 shores

Sallied the lawless corsairs of the Moors,
 And back on Europe’s guilty nations hurl’d
 Thy wrongs and sufferings in the sister world :
 Deep in thy dungeons Christians clank’d their chains,
 Or toil’d and perish’d on thy parching plains.

But where thine offspring crouch’d beneath the yoke,
 In heavier peals the avenging thunder broke.

—Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
 Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain,⁶
 A mammoth race, invincible in might,
 Rapine and massacre their dire delight,
 Peril their element ;—o'er land and flood
 They carried fire, and quench'd the flames with blood
 Despairing captives hail'd them from the coasts ;
 They rush'd to conquest, led by Charib ghosts.

Tremble, Britannia ! while thine islands tell
 The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell ;⁷
 The wild Maroons, impregnable and free,
 Among the mountain-holds of liberty,
 Sudden as lightning darted on their foe,
 Seen like the flash, remember'd like the blow.

While Gallia boasts of dread Marengo's fight,
 And Hohenlinden's slaughter-deluged night,
 Her spirit sinks ;—the sinews of the brave,
 That crippled Europe, shrunk before the Slave ;

The Demon-spectres of Domingo rise,
And all her triumphs vanish from her eyes.

God is a spirit, veil'd from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light ;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face ;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will ;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power :
Oft o'er the Eden-islands of the West,
In floral pomp, and verdant beauty drest,
Roll the dark clouds of his awaken'd ire :
—Thunder and earthquake, whirlwind, flood, and fire,
Midst reeling mountains and disparting plains,
Tell the pale world,—‘ The God of vengeance reigns.’

Nor in the majesty of storms alone,^s
The Eternal makes his dread displeasure known ;

At his command the pestilence abhorr'd
Spare the poor slave, and smites the haughty lord ;
While to the tomb he sees his friend consign'd,
Foreboding melancholy sinks his mind,
Soon at his heart he feels the monster's fangs,
They tear his vitals with convulsive pangs ;
The light is anguish to his eye, the air
Sepulchral vapours laden with despair ;
Now frenzy-horrors rack his whirling brain,
Tremendous pulses throb through every vein ;
The firm earth shrinks beneath his torture-bed,
The sky in ruins rushes o'er his head ;
He rolls, he rages in consuming fires,
Till nature, spent with agony, expires.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE
WEST INDIES.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Moravian Brethren.—Their Missions in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies.—Christian Negroes.—The Advocates of the Negroes in England.—Granville Sharpe, —Clarkson,—Wilberforce,—Pitt,—Fox,—The Nation itself. —The Abolition of the Slave Trade.—The future State of the West Indies,—of Africa,—of the whole World.—The Millennium.

WAS there no Mercy, mother of the slave !

No friendly hand to succour and to save,

While Commerce thus thy captive tribes oppress'd,

And lowering Vengeance linger'd o'er the west ?

Yes, Africa ! beneath the stranger's rod
 They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
 Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
 Whose second empire, cowl'd and mitred, burst
 A phœnix from the ashes of the first ;
 From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
 Among Bohemian mountains 'Truth retir'd ;
 There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
 She found a people scatter'd, scorn'd, and poor,
 A little flock through quiet valleys led,
 A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
 While ravening wolves, that scorn'd the shepherd's
 hand,
 Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
 With these the lovely Exile sojourn'd long ;
 Sooth'd by her presence, solac'd by her song,
 They toil'd through danger, trials, and distress,
 A band of Virgins in the wilderness,

With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
 Counting the watches of the weary hours,
 In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
 And see his banner in the clouds appear :
 But when the morn returning chased the night,
 These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light :
 Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
 His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away,

Ages roll'd by, the turf perennial bloom'd
 O'er the lorn relics of those saints entomb'd ;
 No miracle proclaim'd their power divine,
 No kings adorn'd, no pilgrims kiss'd their shrine ;
 Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept ;
 But God remember'd them :—their Father kept
 A faithful remnant ;—o'er their native clime
 His Spirit moved in his appointed time,
 The race reviv'd at his almighty breath,
 A seed to serve him, from the dust of death,

‘ Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms pro-

‘ claim

‘ Mercy to sinners in a Saviour’s name :’

Thus spake the Lord ; they heard and they obey’d ;

—Greenland lay wrapt in nature’s heaviest shade ;

Thither the ensign of the cross they bore ;

The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore ;

With joy and wonder hailing from afar,

Through polar storms, the light of Jacob’s star.

Where roll Ohio’s streams, Missouri’s floods,

Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,

The Red Man roam’d, a hunter-warrior wild ;

On him the everlasting Gospel smiled ;

His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,

Divinely melted, moulded, and renew’d ;

The bold base Savage, nature’s harshest clod,

Rose from the dust the image of his God.

And thou, poor Negroe ! scorn'd of all mankind ;
 Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind ;
 Thou dead in spirit ! toil-degraded slave,
 Crush'd by the curse on Adam to the grave ;
 The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
 That sought the sons of sorrow, stoop'd to thee.
 —The captive rais'd his slow and sullen eye ;
 He knew no friend, nor deem'd a friend was nigh,
 Till the sweet tones of Pity touch'd his ears,
 And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears ;
 Strange were those tones, to him those tears were
 strange,
 He wept and wonder'd at the mighty change,
 Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
 And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
 A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
 From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran ;
 The slave that heard them started into man :

Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,
 The angel came, his night was turn'd to day ;
 ' Arise !' his fetters fall, his slumbers flee ;
 He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

No more to Demon-Gods, in hideous forms,
 He pray'd for earthquakes, pestilence, and storms,
 In secret agony devour'd the earth,
 And, while he spar'd his mother, curs'd his birth :²
 To heaven the Christian Negro sent his sighs,
 In morning vows and evening sacrifice ;
 He pray'd for blessings to descend on those
 That dealt to him the cup of many woes ;
 Thought of his home in Africa forlorn ;
 Yet, while he wept, rejoiced that he was born.
 No longer, burning with unholy fires,
 He wallow'd in the dust of base desires ;
 Ennobling virtue fix'd his hopes above,
 Enlarg'd his heart, and sanctified his love :

With humble steps the paths of peace he trod,
 A happy pilgrim, for he walk'd with God.

Still slowly spread the dawn of life and day,
 In death and darkness pagan myriads lay :
 Stronger and heavier chains than those that bind
 The captive's limbs, enthrall'd his abject mind ;
 The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,
 The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.

Meanwhile, among the great, the brave, the free,
 The matchless race of Albion and the sea,
 Champions arose to plead the Negro's cause ;
 In the wide breach of violated laws,
 Through which the torrent of injustice roll'd.
 They stood :—with zeal unconquerably bold,
 They raised their voices, stretch'd their arms to save
 From chains the freeman, from despair the slave ;
 The exile's heart-sick anguish to assuage,
 And rescue Afric from the spoiler's rage.

She, miserable mother, from the shore,
 Age after age, beheld the barks that bore
 Her tribes to bondage :—with distraction wrung,
 Wild as the lioness that seeks her young,
 She flash'd unheeded lightnings from her eyes ;
 Her inmost deserts echoing to her cries ;
 Till agony the sense of suffering stole,
 And stern unconscious grief benumb'd her soul.
 So Niobe, when all her race were slain,
 In ecstasy of woe forgot her pain ;
 Cold in her eye serenest horror shone,
 While pitying Nature sooth'd her into stone.

Thus Africa, entranced with sorrow, stood,
 Her fix'd eye gleaming on the restless flood :
 —When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's charter'd
 shore,³

From Lybian limbs the unsanction'd fetters tore,
 And taught the world, that while she rules the waves,
 Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves :

—When Clarkson his victorious course began,⁴
 Unyielding in the cause of God and man,
 Wise, patient, persevering to the end,
 No guile could thwart, no power his purpose bend,
 He rose o'er Afric like the sun in smiles,
 He rests in glory on the western isles :

—When Wilberforce, the minister of grace,
 The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race,⁵
 With angel-might opposed the rage of hell,
 And fought like Michael, till the dragon fell :

—When Pitt, supreme, amid the senate, rose
 The Negro's friend, among the Negro's foes ;
 Yet while his tones like heaven's high thunder broke,
 No fire descended to consume the yoke :

—When Fox, all-eloquent for freedom stood,
 With speech resistless as the voice of blood,
 The voice that cries through all the Patriot's veins,
 When at his feet his country groans in chains ;
 The voice that whispers in the mother's breast,
 When smiles her infant in his rosy rest ;

Of power to bid the storm of passion roll,
 Or touch with sweetest tenderness the soul.
 He spake in vain ;—till, with his latest breath,
 He broke the spell of Africa in death.

The Muse to whom the lyre and lute belong,
 Whose song of freedom is her noblest song,
 The lyre with awful indignation swept,
 O'er the sweet lute in silent sorrow wept,
 —When Albion's crimes drew thunder from her
 tongue,
 —When Afric's woes o'erwhelm'd her while she sung.
 Lamented Cowper ! in thy path I tread ;
 O ! that on me were thy meek spirit shed !
 The woes that wring my bosom once were thine ;
 Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine !
 Peace to thy soul ! thy God thy portion be ;
 And in his presence may I rest with thee !

Quick at the call of Virtue, Freedom, Truth,
 Weak withering age and strong aspiring youth
 Alike the expanding power of pity felt;
 The coldest, hardest hearts began to melt;
 From breast to breast the flame of justice glow'd;
 Wide o'er its banks the Nile of mercy flow'd;
 Through all the isle the gradual waters swell'd;
 Mammon in vain the encircling flood repell'd;
 O'erthrown at length, like Pharaoh and his host,
 His shipwreck'd hopes lay scatter'd round the coast.

High on her rock in solitary state,
 Sublimely musing, pale Britannia sate:
 Her awful forehead on her spear reclined,
 Her robe and tresses streaming with the wind;
 Chill through her frame foreboding tremors crept;
 The Mother thought upon her Sons, and wept:
 —She thought of Nelson in the battle slain,
 And his last signal beaming o'er the main;⁶

In Glory's circling arms the hero bled,
 While Victory bound the laurel on his head ;
 At once immortal, in both worlds, became
 His soaring spirit and abiding name ;
 —She thought of Pitt, heart-broken on his bier ;
 And ' O my Country !' echoed in her ear ;
 —She thought of Fox ;—she heard him faintly speak,
 His parting breath grew cold upon her cheek,
 His dying accents trembled into air ;
 ' Spare injured Africa ! the Negro spare !'

She started from her trance!—and round the shore,
 Beheld her supplicating sons once more
 Pleading the suit so long, so vainly tried,
 Renew'd, resisted, promised, pledged, denied,
 The Negro's claim to all his Maker gave,
 And all the tyrant ravish'd from the slave.
 Her yielding heart confess'd the righteous claim,
 Sorrow had soften'd it, and love o'ercame ;

Shame flush'd her noble cheek, her bosom burn'd ;
 To helpless, hopeless Africa she turn'd ;
 She saw her sister in the Mourner's face,
 And rush'd with tears into her dark embrace :
 ' All hail ! ' exclaim'd the Empress of the sea,
 ' Thy chains are broken, Africa be free ! '

Muse ! take the harp of prophecy :—behold !
 The glories of a brighter age unfold :
 Friends of the outcast ! view the accomplish'd plan,
 The Negro towering to the height of man.
 The blood of Romans, Saxons, Gauls, and Danes,
 Swell'd the rich fountain of the Briton's veins ;
 Unmingled streams a warmer life impart,
 And quicker pulses to the Negro's heart :
 A dusky race beneath the evening sun,
 Shall blend their spousal currents into one :
 Is beauty bound to colour, shape, or air ?
 No ; God created all his offspring fair.

Tyrant and slave their tribes shall never see,
 For God created all his offspring free ;
 Then Justice, leagued with Mercy, from above,
 Shall reign in all the liberty of love ;
 And the sweet shores beneath the balmy west,
 Again shall be ‘ the islands of the blest.’

Unutterable mysteries of fate
 Involve, O Africa ! thy future state.
 —On Niger’s banks, in lonely beauty wild,
 A Negro-mother carols to her child :
 ‘ Son of my widow’d love, my orphan joy !
 ‘ Avenge thy father’s murder, O, my boy !’
 Along those banks the fearless *infant* strays,
 Bathes in the stream, among the eddies plays ;
 See the *boy* bounding through the eager race ;
 The fierce *youth*, shouting foremost in the chase,
 Drives the grim lion from his ancient woods,
 And smites the crocodile amidst his floods.

To giant strength in unshorn *manhood* grown,
He haunts the wilderness, he dwells alone.
A tigress with her whelps to seize him sprung,
He tears the mother, and he tames the young
In the drear cavern of their native rock ;
Thither wild slaves and fell banditti flock ;
He heads their hordes ; they burst, like torrid rains,
In death and devastation o'er the plains ;
Stronger and bolder grows his ruffian band,
Prouder his heart, more terrible his hand.
He spreads his banner ; crowding from afar,
Innumerable armies rush to war ;
Resistless as the pillar'd whirlwinds fly
O'er Lybian sands, revolving to the sky,
In fire and wrath through every realm they run,
Where the noon-shadow shrinks beneath the sun ;
Till at the Conqueror's feet from sea to sea,
A hundred nations bow the servile knee,
And throned in nature's unreveal'd domains,
The Jenghis Khan of Africa he reigns.

Dim through the night of these tempestuous years
 A Sabbath dawn o'er Africa appears ;
 Then shall her neck from Europe's yoke be freed,
 And healing arts to hideous arms succeed ;
 At home fraternal bonds her tribes shall bind,
 Commerce abroad espouse them with mankind,
 While truth shall build, and pure Religion bless
 The church of God amidst the wilderness.

Nor in the isles and Africa alone
 Be the Redeemer's cross and triumph known :
 Father of Mercies ! speed the promised hour ;
 Thy kingdom come with all-restoring power ;
 Peace, virtue, knowledge, spread from pole to pole,
 As round the world the ocean waters roll !
 —Hope waits the morning of celestial light ;
 Time plumes his wings for everlasting flight ;
 Unchanging seasons have their march begun ;
 Millennial years are hastening to the sun ;

Seen through thick clouds, by Faith's transpiercing
eyes,

The New Creation shines in purer skies.

—All hail!—the age of crime and suffering ends ;

The reign of righteousness from heaven descends ;

Vengeance for ever sheathes the afflicting sword ;

Death is destroy'd, and Paradise restored ;

Man, rising from the ruins of his fall,

Is one with God, and God is All in All.

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.



NOTES.

PART I.

Note ¹. Page 1, line 6.—*Far as Niger rolls his easteru tide.*—Mungo Parke, in his travels, ascertained that “the great river of the Negroes” flows *eastward*. It is probable, therefore, that this river is either lost among the sands, or empties itself into some inland sea, in the undiscovered regions of Africa. See also *Part II.*, line 64.

Note ². Page 8, line 6. *Denied to ages, but betroth'd to me.* When the Author of *The West Indies* conceived the plan of this introduction of Columbus, he was not aware that he was indebted to any preceding poet for a hint on the subject ; but, some time afterwards, on a second perusal of SOUTHEY'S *MADOC*, it struck him that the idea of Columbus walking on the shore at sunset, which he had hitherto imagined his own, might be only a reflection of the impression made upon his mind long before, by the first reading of the following splendid passage. He therefore gladly makes this acknowledgment,

though at his own expence, in justice to the Author of the noblest narrative Poem in the English language, after the FAERIE QUEENE and PARADISE LOST.

- ‘ When evening came, toward the echoing shore
- ‘ I and Cadwallon walk’d together forth ;
- ‘ Bright with dilated glory shone the west ;
- ‘ But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
- ‘ The burnish’d silver sea, that heaved and flash’d
- ‘ Its restless rays intolerably bright.
- “ Prince !” quoth Cadwallon, “ thou hast rode the waves
- “ In triumph when the Invader felt thine arm.
- “ O what a nobler conquest might be won
- “ There,—upon that wide field !”—“ What meanest thou ?”
- ‘ I cried ;—“ That yonder waters are not spread
- ‘ A boundless waste, a bourne impassable ;
- “ That thou shouldst rule the elements,—that there
- “ Might manly courage, manly wisdom find
- “ Some happy isle, some undiscover’d shore,
- “ Some resting place for peace. Oh ! that my soul
- “ Could seize the wings of morning ! soon would I
- “ Behold that other world, where yonder sun
- “ Now speeds to dawn in glory.”

PART II.

Note ¹. Page 18, line 1.—*An eastern plant ingrafted on the soil.*—The Cane is said to have been first transplanted from Madeira to the Brazils, by the Portuguese, and afterwards introduced by the Spaniards into the Charibbee Islands.—*See also line 21, below.*

PART III.

Note ¹. Page 36, line 6. *To deeds of charity and words of truth.*—Dr Winterbotham says, “The respect which ‘the Africans pay to *old people* is very great.—One of the ‘severest insults which can be offered to an African is ‘to speak disrespectfully of his mother.’ ‘The negro ‘race is perhaps the most prolific of all the human species. Their infancy and youth are singularly happy.—‘The mothers are passionately fond of their children.’—‘*Goldbury’s Travels.*—“Strike me,” said my attendant, ‘but do not curse my mother.’—‘The same sentiment ‘I found universally to prevail.—One of the first lessons ‘in which the Mandingo women instruct their children ‘is the *practice of truth.* It was the only consolation

‘ for a Negro mother, whose son had been murdered by
 ‘ the Moors, that *the poor boy had never told a lie.*’—
Parke’s Travels. The description of African life and
 manners that follows, and the song of the Negro’s daughters,
 are copied without exaggeration from the authentic
 accounts of Mungo Parke.

Note ². Page 39, line 10.—*Or headlong plunged alive
 into the main.*—On this subject the following instance of
 almost incredible cruelty was substantiated in a court of
 justice :

‘ In this year (1783), certain underwriters desired to be
 ‘ heard against Gregson and others of Liverpool, in the
 ‘ case of the ship *Zong*, Captain Collingwood, alledging
 ‘ that the captain and officers of the said vessel threw over-
 ‘ board one hundred and thirty-two slaves alive into the
 ‘ sea, in order to defraud them, by claiming the value of
 ‘ the said slaves, as if they had been lost in a natural way.
 ‘ In the course of the trial, which afterwards came on, it
 ‘ appeared that the slaves on board the *Zong* were very
 ‘ sickly ; that sixty of them had already died ; and several
 ‘ were ill, and likely to die, when the captain proposed
 ‘ to James Kelsal, the mate, and others, to throw several
 ‘ of them overboard, stating, “ that if they died a
 ‘ natural death, the loss would fall upon the owners of
 ‘ the ship, but that, if they were thrown into the sea, it
 ‘ would fall upon the underwriters.” He selected, accordingly,
 ‘ one hundred and thirty-two of the most sickly
 ‘ of the slaves. Fifty-four of these were immediately

‘ thrown overboard, and forty-two were made to be partakers of their fate on the succeeding day. In the course of three days afterwards the remaining twenty-six were brought upon deck, to complete the number of victims. The first sixteen submitted to be thrown into the sea, but the rest, with a noble resolution, would not suffer the officers to touch them, but leaped after their companions, and shared their fate.

‘ The plea which was set up in behalf of this atrocious and unparalleled act of wickedness was, that the captain discovered, when he made the proposal, that he had only two hundred gallons of water on board, and that he had missed his port. It was proved, however, in answer to this, that no one had been put upon short allowance ; and that, as if Providence had determined to afford an unequivocal proof of the guilt, a shower of rain fell, and continued for three days, immediately after the second lot of slaves had been destroyed, by means of which they might have filled many of their vessels* with water, and thus have prevented all necessity for the destruction of the third.

‘ Mr Sharpe was present at this trial, and procured the attendance of a short-hand writer to take down the facts which should come out in the course of it. These

* It appeared that they filled six.

‘ he gave to the public afterwards. He communicated
 ‘ them also with a copy of the trial, to the Lords of the
 ‘ Admiralty, as the guardians of justice upon the seas,
 ‘ and to the Duke of Portland, as principal minister
 ‘ of state. No notice, however, was taken by any of
 ‘ these of the information which had been thus sent
 ‘ them.’—*Clarkson’s History of the Abolition, &c.*, page
 95—7.

Note ³. Page 39, line 18.—*The earth-devouring anguish
 of despair.*—The Negroes sometimes, in deep and irreco-
 verable melancholy, waste themselves away, by secretly
 swallowing large quantities of earth. It is remarkable that
 ‘ earth-eating,’ as it is called, is an *infectious*, and even
 a *social* malady: plantations have been occasionally al-
 most depopulated, by the slaves, with one consent, be-
 taking themselves to this strange practice, which speedi-
 ly brings them to a miserable and premature end.

Note ⁴. Page 48, line 4.—*Counts his sure gains, and
 hurries back for more.*—See Note ² of this part.

Note ⁵. Ibid., line 5.—*Lives there a reptile baser than
 the slave?* &c.—The character of the Creole Planter here
 drawn is justified both by reason and fact: it is no mon-
 ster of imagination, though, for the credit of human na-
 ture, we may hope that it is a monster as rare as it is
 shocking. It is the double curse of slavery to degrade
 all who are concerned with it, *doing or suffering*. The
 slave himself is the lowest in the scale of human beings,
 —except the slave-dealer. Dr Pinkard’s *Notes on the*

West Indies, and Captain Stedman's *Account of Surinam*, afford examples of the cruelty, ignorance, sloth, and sensuality of Creole planters, particularly in Dutch Guiana, which fully equal the epitome of vice and abomination exhibited in these lines.

Note⁶. Page 46, lines 1, 2.

*Leagued with rapacious rovers of the main,
Hayti's barbarian hunters harass'd Spain.*

Alluding to the freebooters and buccaneers who infested the Charibbean seas during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and were equally renowned for their valour and brutality.

Note⁷. Ibid., line 10.—*The appalling mysteries of Obi's spell.*—See Dallas's *History of the Maroons*, among the mountains of Jamaica ; also, Dr Moseley's *Treatise on Sugar*.

Note⁸. Page 47, line 17.—*Nor in the majesty of storms alone, &c.*—For minute and afflicting details of the origin and progress of the yellow fever in an individual subject, see Dr Pinkard's *Notes on the West Indies*, vol. III., particularly Letter XII., in which the writer, from experience, describes its horrors and sufferings.

PART IV.

Note¹. Page 51, line 8.—*His meek forerunners waned, and pass'd away, &c.*—The context preceding and following this line alludes to the old Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, who flourished long before the Reformation, but afterwards were almost lost among the protestants, till the beginning of the eighteenth century, when their ancient episcopal church was revived in Lusatia, by some refugees from Moravia.—See Crantz's *Ancient and Modern History of the Brethren*. Histories of the missions of the Brethren in Greenland, North America, and the West Indies, have been published in Germany: those of the two former have been translated into English.—See Crantz's *History of Greenland*, and Loskiel's *History of the Brethren among the Indians in North America*. It is only justice here to observe, that Christians of other denominations have exerted themselves with great success in the conversion of the Negroes. No invidious preference is intended to be given to the Moravians; but, knowing them best, the author particularized this society.

Note². Page 54, lines 7, 8.

In secret agony devour'd the earth,

And while he spared his mother, cursed his birth.

See Notes² and³ Part III.

Note³. Page 56, line 15.—*When Sharp on proud Britannia's charter'd shore, &c.*—Granville Sharp, Esq. after a struggle of many years, against authority and precedent, established in our courts of justice the *law of the Constitution*, that there are no slaves in England, and that the fact of a Negro being found in this country is of itself a proof that he is a freeman.

Note⁴. Page 57, line 1.—*When Clarkson his victorious course began.*—No panegyric which a conscientious writer can bestow, or a good man may receive, will be deemed extravagant for the modest merits of Mr Clarkson, by those who are acquainted with his labours.—*See his History of the Abolition, &c.*, 2 vols. lately published.

Note⁵. Ibid., line 8.—*The new Las Casas of a ruin'd race.*—The author of this poem confesses himself under many obligations to Mr Wilberforce's eloquent letter on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, addressed to the Freeholders of Yorkshire, and published in 1807, previous to the decision of the question. Las Casas has been accused of being a *promoter*, if not the *original projector*, of the Negro Slave Trade to the West Indies. The Abbé Gregoire some years ago published a defence of this great and good man against the degrading imputation. The following, among other arguments which he advances, are well worthy of consideration.

The Slave Trade between Africa and the West Indies commenced, according to Herrera himself, the first and

indeed the only accuser of Las Casas, nineteen years before the epoch of his pretended project.

Herrera (from whom other authors have negligently taken the fact for granted, on his bare word) does not quote a single authority in support of his assertion, that Las Casas recommended the importation of Negroes into Hispaniola. The charge itself was *first* published thirty-five years after the death of Las Casas. All writers antecedent to Herrera, and contemporary with him, are silent on the subject, although several of these were the avowed enemies of Las Casas. Herrera's veracity on other points is much disputed, and he displays violent prejudices, against the man whom he accuses. It may be added, that he was greatly indebted to him for information as an historian of the Indies.

In the numerous writings of Las Casas himself, still extant, there is not one word in favour of slavery of any kind, but they abound with reasoning and invective against it in every shape ; and, among his eloquent appeals and comprehensive plans on behalf of the oppressed Indians, there is not a solitary hint in recommendation of the African Slave Trade. He only twice mentions the Negroes through all his multifarious writings ; in one instance he merely names them as living in the islands, (in a manuscript in the National Library at Paris ;) and in the same work he proposes *no other* remedy for the miseries of the aboriginal inhabitants, than the

suppression of the *repartimentos*, or divisions of the people, with the soil on which they were born. In another memorial, after detailing at great length the measures which ought to be pursued for the redress of the Indians, (the proper opportunity, certainly, to advocate the Negro Slave Trade, if he approved of it,) he adds,—
 ‘ The Indians are not more tormented by their masters
 ‘ and the different public officers, than by their servants
 ‘ and by the *Negroes*.’

The original accusation of Las Casas, translated from the words of Herrera, is as follows:—‘ The licentiate
 ‘ Bartholomew Las Casas, perceiving that his plans experienced on all sides great difficulties, and that the expectations which he had formed from his connexion
 ‘ with the High Chancellor, and the favourable opinion the latter entertained of him, had not produced any
 ‘ effect, projected other expedients, such as, *to procure
 ‘ for the Castilians established in the Indies a cargo of
 ‘ Negroes*, to relieve the Indians in the culture of the
 ‘ earth and the labour of the mines ; also to obtain a
 ‘ great number of working men, (from Europe,) who
 ‘ should pass over into those regions with certain privileges, and on certain conditions, which he detailed.’

Let this statement be compared with Dr Robertson’s most exaggerated account, avowedly taken from *Herrera* alone, and let every man judge for himself, whether one of the most zealous and indefatigable advocates of

freedom that ever existed, ‘ while he contended earnest-
 ‘ ly for the liberty of the people born in one quarter of
 ‘ the globe, *laboured* to inslave the inhabitants of ano-
 ‘ ther region, and, in his zeal to save the Americans from
 ‘ the yoke, pronounced it to be *lawful and expedient* to
 ‘ impose one *still heavier* on the Africans.’—Robert-
 son’s *History of America*, Vol. I., Part III. But the cir-
 cumstance connected by Dr Robertson with this *suppo-*
sed scheme of Las Casas is unwarranted by any autho-
 rity, and makes his own of no value. He adds,—‘ the
 ‘ plan of Las Casas was adopted. Charles V. granted a
 ‘ patent to one of his Flemish favourites, containing an
 ‘ exclusive right of importing four thousand Negroes in-
 ‘ to America.’ Herrera, the only author whom Dr Ro-
 bertson pretends to follow, does not, in any place, as-
 sociate his random charge against Las Casas with this
 acknowledged and most infamous act. The crime of
 having first recommended the importation of African
 slaves into the American islands is attributed, by three
 writers of the life of Cardinal Ximenes, (who rendered
 himself illustrious by his opposition to the trade in its
 infancy,) to *Chievers*, and by two others to the *Flemish*
nobility themselves, who obtained the monopoly afore-
 mentioned, and which was sold to some ‘ Genoese mer-
 ‘ chants for 25,000 ducats: and *they were the first* who
 ‘ brought into a regular form that commerce for slaves
 ‘ between Africa and America, which has since been car-

‘ried on to such an amazing extent.’—It is unnecessary to say more on this subject.—A translation of Gregoire’s defence of Las Casas was published in 1803, by *H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-Row.*

Note 6. Page 59, line 18.—*And his last signal bearing o’er the main.*

‘ England expects every man to do his duty.’



LYRIC PIECES,

&c.

‘ *O laborum*

• *Dulce lenimen, nillicumque salve*

• *Rite vocanti.*’

HORAT. *ad Lyram,*

Od. XXXII., lib. 1.

THE
HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command ;
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast :

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death :—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre

The winds of dark November stray,

Touch the quick nerve of every wire,

And on its magic pulses play ;—

Till all the air around,

Mysterious murmurs fill,

A strange bewildering dream of sound,

Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still.

O ! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,

Hope ! who hast been a stranger long ;

O ! strike it with sublime command,

And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,

Of fears for ever fled,

Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,

And burst and blossom from the dead ;—

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
 Serene delights, while years increase ;
 And weary life's triumphant close
 In some calm sunset hour of peace ;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
 Celestial May of Youth,
 Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
 And everlasting as His truth :—

Sing, heavenly Hope !—and dart thine hand
 O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long :
 That Harp shall breathe, at thy command,
 Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah ! then this gloom controul,
 And at thy voice shall start
 A new creation in my soul,
 A native Eden in my heart.

POPE'S WILLOW.

VERSES

Written for an Urn, made out of the Trunk of the Weeping Willow, imported from the East, and planted by Pope in his grounds at Twickenham, where it flourished many years ; but, falling into decay, it was lately cut down.

ERE POPE resign'd his tuneful breath,
And made the turf his pillow,
The Minstrel hung his harp in death
Upon the drooping Willow ;
That Willow from Euphrates' strand,
Had sprung beneath his training hand.

Long, as revolving seasons flew,
From youth to age it flourish'd,
By vernal winds and star-light dew,
By showers and sun-beams nourish'd ;
And while in dust the Poet slept,
The Willow o'er his ashes wept.

Old Time beheld its silvery head
With graceful grandeur towering,
Its pensile boughs profusely spread,
The breezy lawn embowering,
Till, arch'd around, there seem'd to shoot
A grove of scions from one root.

Thither, at Summer noon, he view'd
The lovely nine retreating,
Beneath its twilight solitude
With songs their Poet greeting,
Whose spirit in the Willow spoke,
Like Jove's from dark Dodona's oak.

By harvest moonlight there he spied
 The fairy bands advancing ;
 Bright Ariel's troop, on Thames's side,
 Around the willow dancing ;
 Gay sylphs among the foliage play'd,
 And glow-worms glitter'd in the shade.

One morn, while Time thus mark'd the tree,
 In beauty green and glorious,
 ' The hand,' he cried, ' that planted thee
 ' O'er mine was oft victorious ;
 ' Be vengeance now my calm employ,—
 ' One work of POPE's I *will* destroy.'

He spake, and struck a silent blow
 With that dread arm whose motion
 Lays cedars, thrones, and temples low,
 And wiolds o'er land and ocean
 The unremitting axe of doom,
 That fells the forest of the tomb.

Deep to the Willow's root it went,
 And cleft the core asunder,
 Like sudden secret lightning, sent
 Without recording thunder :
 —From that sad moment, slow away
 Began the Willow to decay.

In vain did Spring those bowers restore,
 Where Loves and Graces revell'd,
 Autumn's wild gales the branches tore,
 The thin grey leaves dishevell'd,
 And every wasting Winter found
 The willow nearer to the ground.

Hoary, and weak, and bent with age,
 At length the axe assail'd it :
 It bow'd before the woodman's rage ;
 —The swans of Thames bewail'd it,
 With softer tones, with sweeter breath,
 Than ever charm'd the ear of death.

O POPE ! had'st thou, whose lyre so long

The wondering world enchanted,

Amidst thy paradise of song

This Weeping Willow planted ;

Among thy loftiest laurels seen,

In deathless verse for ever green,—

Thy chosen Tree had stood sublime,

The storms of ages braving,

Triumphant o'er the wrecks of Time

Its verdant banner waving,

While regal pyramids decay'd,

And empires perish'd in its shade.

An humbler lot, O Tree ! was thine ;

—Gone down in all thy glory,

The sweet, the mournful task be mine,

To sing thy simple story ;

Though verse like mine in vain would raise

The fame of thy departed days.

Yet, fallen Willow ! if to me

Such power of song were given,

My lips should breathe a soul through thee,

And call down fire from heaven,

To kindle in this hallow'd Urn

A flame that would for ever burn.

A

WALK IN SPRING.



I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west-wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke,
In rosy light reveal'd.

'Twas in the infancy of May,
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye,
The lessening landscape stretch'd away,
To meet the bending sky.

'Tis sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

In rustic solitude 'tis sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—

While still I hear new warblers sing,

Fresh-opening bells I see ;

Joy flits on every roving wing,

Hope buds on every tree.

That morn I look'd and listen'd long,

Some cheering sight, some woodland song,

As yet unheard, unseen,

To welcome, with remembrance strong

Of days that once had been ;—

When gathering flowers, an eager child,

I ran abroad with rapture wild ;

Or, on more curious quest,

Peep'd breathless through the copse, and smiled,

To see the linnet's nest.

Already had I watch'd the flight
Of swallows darting through the light,
And mock'd the cuckoo's call ;
Already view'd, o'er meadows bright,
The evening rain-bow fall.

Now in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I saw the first Spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Lone on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens, purple, white, and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets, dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its blooms,
He shook abroad their rich perfumes,
Then fled in airy rings ;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

O, welcome, as a friend ! I cried ;
A friend through many a season tried,
Nor ever sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sure as the Pleiades adorn
The glittering coronet of morn,
In calm delicious hours,
Beneath their beams thy buds are born,
'Midst love-awakening showers.

Scatter'd by Nature's graceful hand,
In briary glens, o'er pasture land,
Thy fairy tribes we meet ;
Gay in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk,
But stoops his little neck in vain,
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,

Lovely and innocent as they,

O'er coppice lawns and dells,

In bands the rural children stray,

To pluck thy nectar'd bells ;

Whose simple sweets, with curious skill,

The frugal cottage dames distil,

Nor envy France the vine,

While many a festal cup they fill

With Britain's homely wine.

Unchanging still from year to year,

Like stars returning in their sphere,

With undiminish'd rays,

Thy vernal constellations cheer

The dawn of lengthening days.

Perhaps from Nature's earliest May,
Imperishable 'midst decay,
Thy self-renewing race
Have breathed their balmy lives away
In this neglected place.

And O, till Nature's final doom,
Here unmolested may they bloom,
From scythe and plough secure,
This bank their cradle and their tomb,
While earth and skies endure !

Yet, lowly Cowslip, while in thee
An old unalter'd friend I see,
Fresh in perennial prime ;
From Spring to Spring behold in me
The woes and waste of Time.

This fading eye and withering mien
Tell what a sufferer I have been,
 Since more and more estranged,
From hope to hope, from scene to scene,
 Through Folly's wilds I ranged.

Then fields and woods I proudly spurn'd ;
From Nature's maiden love I turn'd,
 And woo'd the enchantress Art ;
Yet while for her my fancy burn'd
 Cold ' was my wretched heart,—

Till, distanced in Ambition's race,
Weary of pleasure's joyless chace,
 My peace untimely slain,
Sick of the world,——I turn'd my face
 To fields and woods again.

'Twas Spring ;—my former haunts I found,
My favourite flowers adorn'd the ground,
My darling minstrels play'd ;
The mountains were with sunset crown'd,
The valleys dun with shade.

With lorn delight the scene I view'd,
Past joys and sorrows were renew'd ;
My infant hopes and fears
Look'd lovely, through the solitude
Of retrospective years.

And still, in Memory's twilight bowers,
The spirits of departed hours,
With mellowing tints, pourtray
The blossoms of life's vernal flowers
For ever fall'n away.

Till youth's delirious dream is o'er,
Sanguine with hope we look before,
The future good to find ;
In age, when error charms no more,
For bliss we look behind.

RANZ DES VACHES.



QUAND reverrai je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour,
Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos coteaux,
Nos montagnes,
Et l'ornement des nos montagnes
La si gentille Isabeau ?
Dans l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danserai je au son du chalameau ?

Quand reverrai je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ;

Mon pere,

Ma mere,

Mon frere,

Ma sœur,

Mes agneaux

Mes troupeaux,

Ma bergere ?

THE
SWISS COWHERD'S SONG,

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Imitated from the foregoing.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth ?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains, the maid I adore ?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed ?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
 My father, my mother,
 My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth?
—'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

LA QUERCIA.

Arietta di Metastasio.

SPREZZA il furor del vento
Robusta Quercia, avezza
Di cento verni e cento
L'injurie a tollerar.

E se pur cade al suolo,
Spiega per l'onde il volo,
E con quel vento istesso
Va contrastando in mar.

THE OAK.

Imitated from the foregoing.

THE tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main ;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

THE DIAL.



THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
 That steals from day to day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Moments, and months, and years away ;—
 This shadow, which, in every clime,
 Since light and motion first began,
 Hath held its course sublime ;—
 What is it ?——Mortal Man !
 It is the scythe of TIME :
 —A shadow only to the eye ;
 Yet, in its calm career,
 It levels all beneath the sky ;
 And still, through each succeeding year,

Right onward, with resistless power,
 Its stroke shall darken every hour,
 Till Nature's race be run,
 And TIME's last shadow shall eclipse the sun.

Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
 This silent phantom, day by day,
 With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
 Steals moments, months, and years away ;
 From hoary rock and aged tree,
 From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
 From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
 From every blade of grass it falls ;
 For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
 The scythe of Time destroys,
 And man at every footstep weeps
 O'er evanescent joys ;
 Like flowerets glittering with the dews of morn,
 Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn :

—Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then TIME, the Conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom.
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though TIME's triumphant flight be shewn,
The truest index on its face
Points from the church-yard stone.

THE ROSES ;

Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his first Child.

Two Roses on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew ;
While sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume ;

While foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendour pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last,
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sunrise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends ! in youth's romantic prime,
The golden age of man,

Like these twin`Roses spend your Time,
—Life's little, less'ning span ;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline ;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest,
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

TO AGNES.

Reply to some Lines, beginning, '*Arrest, O Time!*
thy fleeting course.'

TIME will not check his eager flight,
 Though gentle AGNES scold,
 For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
 To make young Ladies old.

Then listen, AGNES, friendship sings ;
 Seize fast his forelock grey,
 And pluck from his careering wings
 A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
 And bid him plough your face,

For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

Start not ; old age is Virtue's prime ;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise ;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

AN EPITAPH.



ART thou a Man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere ?
A husband, father, friend ?—Behold
Thy Brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death,
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky ;
Thy Brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

THE

OLD MAN'S SONG.



SHALL Man of frail fruition boast ?

Shall life be counted dear,

Oft but a moment, and, at most,

A momentary year ?

There was a time,—that time is past,—

When, Youth ! I bloom'd like thee ;

A time will come,—'tis coming fast,

When thou shalt fade like me :—

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn ;—
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To Winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of Time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And Pleasure held the reins till noon,
But Grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign ;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year ;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond his sphere !

I long to cast the chains away, '
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath ;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

THE
GLOW-WORM.

The Male of this Insect is said to be a Fly, which the Female Caterpillar attracts in the night by the lustre of her train.

WHEN Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favourite Fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark.

Conducted by a sweeter star,
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To sooth her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he, whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain ;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

BOLEHILL TREES :

A conspicuous Plantation, encompassing a School-house and Play-ground, on a bleak eminence, at Barlow, in Derbyshire ; on the one hand facing the high moors, on the other, overlooking a richly-cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous country, near the seat of a Gentleman where the Writer has spent many happy hours.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye !
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky ;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,

Adorning its bald and majestic peak,
 Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise ;—to the stranger forlorn,
 All night on the wild heath delay'd,
 'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of Morn
 Unveiling behind their dark shade :

The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
 On the line of the grey evening scene,
 Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
 And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,*
 While weary and fainting they roam,
 Through the blue dazzling distance of noon-light
 explore

The trees that remind them of home :
 The children that range in the valley suspend
 Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,

* Bilberries, cluster-berries, and crane-berries.

When they see the broad moon from the summit
ascend,

And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,

Awakening remembrance most dear ;

—When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,

Wherever its glories appear,

It gladdens my spirit, it sooths from afar

With tranquil and tender delight,

It shines through my heart, like a hope-beaming star

Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,

For ever and ever gone o'er ;

Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,

They were,—but they will be no more.

Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,

That leave such endearment behind ?

Though the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,

Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to *his* ashes who planted those trees !

Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,

With simple and lovely magnificence please

All bosoms, and ravish all eyes :

Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazon his fame,

Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave

In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,

And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah ! thus when I sleep in the desolate tomb,

May the laurels I planted endure,

On the mountain of high immortality bloom,

'Midst lightning and tempest secure !

Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,

And nations sit under their shade,

While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,

Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence, dream of vain glory !—the light drop of dew,

That glows in the violet's eye,

In the splendour of morn to a fugitive view,
 May rival a star of the sky ;
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dew-drop is flown,
 The star unextinguish'd shall shine ;
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
 And the glories of Paradise mine.

THE MOLE-HILL.



TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath !
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death ?

The Mole, that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O ! where'er she turns the ground
My kindred earth I see ;
Once every atom of this mound
Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay
Enjoy'd the cheerful light,
Bore the brief burden of a day,
And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn,
The rising sun surveys
Palmyra's palaces forlorn,
Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell
Where eastern grandeur shone,
And vultures scream, hyænas yell
Round Beauty's mouldering throne.

There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
 To watch the sport of Fate,
 While Time between the pillars leans,
 And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Time,
 Stupendous wrecks ! appear
 To me less mournfully sublime
 Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling mould
 Once the warm life-blood ran ;
 —Here thine original behold,
 And here thy ruins, Man !

Methinks this dust yet heaves with breath ;
 Ten thousand pulses beat ;
 Tell me,—in this small hill of death,
 How many mortals meet ?

By wafting winds and flooding rains,
From ocean, earth and sky,
Collected here, the frail remains
Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight gloom?
What hand invisible displays
The secrets of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pass,
 Their footsteps yield no sound,
 Nor shake from the light trembling grass
 A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts,
 My wondering eyes explore
 Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts,
 Heroes and kings of yore :—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind,
 Whose withering influence ran
 Through all the promise of the mind,
 And smote and mildew'd man :—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
 Whose genial aspects smiled,
 And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
 O'er all the human wild.

Yon gloomy ruffian, gash'd and gored,
Was he, whose fatal skill
First beat the plough-share to a sword,
And taught the art to kill.

Behind him skulks a shade, bereft
Of fondly-worshipp'd fame ;
He built the Pyramids, but left
No stone to tell his name.

Who is the chief, with visage dark
As tempests when they roar ?
—The first who push'd his daring bark
Beyond the timid shore.

Through storms of death and seas of graves
He steer'd with stedfast eye ;
His path was on the desert waves,
His compass in the sky.

The youth who lifts his graceful hand,
Struck the unshapen block,
And Beauty leap'd, at his command,
A Venus from the rock.

Trembling with ecstasy of thought,
Behold the Grecian maid,
Whom love's enchanting impulse taught
To trace a slumberer's shade,

Sweet are the thefts of love ;—she stole
His image while he lay,
Kindled the shadow to a soul,
And breathed that soul through clay.

Yon listening nymph, who looks behind,
With countenance of fire,
Heard midnight music in the wind,
—And framed the Æolian lyre,

All hail !—The Sire of Song appears,
The Muse's eldest born ;
The sky-lark in the dawn of years,
The poet of the morn.

He from the depth of cavern'd woods,
That echoed to his voice,
Bade mountains, valleys, winds, and floods,
And earth and heaven rejoice.

Though charm'd to meekness while he sung,
The wild beasts round him ran,
This was the triumph of his tongue,—
It tamed the heart of man,

Dim through the mist of twilight times
The ghost of Cyrus walks ;
Behind him, red with glorious crimes,
The son of Ammon stalks.

Relentless Hannibal, in pride
 Of sworn, fix'd hatred, lowers ;
 Cæsar,—'tis Brutus at his side,—
 In peerless grandeur towers.

With moonlight softness Helen's charms
 Dissolve the spectred gloom,
 The leading star of Greece in arms,
 Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer ;—see the bard arise ;
 And hark !—he strikes the lyre ;
 The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
 The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
 The towers of Troy sublime,
 Raised by the magic breath of song,
 Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
 The storms of battle rage :
 And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
 Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer ! were it mine
 To track thy fiery car,
 And in thy sunset course to shine
 A radiant evening star,—

What theme, what laurel might the Muse
 Reclaim from ages fled ?
 What realm-restoring hero chuse
 To summon from the dead ?

Yonder his shadow flits away :
 —Thou shalt not thus depart ;
 Stay, thou transcendant spirit, stay,
 And tell me who thou art !

'Tis Alfred :—In the rolls of Fame,
And on a midnight page,
Blazes his broad refulgent name,
The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north,
Howl'd o'er the British wild,
But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth,
And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves,
By mad invasion hurl'd ;
His voice was liberty to slaves,
Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea
Shall Albion's foes appal ;
The race of Alfred *will* be free ;
Hear it, and tremble Gaul !

But lo ! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past ;
Beyond it, who can tell
In what mysterious region cast
Immortal spirits dwell ?

I know not, but I soon shall know,
When life's sore conflicts cease,
When this desponding heart lies low,
And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave,
The rainbow Hope arise,
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,
That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to Man ;
Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

THE
CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following Poems were suggested by the loss of the *Blenheim*, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran a-ground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd

In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night,
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare ;
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The Deep, that, like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day ;

Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear

In morning's rich array ;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale ;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind ;
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanished from her sight.

Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts that would not bow,
Though riv'n with many a scar ;

Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
 To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught ;
 But late her evil star
 Had cursed it on its homeward way,
 —‘ The spoiler shall become the prey.’

Thus warn’d, Britannia’s anxious heart
 Throbb’d with prophetic woe,
 When she beheld that ship depart,
 A fair ill-omen’d show !
 So views the mother, through her tears,
 The daughter of her hopes and fears,
 When hectic beauties glow
 On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
 The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew ;
 Peril and death they spurn’d ;
 Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew ;
 Jove’s birds, that proudly burn’d,

In battle-hurricanes to wield
 His lightnings on the billowy field ;
 And many a look they turn'd
 O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
 A Gallic ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
 In combat on the main,
 Nor perish by a glorious blow,
 In mortal triumph slain,
 Was their unutterable fate ;
 —That story would the Muse relate,
 The song might rise in vain ;
 In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed
 The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
 Their sails were never furl'd ;
 Never on known or friendly land,
 By storms their keel was hurl'd ;

Their native soil no more they trod
 They rest beneath no hallow'd sod ;
 Throughout the living world,
 This sole memorial of their lot
 Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The Spirit of the Cape * pursued
 Their long and toilsome way ;
 At length, in ocean solitude,
 He sprang upon his prey ;
 ‘ Havoc !’ the shipwreck-demon cried,
 ‘ Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
 Gave all his lightnings play :
 The abyss recoil’d before the blast,
 Firm stood the seamen till the last.

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—See CAMOENS’ *Lusiad*, book V.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom

The merchant-sails were sped ;

Yet oft, before its midnight doom,

They mark'd the high mast-head

Of that devoted vessel, tost

By winds and floods, now seen, now lost ;

While every gun-fire spread

A dimmer flash, a fainter roar ;

—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,

For love and kindred's sake ;

When these the voice of Rumour hear,

Their inmost heart shall quake,

Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,

Believe, and long to unbelieve,

But never cease to ache ;

Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear

The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

THE SEQUEL.



HE sought his Sire from shore to shore,

He sought him day by day ;

The prow he track'd was seen no more,

Breasting the ocean-spray ;

Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,

He sail'd above his father's head,

Unconscious where it lay,

Deep, deep beneath the rolling main ;

—He sought his Sire ; he sought in vain.

Son of the brave ! no longer weep ;

Still with affection true,

Along the wild disastrous deep,

Thy father's course pursue ;

Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through ;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy Sire in thee.

M. S.

TO THE MEMORY OF

*A Female whom Sickness had reconciled to the
'Notes of Sorrow,'*

Who corresponded with the Author under this signature,
on the first publication of his Poems, in 1806, but died
soon after ; when her real name and merits were dis-
closed to him by one of her surviving friends.

MY Song of Sorrow reach'd her ear ;
She raised her languid head to hear,
And, smiling in the arms of Death,
Consoled me with her latest breath.

What is the Poet's highest aim,
His richest heritage of fame ?

—To track the warrior's fiery road,
 With havoc, spoil, destruction strow'd,
 While nations bleed along the plains,
 Dragg'd at his chariot wheels in chains ?

—With fawning hand to woo the lyre,
 Profanely steal celestial fire,
 And bid an idol's altar blaze
 With incense of unhallow'd praise ?

—With syren strains, Circean art,
 To win the ear, beguile the heart,
 Wake the wild passions into rage,
 And please and prostitute the age ?

NO !—to the generous Bard belong
 Diviner themes and purer song :

—To hail Religion from above,
 Descending in the form of Love,
 And pointing through a world of strife
 The narrow way that leads to life :
 —To pour the balm of heavenly rest
 Through Sorrow's agonizing breast ;

With Pity's tender arms embrace
 The orphans of a kindred race ;
 And in one zone of concord bind
 The lawless spoilers of mankind :
 —To sing in numbers boldly free
 The wars and woes of liberty ;
 The glory of her triumphs tell,
 Her nobler suffering when she fell,*
 Girt with the phalanx of the brave,
 Or widow'd on the patriot's grave,
 Which tyrants tremble to pass by,
 Ev'n on the car of Victory.

These are the Bard's sublimest views,
 The angel visions of the Muse,
 That o'er his morning slumbers shine ;
 These are his themes,—and these were mine.

* ' Piu val d'ogni vittoria un bel soffrire.'

But pale Despondency, that stole
 The light of gladness from my soul,
 While Youth and Folly blindfold ran
 The giddy circle up to Man,
 Breathed a dark spirit through my lyre,
 Dimm'd the noon-radiance of my fire,
 And cast a mournful evening hue
 O'er every scene my fancy drew.
 Then though the proud despised my strain,
 It flow'd not from my heart in vain ;
 The lay of freedom, fervour, truth,
 Was dear to undissembling youth,
 From manly breasts drew generous sighs,
 And Virtue's tears from Beauty's eyes.

My Song of Sorrow reach'd HER ear ;
 She raised her languid head to hear,
 And, smiling in the arms of Death,
 She bless'd me with her latest breath.

A secret hand to me convey'd
 The thoughts of that inspiring Maid ;
 They came like voices on the wind,
 Heard in the stillness of the mind,
 When round the Poet's twilight walk
 Aerial beings seem to talk.
 Not the twin stars of Leda shine
 With vernal influence more benign,
 Nor sweeter, in the sylvan vale,
 Sings the lone-warbling nightingale,
 Than through my shades her lustre broke,
 Than to my griefs her spirit spoke.

My fancy form'd her young and fair,
 Pure as her sister lilies were,
 Adorn'd with meekest maiden grace,
 With every charm of soul and face,
 That Virtue's awful eye approves,
 And fond Affection dearly loves ;
 Heaven in her open aspect seen,
 Her Maker's image in her mien.

Such was the picture fancy drew,
In lineaments divinely true ;
The Muse, by her mysterious art,
Had shewn her likeness to my heart,
And every faithful feature brought
O'er the clear mirror of my thought.
—But she was waning to the tomb ;
The worm of death was in her bloom ;
Yet as the mortal frame declined,
Strong through the ruins rose the mind :
As the dim mōon, when night ascends,
Slow in the east the darkness rends,
Through melting clouds, by gradual gleams,
Pours the mild splendour of her beams,
Then bursts in triumph o'er the pole,
Free as a disembodied soul !
Thus, while the veil of flesh decay'd,
Her beauties brighten'd through the shade ;
Charms which her lowly heart conceal'd
In nature's weakness were reveal'd ;

And still the unrobing spirit cast
 Diviner glories to the last,
 Dissolved its bonds, and clear'd its flight,
 Emerging into perfect light.

Yet shall the friends who loved her weep,
 Though shrined in peace the sufferer sleep,
 Though rapt to heaven the saint aspire,
 With seraph guards, on wings of fire ;
 Yet shall they weep ;—for oft and well
 Remembrance shall her story tell,
 Affection of her virtues speak,
 With beaming eye and burning cheek,
 Each action, word, and look recall
 The last, the loveliest of all,
 When on the lap of death she lay,
 Serenely smiled her soul away,
 And left surviving Friendship's breast
 Warm with the sunset of her rest.

O thou, who wert on earth unknown,
 Companion of my thought alone,
 Unchanged in heaven to me thou art,
 Still hold communion with my heart ;
 Cheer thou my hopes, exalt my views,
 Be the good angel of my Muse ;
 —And if to thine approving ear
 My plaintive numbers once were dear ;
 If, falling round thy dying hours,
 Like evening dews on closing flowers,
 They sooth'd thy pains, and through thy soul
 With melancholy sweetness stole,
 HEAR ME :—When slumber from mine eyes,
 That roll in irksome darkness, flies ;
 When the lorn spectre of unrest
 At conscious midnight haunts my breast ;
 When former joys and present woes,
 And future fears are all my foes ;
 Spirit of my departed friend,
 Calm through the troubled gloom descend,

With strains of triumph on thy tongue,
Such as to dying saints are sung ;
Such as in Paradise the ear
Of God himself delights to hear :
—Come all unseen ; be only known
By Zion's harp of higher tone,
Warbling to thy mysterious voice ;
Bid my desponding powers rejoice ;
And I will listen to thy lay,
Till night and sorrow flee away,
Till gladness o'er my bosom rise,
And morning kindle round the skies.

If thus to me, sweet saint, be given
To learn from thee the hymns of heaven,
Thine inspiration will impart
Seraphic ardours to my heart ;
My voice thy music shall prolong,
And echo thy entrancing song ;

My lyre, with sympathy divine,
Shall answer every chord of thine,
Till their consenting tones give birth
To harmonies unknown on earth.
Then shall my thoughts, in living fire
Sent down from heaven, to heaven aspire,
My verse through lofty measures rise,
A scale of glory to the skies,
Resembling, on each hallow'd theme,
The ladder of the Patriarch's dream,
O'er which descending angels shone,
On earthly missions from the throne,
Returning by the steps they trode,
Up to the Paradise of God.

THE END.

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THE
WANDERER
OF
SWITZERLAND,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

LONDON :
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

THE
WANDERER
OF
SWITZERLAND,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
“ Condemn’d in wretchedness to roam,
“ LIVE ! — thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
“ A quiet home.”*

THE TENTH EDITION.

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THE historical facts alluded to in THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels*, in *Planta's History of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and in *Zschokke's Invasion of Switzerland by the French, in 1798, translated by Dr. Aikin.*



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THE
WANDERER
OF
SWITZERLAND.

A POEM, IN SIX PARTS.



THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

Shep. “WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?

Weary wanderer, old and grey;

Wherefore hast thou left thine home

In the sunset of thy day?”

Wanderer. "In the sunset of my day,
 Stranger, I have lost my home :
 Weary, wandering, old and grey,
 Therefore, therefore do I roam.

Here mine arms a wife enfold,
 Fainting in their weak embrace ;
 There my daughter's charms behold,
 Withering in that widow'd face.

These her infants — O their Sire,
 Worthy of the race of TELL,
 In the battle's fiercest fire,
 — In his country's battle fell !"

Shep. "SWITZERLAND then gave thee birth?"

Wand. "Ay — 'twas SWITZERLAND of yore ;
 But, degraded spot of earth,
 Thou art SWITZERLAND no more :

O'er thy mountains, sunk in blood,
 Are the waves of ruin hurl'd ;
 Like the waters of the flood .
 Rolling round a buried world."

Shep. " Yet will Time the deluge stop :
 Then may SWITZERLAND be blest :
 On St. Gothard's * hoary top
 Shall the Ark of Freedom rest."

Wand. " No ! — Irreparably lost,
 On the day that made us slaves,
 Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
 Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

* ST. GOTHARD is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of URI, the birth-place of Swiss independence.

Shep. "Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake ;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favourite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare.

Spouse, I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief ;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the Exiles sweet relief."

Shep.'s Wife. "I will yield them sweet relief :

Weary pilgrims, welcome here ;

Welcome, family of grief ;

Welcome to my warmest cheer."

Wand. " When in prayer the broken heart

Asks a blessing from above,

Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,

Heaven reward the stranger's love."

Shep. " Haste, recruit the failing fire,

High the winter-faggots raise ;

See the crackling flames aspire ;

O how cheerfully they blaze !

Mourners, now forget your cares,

And, till supper-board be crown'd,

Closely draw your fire-side chairs ;

Form the dear domestic round."

Wand. “ Host, thy smiling daughters bring,
 Bring those rosy lads of thine :
 Let them mingle in the ring
 With these poor lost babes of mine. ’

Shep. “ Join the ring, my girls and boys ;
 This enchanting circle, this
 Binds the social loves and joys ;
 ’Tis the fairy ring of bliss !”

Wand. “ O ye loves and joys ! that sport
 In the fairy-ring of bliss,
 Oft with me ye held your court ;
 I had once a home like this !

Bountiful my former lot
 As my native country’s rills ;
 The foundations of my cot
 Were her everlasting hills.

But those streams no longer pour
 Rich abundance round my lands ;
 And my father's cot no more
 On my father's mountain stands.

By an hundred winters piled,
 When the Glaciers *, dark with death,
 Hang o'er precipices wild,
 Hang — suspended by a breath :

If a pulse but throb alarm,
 Headlong down the steeps they fall ;
 —For a pulse will break the charm, —
 Bounding, bursting, burying all.

* More properly the AVALANCHES ; immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The GLACIERS are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the vallies than on the summits of the Alps.

Struck with horror stiff and pale,
 When the chaos breaks on high,
 All that view it from the vale,
 All that hear it coming, die:—

In a day and hour accurst,
 O'er the wretched land of TELL,
 Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
 Thus the Gallic glacier fell !”

Shep. “ Hush that melancholy strain;
 Wipe those unavailing tears :”

Wand. “ Nay — I must, I will complain ;
 'Tis the privilege of years :

’Tis the privilege of Woe,
 Thus her anguish to impart :
 And the tears that freely flow
 Ease the agonizing heart.”

Shep. “ Yet suspend thy griefs awhile :
 See the plenteous table crown'd ;
 And my wife's endearing smile
 Beams a rosy welcome round.

Cheese from mountain-dairies prest,
 Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
 Honey from the wild-bee's nest,
 Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits :

These with soul-sustaining bread,
 My paternal fields afford :—
 On such fare our fathers fed ;
 Hoary pilgrim ! bless the board.”

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country, during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connection with his own Story.

Shep. “WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
O give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale.”

Wand. “Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

Not the pangs of ' Hope deferr'd '
 My tormented bosom tear: —
 On the tomb of Hope interr'd
 Scowls the spectre of Despair.

Where the Alpine summits rise,
 Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd ;
 Like the pillars of the skies,
 Like the ramparts of the world :

Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
 Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
 Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
 Lived my sires from age to age.

High o'er UNDERWALDEN's vale,
 Where the forest fronts the morn ;
 Whence the boundless eye might sail
 O'er a sea of mountains borne ;

There my little native cot
 Peep'd upon my father's farm : —
 O it was a happy spot,
 Rich in every rural charm !

There my life, a silent stream,
 Glid along, yet seem'd at rest ;
 Lovely as an infant's dream
 On the waking mother's breast.

Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
 In its horrible career,
 Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
 All this aching heart held dear.

On the princely towers of BERNE
 Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke ;
 To the lake of poor LUCERNE,
 All submitted to the yoke.

REDING then his standard raised,
 Drew his sword on BRUNNEN's plain ;*
 But in vain his banner blazed,
 REDING drew his sword in vain.

Where our conquering fathers died ;
 Where their awful bones repose ;
 Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
 Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes.†

* BRUNNEN, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of URI, where the first Swiss Patriots, WALTER FURST of URI, WERNER STAUFFACHER of SCHWITZ, and ARNOLD of MELCHTAL in UNDERWALDEN, conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307, again in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

† On the plains of MORGARTHEN, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country ; ALOYS REDING, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, URI, SCHWITZ, and UNDERWALDEN, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of FRANCE.

Happy then were those who fell
 Fighting on their fathers' graves !
 Wretched those who lived to tell
 Treason made the victors slaves ! *

Thus my country's life retired,
 Slowly driven from part to part ;
 UNDERWALDEN last expired,
 UNDERWALDEN was the heart. †

* By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General SCHAWENBOURG was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport ; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force ; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

† The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of UNDERWALDEN alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive or dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompa-

In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand ;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

Like their Sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate ;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

GALLIA's menace fired their blood ;
With one heart and voice they rose ;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

nied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District, all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

Then to heaven, in calm despair,
 As they turn'd the tearless eye,
 By their country's wrongs they swear
 With their country's rights to die.

ALBERT from the council came :
 (My poor daughter was his wife ;
 All the valley loved his name ;
 ALBERT was my staff of life.)

From the council-field he came ;
 All his noble visage burn'd ;
 At his look I caught the flame ;
 At his voice my youth return'd.

Fire from heaven my heart renew'd ;
 Vigour beat through every vein ;
 All the powers, that age had hew'd,
 Started into strength again.

Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored ;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my father's sword.

This the weapon they did wield,
On MORGARTHEN's dreadful day ;
And through SEMPACH's * iron field
This the ploughshare of their way.

Then, my Spouse ! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain ;
O my daughter ! all thy tears,
All thy children's were in vain.

* At the battle of SEMPACH, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of UNDERWALDEN, named ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED, commending his family to his countrymen, sprung upon the

Quickly from our hastening foes,
 ALBERT'S active care removed,
 Far amidst the eternal snows,
 These who loved us, — these beloved.*

Then our cottage we forsook ;
 Yet as down the steeps we pass'd,
 Many an agonizing look
 Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

Now we reach'd the nether glen,
 Where in arms our brethren lay ;
 Thrice five hundred fearless men,
 Men of adamant were they !

enemy, and burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line ; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slaughter.

* Many of the UNDERWALDERS, on the approach of the

Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
 'Gainst Eternity to stand,
 Mountains terribly sublime,
 Girt the camp on either hand.

Dim behind, the valley brake
 Into rocks that fled from view ;
 Fair in front the gleaming Lake
 Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
 STANTZ *, with simple grandeur crown'd,
 Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
 With her children scattered round.

French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps ; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

* The Capital of UNDERWALDEN.

'Midst the ruins of the dale,
 Now she bows her hoary head,
 Like the Widow of the vale
 Weeping o'er her children dead.

Happier then had been her fate,
 Ere she fell by such a foe,
 Had an earthquake sunk her state,
 Or the lightning laid her low !"

Shep. " By the lightning's deadly flash
 Would her foes had been consumed !
 Or amidst the earthquake's crash
 Suddenly, alive, entomb'd !

Why did justice not prevail ?"

Wand. " Ah ! it was not thus to be !"

Shep. — " Man of grief, pursue thy tale
 To the death of Liberty."

END OF THE SECOND PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART III.

*The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the
Battle and Massacre of Underwalden.*

Wand. “FROM the valley we descried,
As the GAULS approach’d our shores,
Keels that darken’d all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

Then the mountain-echoes rang
With the clangour of alarms :
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang ;
All our warriors leap’d to arms.

On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh;
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

Fierce and long the combat held;
— Till the waves were warm with blood,
Till the booming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood.*

* The French made their first attack on the Valley of UNDERWALDEN from the Lake: but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

For on that triumphant day,
 UNDERWALDEN's arms once more
 Broke Oppression's black array,
 Dash'd Invasion from her shore.

GAUL's surviving barks retired,
 Muttering vengeance as they fled:
 Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
 Raised our spirits from the dead.

From the dead our spirits rose,
 To the dead they soon return'd;
 Bright, on its eternal close,
 UNDERWALDEN's glory burn'd.

Star of SWITZERLAND ! whose rays
 Shed such sweet expiring light,
 Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
 Swept thy beauty into night : —

Star of SWITZERLAND ! thy fame
 No recording Bard hath sung ;
 Yet be thine immortal name
 Inspiration to my tongue ! *

While the lingering moon delay'd
 In the wilderness of night,
 Ere the morn awoke the shade
 Into loveliness and light : —

GALLIA's tygers, wild for blood,
 Darted on our sleeping fold ;
 Down the mountains, o'er the flood,
 Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

* In the last and decisive battle, the UNDERWALDERS were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

By the trumpet's voice alarm'd
 All the valley burst awake ;
 All were in a moment arm'd
 From the barriers to the lake.

—In that valley, on that shore,
 When the graves give up their dead,
 At the trumpet's voice once more
 Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

For the glen that gave them birth
 Hides their ashes in its womb :
 O 'tis venerable earth,
 Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

Then on every side begun
 That unutterable fight ;
 Never rose the astonish'd sun
 On so horrible a sight.

Once an eagle of the rock
(’Twas an omen of our fate)
Stoop’d, and from my scatter’d flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

While the Parents fed their young,
Lo ! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming rush’d between.

Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes opprest,
Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish’d on their nest.

More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged ;
More insatiate o’er their prey
GAUL’s remorseless vultures raged.

In innumerable waves,
 Swoln with fury, grim with blood,
 Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
 And ingulph'd us with a flood.

In the whirlpool of that flood,
 Firm in fortitude divine,
 Like the eternal rocks we stood
 In the cataract of the Rhine. *

Till by tenfold force assail'd,
 In a hurricane of fire,
 When at length, our phalanx fail'd,
 Then our courage blazed the higher.

Broken into feeble bands,
 Fighting in dissever'd parts,
 Weak and weaker grew our hands,
 Strong and stronger still our hearts.

* At SHAFFHAUSEN. — See COXE's Travels.

Fierce amid the loud alarms,
 Shouting in the foremost fray,
 Children raised their little arms
 In their country's evil day,

On their country's dying bed,
 Wives and husbands pour'd their breath ;
 Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
 Married at thine altar, Death. *

Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
 Bloodier still the battle grew ; —
 O ye Spirits of the slain,
 Slain on those your prowess slew :

* In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the UNDERWALDERS fought in the ranks by their Husbands, and Fathers, and Friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

Who shall now your deeds relate ?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown ;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own.

Virtue, valour, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe ;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the Father to the ground ;
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound.*

UNDERWALDEN thus expired ;
But at her expiring flame,

* An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of SWITZERS came.*

From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below ; †

Down they rush'd with headlong might,
Swifter than the panting wind ;
All before them fear and flight ;
Death and silence all behind.

* Two hundred self devoted heroes from the Canton of SWITZ arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of UNDERWALDEN, — and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

† The LAVANGES are tremendous torrents of melting snow, that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before the thunder strokes,
When they laid the cedars low ;
When they overwhelm'd the oaks.

Thus they hew'd their dreadful way ;
Till, by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD."

END OF THE THIRD PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART IV.

*The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the death
of Albert.*

Shep. “ PLEDGE the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead ;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valour’s consecrated bed.

Wanderer, cheer thy drooping soul,
This inspiring goblet take ;
Drain the deep delicious bowl,
For thy martyr’d brethren’s sake.”

Wand. “ Hail ! — all hail ! the Patriot’s grave,
 Valour’s venerable bed :
 Hail ! the memory of the Brave,
 Hail ! the Spirits of the dead.

Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
 And their rich reward be this, —
 Immortality of fame,
 Immortality of bliss.”

Shep. “ On that melancholy plain,
 In that conflict of despair,
 How was noble ALBERT slain ?
 How didst thou, old Warrior, fare ?

Wand. “ In the agony of strife,
 Where the heart of battle bled,
 Where his country lost her life,
 Glorious ALBERT bowed his head.

When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
— Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell ;

There like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
ALBERT and his warriors stood ;
We were few, but we were men.

Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe ;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light ;
Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

Miracles our champions wrought —
 Who their dying deeds shall tell !
 O how gloriously they fought !
 How triumphantly they fell !

One by one gave up the ghost,
 Slain, not conquer'd, — they died free.
 ALBERT stood, — himself an host :
 Last of all the Swiss was he.

So, when night with rising shade
 Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
 Till in hoary gloom array'd
 All the giant-mountains sleep —

High in heaven their monarch * stands
 Bright and beauteous from afar,

* MONT BLANC ; which is so much higher than the sur-

Shining unto distant lands
Like a new-created star.

While I struggled through the fight,
ALBERT was my sword and shield ;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field,

Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,
Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
— But in ALBERT's blood I lay.

rounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the sun *twenty minutes* earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance, purpling with his eastern light, or crimsoned with his setting glory, while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below.

Slain for me, his dearest breath
 On my lips he did resign ;
 Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
 From the blow that menaced mine.

He had raised his dying head,
 And was gazing on my face ;
 As I woke, — the spirit fled,
 But I *felt* his last embrace."

Shep. " Man of suffering ! such a tale
 Would wring tears from marble eyes !"

Wand. " Ha ! my daughter's cheek grows pale !

W.'s Wife. " Help, O help ! my daughter dies !"

Wand. Calm thy transports, O my wife !

Peace for these dear orphans' sake !"

W.'s Wife. " O my joy, my hope, my life,

O my child, my child, awake !"

Wand. "GOD! O GOD whose goodness gives;
 GOD! whose wisdom takes away;
 Spare my child,"

Shep. ————— "She lives, she lives!"

Wand. "Lives? — my daughter, didst thou say?"

GOD ALMIGHTY, on my knees,
 In the dust will I adore
 Thine unsearchable decrees;
 — She was dead:— she lives once more."

W.'s Dtr. "When poor ALBERT died, no prayer
 Call'd him back to hated life:
 O that I had perished there,
 Not his widow, but his wife!"

Wand. "Dare my daughter thus repine?
 ALBERT, answer from above;
 Tell me, — are these infants thine,
 Whom their mother does not love?"

W.'s Dtr. " Does not love ! — my father, hear ;
 Hear me, or my heart will break ;
 Dear is life, but only dear,
 For my parents', children's sake.

Bow'd to heaven's mysterious will,
 I am worthy yet of you ;
 Yes ! — I am a mother still,
 Though I feel a widow too."

Wand. " Mother, Widow, Mourner, all,
 All kind names in one, — my child ;
 On thy faithful neck I fall ;
 Kiss me, — are we reconciled ?"

W.'s Dtr. " Yes, to ALBERT I appeal : —
 ALBERT, answer from above,
 That my father's breast may feel
 All his daughter's heart of love."

Shep.'s Wife. " Faint and way-worn as they be
 With the day's long journey, Sire,
 Let thy pilgrim family
 Now with me to rest retire."

Wand. " Yes, the hour invites to sleep ;
 Till the morrow we must part :
 —Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
 Do not weep and break my heart.

Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
 On your peaceful pillows light ;
 Angel-hands your eyelids close ;
 Dream of Paradise to night."

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART V.

The Wanderer being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his adventures after the battle of Unterwalden.

Shep. “ WHEN the good man yields his breath,
(For the good man never dies,)
Bright beyond the gulph of death,
Lo ! the land of promise lies.

Peace, to ALBERT’S awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease ;
And to ALBERT’S ashes, laid
In the earth’s cold bosom, peace.”

Wand. “ On the fatal field I lay

Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,
Where embracing, friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping where her husband bled,
Heedless, though her babe was by
Prattling to his father dead.

Many a mother, in despair
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain.

Dark the evening-shadows roll'd
 On the eye that gleam'd in death ;
 And the evening-dews fell cold
 On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

As I gazed, an ancient dame,
 — She was *childless* by her look, —
 With refreshing cordials came ;
 Of her bounty I partook.

Then, with desperation bold,
 ALBERT'S precious corpse I bore
 On these shoulders weak and old,
 Bow'd with misery before.

ALBERT'S angel gave me strength,
 As I stagger'd down the glen ;
 And I hid my charge at length
 In its wildest, deepest den.

Then returning through the shade
 To the battle-scene, I sought,
 'Mongst the slain, an axe and spade ;
 With such weapons FREEMEN fought.

Scythes for swords our youth did wield
 In that execrable strife :
 Ploughshares in that horrid field
 Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

In a dark and lonely cave,
 While the glimmering moon arose,
 Thus I dug my ALBERT'S grave ;
 There his hallow'd limbs repose.

Tears then, tears too long repress,
 Gush'd : — they fell like healing balm,
 Till the whirlwind in my breast
 Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
 Where my martyr lay enshrined,
 This forlorn unhappy head,
 Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

But while o'er my weary eyes
 Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,
 Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
 From the clasping arms of sleep.

For the bones of ALBERT dead
 Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
 And his grave beneath my head,
 Burst asunder ; — ALBERT rose !

‘ Ha ! my Son — my Son,’ I cried,
 ‘ Wherefore hast thou left thy grave ?’
 — ‘ Fly, my father,’ — he replied ;
 ‘ Save my wife — my children save.’ —

In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er :
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe ;
Horror petrified my blood, —
I was wither'd up with fear.

Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs ; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire."

Shep. " Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

Wand. “ Ay ! — my heart, unwont to yield,
 Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
 And undaunted o'er the field
 I began my lonely flight.

Loud the gusty night-wind blew ; —
 Many an awful pause between,
 Fits of light and darkness flew,
 Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

For the moon's resplendent eye
 Gleams of transient glory shed ;
 And the clouds, athwart the sky,
 Like a routed army fled.

Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
 Heard alternate loud and low ;
 Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
 But the breezes murmur'd woe.

As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,
All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

On that grim and ghastly plain,
UNDERWALDEN's heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mother's arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

There with shepherd's pipe and song,
 In the merry mingling dance,
 Once they led their brides along,
 Now ! —— Perdition seize thee, France !”

Shep. “ Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
 Of the blood that smoked around,
 While the life-warm sacrifice
 Palpitated on the ground ?”

Wand. “ Wrath in silence heaps his store,
 To confound the guilty foe ;
 But the thunder will not roar
 Till the flash has struck the blow.

Vengeance, Vengeance will not stay :
 It shall burst on GALLIA's head,
 Sudden as the judgment-day
 To the unexpected dead.

From the Revolution's flood
 Shall a fiery dragon start ;
 He shall drink his mother's blood,
 He shall eat his father's heart.

Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
 He —— but distance mocks my sight,
 O thou great avenger, TIME !
 Bring thy strangest birth to light."

Shep. " Prophet, thou hast spoken well,
 And I deem thy words divine :
 Now the mournful sequel tell
 Of thy country's woes and thine."

Wand. " Though the moon's bewilder'd bark,
 By the midnight tempest tost,
 In a sea of vapours dark,
 In a gulf of clouds was lost ;

Still my journey I pursued,
 Climbing many a weary steep,
 Whence the closing scene I view'd
 With an eye that would not weep.

STANTZ — a melancholy pyre —
 And her hamlets blazed behind,
 With ten thousand tongues of fire,
 Writhing, raging in the wind. *

Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
 Cast a grim and dreadful light ;
 Like funereal lamps they burn'd
 In the sepulchre of night ;

* The town of STANTZ, and the surrounding villages, were burnt by the French on the night after the battle of UNDERWALDEN, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

While the red illumined flood,
 With a hoarse and hollow roar,
 Seem'd a lake of living blood,
 Wildly weltering on the shore.

'Midst the mountains far away,
 Soon I spied the sacred spot,
 Whence a slow consuming ray
 Glimmer'd from my native cot.

At the sight my brain was fired,
 And afresh my heart's wounds bled ;
 Still I gazed : —— the spark expired —
 Nature seem'd extinct : — I fled. —

Fled ; and, ere the noon of day,
 Reach'd the lonely goat-herd's nest,
 Where my wife, my children lay —
 Husband — Father —— think the rest."

END OF THE FIFTH PART.

THE
WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd, that, after the example of many of his countrymen flying from the Tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote province of America.

Shep. “ WANDERER, whither wouldst thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home,
In the twilight of thy day?”

Wand. “ In the twilight of my day
I am hastening to the West ;
There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man ;

Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships GOD
In the wilderness alone ;

— Thither, thither would I roam ;
There my children may be free :
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

Though my fathers' bones afar
 In their native land repose,
 Yet beneath the twilight star
 Soft on mine the turf shall close.

Though the mould that wraps my clay
 When this storm of life is o'er,
 Never since creation lay
 On a human breast before ;—

Yet in sweet communion there,
 When she follows to the dead,
 Shall my bosom's partner share
 Her poor husband's lowly bed.

ALBERT's babes shall deck our grave,
 And my daughter's duteous tears
 Bid the flowery verdure wave
 Through the winter-waste of years."

Shep. “ Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease ;
Late and lovely be thine end ;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace !

As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb.”

Wand. “ Though our Parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo ! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their SWITZERLAND again.

Mountains, can ye chain the will?
 Ocean, canst thou quench the heart?
 No ; I feel my country still,
 LIBERTY ! where'er thou art.

Thus it was in hoary time,
 When our fathers sallied forth,
 Full of confidence sublime,
 From the famine-wasted North.*

* There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians ; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the Assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once from the North. They prayed to God to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. God, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of SWITZ, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of URI and UNDERWALDEN.

‘ Freedom, in a land of rocks
 ‘ Wild as Scandinavia, give,
 ‘ POWER ETERNAL ! — where our flocks
 ‘ And our little ones may live.’

Thus they pray’d ; —— a secret hand
 Led them by a path unknown,
 To that dear delightful land
 Which I yet must call my own.

To the Vale of SWITZ they came :
 Soon their meliorating toil
 Gave the forests to the flame,
 And their ashes to the soil.

Thence their ardent labours spread,
 Till above the mountain-snows
 Towering beauty shew’d her head,
 And a new creation rose !

— So, in regions wild and wide,
 We will pierce the savage woods,
 Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
 Plough the valleys, tame the floods ; —

Till a beauteous inland isle,
 By a forest-sea embraced,
 Shall make Desolation smile
 In the depth of his own waste.

There, unenvied and unknown,
 We shall dwell secure and free,
 In a country all our own,
 In a land of Liberty.”

Shep. “ Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
 Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
 Warm with Evening’s purple beams,
 Dearer objects left behind ; —

And thy native country's song,
 Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
 When new echoes shall prolong,
 — Simple, tender, and sublime ; —

How will thy poor cheek turn pale,
 And, before thy banish'd eyes,
 UNDERWALDEN's charming vale,
 And thine own sweet cottage rise !”

Wand. “ By the glorious ghost of TELL ;
 By MORGARTHEN's awful fray ;
 By the field where ALBERT fell
 In thy last and bitter day ;

SOUL OF SWITZERLAND, arise !
 — Ha ! the spell has waked the dead :
 From her ashes to the skies
 SWITZERLAND exalts her head.

See the Queen of Mountains stand,
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

Hark ! her voice : — ‘ My sons, awake :
‘ Freedom dawns, behold the day :
‘ From the bed of bondage break,
‘ Tis your Mother calls, — obey.’

At the sound, our Fathers’ graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

Rise, my Brethren : cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves :
Rise, — your Mother’s voice obey,
And appease your Fathers’ graves.

Strike ! — the conflict is begun ;
 Freeman, Soldiers, follow me.
 Shout ! — the victory is won, —
 SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY !”

Shep. “ Warrior, Warrior, stay thine arm !
 Sheathe, O sheathe thy frantic sword !”
Wand. “ Ah ! I rave — I faint : — the charm
 Flies, —— and memory is restored.

Yes, to agony restored
 From the too transporting charm : —
 Sleep for ever, O my sword !
 Be thou wither'd, O mine arm !

SWITZERLAND is but a name :
 —— Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
 That my heart is still the same,
 SWITZERLAND is still my home.”

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

“ Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
 The victim of consuming care ?
 Is thy distracted conscience torn
 By fell despair ?

“ Do foul misdeeds of former times
 Wring with remorse thy guilty breast ?
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
 Murder thy rest ?

“ Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
 From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?
 Ah ! think not, hope not, fool, to find
 A friend in me.

“ By all the terrors of the tomb,
 Beyond the power of tongue to tell ;
 By the dread secrets of my womb ;
 By Death and Hell ;

“ I charge thee LIVE ! — repent and pray ;
 In dust thine infamy deplore ;
 There yet is mercy ; — go thy way,
 And sin no more.

“ Art thou a MOURNER ? — Hast thou known
 The joy of innocent delights,
 Endearing days for ever flown,
 And tranquil nights ?

“ O LIVE ! — and deeply cherish still
 The sweet remembrance of the past :
 Rely on Heaven’s unchanging will
 For peace at last.

“ Art thou a WANDERER ? — Hast thou seen
 O’erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?
 A shipwreck’d sufferer hast thou been,
 Misfortune’s mark ?

“ Though long of winds and waves the sport,
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
 LIVE ! — thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
 A quiet home.

“ To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
 And was thy friend a deadly foe,
 Who stole into thy breast to aim
 A surer blow ?

“ LIVE ! — and repine not o'er his loss,
 A loss unworthy to be told :
 Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
 For friendship's gold.

“ Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
 And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
 With heavenly balm.

‘ ——— Whate’er thy lot, — whoe’er thou be, —
 Confess thy folly, — kiss the rod,
 And in thy chastening sorrows see
 The hand of GOD.

“ A bruised reed he will not break ;
 Afflictions all his children feel ;
 He wounds them for his mercy’s sake,
 He wounds to heal.

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
 Prostrate his Providence adore :
 ’Tis done ! — Arise ! HE bids thee stand,
 To fall no more.

“ Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
 To realms of everlasting light,
 Through Time’s dark wilderness of years,
 Pursue thy flight.

“ There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary Pilgrims found ;
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep
 Low in the ground,

“ The Soul, of origin divine,
 GOD’S glorious image, freed-from clay,
 In heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine .
 A star of day.

“ The SUN is but a spark of fire,
 A transient meteor in the sky ;
 The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
 SHALL NEVER DIE.”

THE LYRE.

“ AH ! WHO WOULD LOVE THE LYRE ! ”

W. B. STEVENS.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale :
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
 Once his dear companion, hung,
 And, in spirit deep dejected,
 Thus the pensive poet sung:
 While, at midnight's solemn noon,
 Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
 And all the stars, around his head,
 Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 “ Solace of my bleeding heart ;
 “ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 “ We must now for ever part :
 “ For in vain thy poet sings,
 “ Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings ;
 “ The Muse's wretched sons are born
 “ To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

- “ That which ALEXANDER sigh’d for,
 “ That which CÆSAR’s soul possess’d,
 “ That which heroes, kings, have died for
 “ Glory ! — animates my breast :
 “ Hark ! the charging trumpets’ throats
 “ Pour their death-defying notes ;
 “ ‘ To arms !’ they call : to arms I fly,
 “ Like WOLFE to conquer. and like WOLFE to die.

- “ Soft ! — the blood of murder’d legions
 “ Summons vengeance from the skies ;
 “ Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
 “ All in awful judgment rise. —
 “ O then, innocently brave,
 “ I will wrestle with the wave ;
 “ Lo ! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
 “ And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

“ Blow, ye breezes ! — gently blowing,
 “ Waft me to that happy shore,
 “ Where from fountains ever flowing
 “ Indian realms their treasures pour ;
 “ Thence returning, poor in health,
 “ Rich in honesty and wealth,
 “ O’er thee, my dear paternal soil,
 “ I’ll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

“ Then shall Misery’s sons and daughters
 “ In their lowly dwellings sing :
 “ Bounteous as the Nile’s dark waters,
 “ Undiscover’d as the spring,
 “ I will scatter o’er the land
 “ Blessings with a secret hand ; —
 “ For such angelic tasks design’d,
 “ I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind.”

On an oak, whose branches hoary
 Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
 Sigh'd and told the simple story
 Of the patriarch of trees ;
 High in the air his harp he hung,
 Now no more to rapture strung ;
 Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
 He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
 Hark ! — the Lyre enchants the wind ;
 Fond ALCÆUS listens, lingers,
 — Linger, listening, looks behind.
 Now the music mounts on high,
 Sweetly swelling through the sky ;
 To every tone, with tender heat,
 His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
 Soft in ecstasies expire ;
 Oh ! with what romantic feeling
 Poor ALCÆUS grasps the Lyre.
 Lo ! his furious hand he flings
 In a tempest o'er the strings ;
 He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
 'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

“ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my chosen treasure,
 “ Solace of my bleeding heart ;
 “ Lyre ! O Lyre ! my only pleasure,
 We will never, never part.
 “ Glory, Commerce, now in vain
 “ Tempt me to the field, the main ;
 “ The Muse's sons are blest, though born
 “ To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

- “ What, though all the world neglect me,
“ Shall my haughty soul repine?
“ And shall poverty deject me,
“ While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
“ Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
“ Many a wrathful vial shed,—
“ Heaven gave this Lyre,—and thus decreed,
“ Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed.”

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

AH ! why, unfeeling WINTER, why
Still flags thy torpid wing ?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

Spring,—the young harbinger of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like NOAH's dove,
Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook, the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo-flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads ; —
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms ; —
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay ;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Alh, WINTER, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year ;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays ;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

Then why, usurping WINTER, why
Still flags thy frozen wing ?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to SPRING.

SONG.

ROUND LOVE's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise ;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies :
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of BEAUTY's smile.

Round LOVE's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise ;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies :
And PLEASURE's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of BEAUTY's frown.

Then YOUTH, thou fond believer !

The wily Siren shun :

Who trusts the dear Deceiver

Will surely be undone.

When BEAUTY triumphs, ah ! beware : —

Her smile is hope — her frown despair.

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER

A DRAWING OF YARDLEY OAK,

CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age, it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind ;
From age to age, its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
 When fled ; — no longer known than seen ;
 This tree was doom'd to pass away,
 And be as if it *ne'er* had been ; —

But mournful COWPER, wandering nigh,
 For rest beneath its shadow came,
 When lo ! the voice of days gone by
 Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
 The words of those prophetic strains,
 Ere Death the eternal mystery seal'd !
 — Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
 Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
 Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

SONG

Written for a Society, whose Motto was

“ FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.”

WHEN “ Friendship, Love, and Truth” abound
Among a band of BROTHERS,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others :
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow ;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow :
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy “ FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !”

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life’s cruel cares beguiling ;

Old TIME lays down his scythe and glass.
 In gay good humour smiling :
 With ermine beard and forelock grey,
 His reverend front adorning,
 He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
 Night soften'd into morning.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

From these delightful fountains flow
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure :
 Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
 A more resplendent treasure ?
 Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
 We 'll form a Constellation,
 Where every Star, with modest light,
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy " FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH !"

RELIGION,

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way ;
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain ;
The world 's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
 Descends, a sweet engaging form —
 The messenger of heavenly love,
 The bow of promise in a storm.

Then guilty passions wing their flight,
 Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease ;
 RELIGION's yoke is soft and light,
 And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
 And folly flies her chastening rod ;
 She makes the humble contrite heart
 A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
 Where bright celestial ages roll,
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
 She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored ;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain ;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire,
And reign with God, for ever reign !

“ THE JOY OF GRIEF.”

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh ;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast ;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest ?

Have you lost a friend, or brother ?
Heard a father's parting breath ?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death ?

.

Have you felt a spouse expiring
 In your arms, before your view ?
 Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
 From her eyes that broke on you ?

Did not grief then grow romantic,
 Raving on remember'd bliss ?
 Did you not, with fervour frantic,
 Kiss the lips that felt no kiss ?

Yes ! but, when you had resign'd her,
 Life and you were reconciled ;
 ANNA left — she left behind her,
 One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
 His poor mother's grave array'd,
 In that grave the infant sleeping
 On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
 Chill'd you with intense despair :
 Can you call to mind the feeling? —
 No ! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
 When you woke to pangs unknown,
 How unwelcome was the morrow,
 For it rose on YOU ALONE !

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
 Can the poor heart always ache ?
 No, the tortured nerve will languish,
 Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
 One faint smile of comfort stole ;
 One soft pang of tender gladness
 Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd ;
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
 You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
 And received your infant smiling
 From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
 While you mourn'd the vision gone,
 Bright the morning-star arising
 Open'd heav'n, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
 Rose in ecstasy sublime,
 Thither all your hopes ascending
 Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
 Have you known such sweet relief?
 Yes, my friend; and by this token,
 You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

THE BATTLE OF ALEXANDRIA.

* * *At Thebes, in Ancient Egypt, was erected a statue of Memnon, with a harp in his hand, which is said to have hailed with delightful music the rising sun, and in melancholy tones to have mourned his departure. The introduction of this celebrated Lyre, on a modern occasion, will be censured as an anachronism by those only who think that its chords have been touched unskilfully.*

HARP of Memnon ! sweetly strung
To the music of the spheres ;
While the HERO's dirge is sung,
Breathe enchantment to our ears.

As the SUN's descending beams,
Glancing o'er thy feeling wire,
Kindle every chord that gleams,
Like a ray of heavenly fire :

Let thy numbers, soft and slow,
 O'er the plain with carnage spread,
 Soothe the dying, while they flow
 To the memory of the dead.

Bright as VENUS, newly born,
 Blushing at her maiden charms;
 Fresh from ocean rose the Morn,
 When the trumpet blew to arms.

O that Time had stay'd its flight,
 Ere that Morning left the main —
 Fatal as the EGYPTIAN night,
 When the eldest born were slain.

Lash'd to madness by the wind,
 As the Red Sea surges roar,
 Leave a gloomy gulph behind,
 And devour the shrinking shore;

Thus, with overwhelming pride,
 GALLIA's brightest, boldest boast,
 In a deep and dreadful tide,
 Roll'd upon the BRITISH host.

Dauntless these their station held,
 Though, with unextinguish'd ire,
 GALLIA's legions, thrice repell'd,
 Thrice return'd through blood and fire.

Thus, above the storms of time,
 Towering to the sacred spheres,
 Stand the Pyramids sublime, —
 Rocks amid the flood of years.

Now the veteran CHIEF drew nigh,
 Conquest towering on his crest,
 Valour beaming from his eye,
 Pity bleeding in his breast.

BRITAIN saw him thus advance
 In her Guardian-Angel's form ;
 But he lower'd on hostile FRANCE,
 Like the Demon of the Storm.

On the whirlwind of the war
 High he rode in vengeance dire ;
 To his friends a leading star,
 To his foes consuming fire.

Then the mighty pour'd their breath,
 Slaughter feasted on the brave ;
 'Twas the Carnival of Death ;
 'Twas the Vintage of the Grave.

Charged with ABERCROMBIE's doom,
 Lightning wing'd a cruel ball :
 'Twas the Herald of the Tomb,
 And the HERO felt the call —

Felt — and raised his arm on high ;
Victory well the signal knew,
Darted from his awful eye,
And the force of FRANCE o'erthrew.

But the horrors of that fight,
Were the weeping MUSE to tell,
O 'twould cleave the womb of night,
And awake the dead that fell !

Gash'd with honourable scars,
Low in Glory's lap they lie ;
Though they fell, they fell like stars,
Streaming splendour through the sky.

Yet shall Memory mourn that day,
When, with expectation pale,
Of her soldier far away
The poor widow hears the tale.

In imagination wild,

She shall wander o'er this plain,
 Rave, — and bid her orphan-child
 Seek his sire among the slain.

Gently, from the western deep,
 O ye evening breezes, rise !
 O'er the Lyre of MEMNON sweep,
 Wake its spirit with your sighs.

Harp of MEMNON ! sweetly strung
 To the music of the spheres ;
 While the HERO's dirge is sung,
 Breathe enchantment to our ears.

Let thy numbers soft and slow
 O'er the plain with carnage spread,
 Soothe the dying, while they flow
 To the memory of the dead.

None but solemn, tender tones

Tremble from thy plaintive wires :

Hark ! the wounded WARRIOR groans :

Hush thy warbling ! — he expires.

Hush ! — while Sorrow wakes and weeps :

O'er his relics cold and pale,

Night her silent vigil keeps,

In a mournful moonlight veil.

Harp of MEMNON ! from afar,

Ere the lark salute the sky,

Watch the rising of the star

That proclaims the morning nigh.

Soon the Sun's ascending rays,

In a flood of hallow'd fire,

O'er thy kindling chords shall blaze,

And thy magic soul inspire.

Then thy tones triumphant pour,
 Let them pierce the HERO's grave ;
Life's tumultuous battle o'er,
 O how sweetly sleep the brave !

From the dust their laurels bloom,
 High they shoot and flourish free ;
Glory's Temple is the tomb ;
 Death is immortality.

THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this PILLOW press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest ;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head !

MY FRIEND was young, the world was new ;
The world was false, MY FRIEND was true ;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, MY FRIEND was poor ;

To wisdom he had no pretence,
 A child of suffering, not of sense ;
 For NATURE never did impart
 A weaker or a warmer heart.
 His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
 Consumed its frail terrestrial frame ;
 That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
 That whence it came it soon return'd :
 And yet, O PILLOW ! yet to me,
 My gentle FRIEND survives in thee ;
 In thee, the partner of his bed,
 In thee, the widow of the dead.

On HELICON's inspiring brink,
 Ere yet MY FRIEND had learn'd to think,
 Once as he pass'd the careless day
 Among the whispering reeds at play,
 The MUSE OF SORROW wander'd by ;
 Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;

With sweet astonishment he smiled ;
The Gipsy saw — she stole the child ;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest ;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton fingers o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire :
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew ;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings ;
Then forth the music brake like thunder ;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The MUSE OF SORROW wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
 Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers ;
 The fall from Infant-innocence,
 The fall to knowledge drives us thence :
 O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
 Bought with the loss of PARADISE.
 As happy ignorance declined,
 And reason rose upon his mind,
 Romantic hopes and fond desires
 (Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
 Kindled within his breast the rage
 To breathe through every future age,
 To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
 To build an everlasting name,
 O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
 And live beyond the life of man.

Then NATURE's charms his heart possess'd,
 And NATURE's glory fill'd his breast :

The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue ;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth ;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired ;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,
From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night ;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his GENIUS soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,

And hail'd, where'er its footsteps trod,
 In NATURE's temple, NATURE's GOD :
 Or pierced the human breast to scan
 The hidden majesty of Man ;
 Man's hidden weakness too descried,
 His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride :
 Pursued along their erring course
 The streams of passion to their source :
 Or in the mind's creation sought
 New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
 — Yet still through all his strains would flow
 A tone of uncomplaining woe,
 Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
 Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
 So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
 It spake the MUSE OF SORROW's child.

O PILLOW ! then, when light withdrew,
 To thee the fond enthusiast flew ;

On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke ;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre. :
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue ;
Amidst the wilderness he sung ;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd :
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name, — a life in death,
Denied — a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
 And disinherited of fame,
 To thee, O PILLOW ! thee alone,
 He made his silent anguish known ;
 His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
 That laid his high ambition low ;
 But, ah ! his looks assumed in vain
 A cold ineffable disdain,
 While deep he cherish'd in his breast
 The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
 O PILLOW ! only told to thee :
 Say, did not hopeless love intrude
 On his poor bosom's solitude ?
 Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
 In dreams the cruel FAIR was kind,
 That more intensely he might know
 The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
 To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
 They stung remembrance to despair ;
 " A wounded Spirit who can bear !"
 Meanwhile Disease, with slow decay,
 Moulder'd his feeble frame away ;
 And as his evening sun declined,
 The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
 What doubts and terrors then possess'd
 The dark dominion of his breast !
 How did delirious fancy dwell
 On Madness, Suicide, and Hell !
 There was on earth no POWER to save :
 — But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
 He saw from realms of light descend
 The friend of him who has no friend,
 RELIGION ! — Her almighty breath
 Rebuked the winds and waves of death ;

She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace ;
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To HEAVEN his gentle Spirit rose.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE,
OF LOTHERSDALE,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS,

*Who had suffered a long Confinement in the Castle of York,
and Loss of all his worldly Property, for
Conscience Sake.*

“ SPIRIT, leave thine house of clay ;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !”

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed ;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

“ Prisoner, long detain’d below ;
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest ;
 Welcome, from a world of woe,
 Welcome to a land of rest !”

Thus thy GUARDIAN ANGEL sang,
 As he bore thy soul on high ;
 While with Hallelujahs rang
 All the region of the sky.

— Ye that mourn a FATHER’S loss,
 Ye that weep a FRIEND no more,
 Call to mind the CHRISTIAN cross,
 Which your FRIEND, your FATHER bore.

Grief and penury and pain
 Still attended on his way,
 And Oppression’s scourge and chain,
 More unmerciful than they.

Yet while travelling in distress
(’Twas the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world’s waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the MOURNER walk’d with GOD.

Till his MASTER, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the WANDERER home.

Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp’d behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast ;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest !

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave ! the guardian of his dust,
Grave ! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls —
“ Soul, rebuild thine house of clay :
IMMORTALITY thy walls,
And ETERNITY thy day ! ”

THE
THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade !
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of HEALTH :
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair :
NATURE faints with fervent heat,
Ah ! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
 Black as if the day of doom
 Hung o'er NATURE's shrinking head :
 Lo ! the lightning breaks from high,
 — God is coming ! — God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot-wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?
 NATURE, startled NATURE reels,
 From the centre to the poles ;
 Tremble ! — Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
 Tremble ! — God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
 His mysterious hiding-place ;
 Should He, from his ark of storms,
 Rend the veil, and show his face,

At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling NATURE gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

GOD OF VENGEANCE, from above
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art LOVE!
Spare! O spare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath a while,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still;

Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,

“ Peace on Earth, to Man good will.”

NATURE ! GOD’S repenting Child,

See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark ! the nightingale, afar,

Sweetly sings the sun to rest,

And awakes the evening star

In the rosy-tinted west :

While the moon’s enchanting eye

Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,

NATURE’S sore afflictions cease,

For the storm, that spent its might,

Was a covenant of peace ;

VENGEANCE drops her harmless rod :

MERCY is the POWER OF GOD.

ODE
TO THE VOLUNTEERS OF BRITAIN,
On the Prospect of Invasion.

O FOR the death of those
Who for their country die,
Sink on her bosom to repose,
And triumph where they lie !

How beautiful in death
The WARRIOR's corse appears,
Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
And bathed in WOMAN's tears !

Their loveliest native earth
Enshrines the fallen brave ;
In the dear land that gave them birth
They find their tranquil grave.

—— But the wild waves shall sweep
 BRITANNIA's foes away,
 And the blue monsters of the deep
 Be surfeited with prey.—

No! — they have 'scaped the waves,
 'Scaped the sea-monsters' maws ;
 They come ! but O, shall GALLIC SLAVES
 Give ENGLISH FREEMEN laws ?

By ALFRED's Spirit, No !
 — Ring, ring the loud alarms ;
 Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
 Ye heralds, shout “ To arms !”

To arms our Heroes fly ;
 And, leading on their lines,
 The BRITISH BANNER in the sky,
 The star of conquest shines.

The lowering battle forms
 Its terrible array ;
 Like clashing clouds in mountain-storms,
 That thunder on their way.

The rushing armies meet ;
 And while they pour their breath,
 The strong earth shudders at their feet,
 The day grows dim with death.

—— Ghosts of the mighty dead !
 Your children's hearts inspire ;
 And while they on your ashes tread,
 Rekindle all your fire.

The dead to life return ;
 Our Fathers' spirits rise ;
 — My brethren, in YOUR breasts they burn,
 They sparkle in YOUR eyes.

Now launch upon the foe
 The lightning of your rage ;
 Strike, strike the assailing giants low,
 The TITANS of the age.

They yield, — they break, — they fly ;
 The victory is won :
 Pursue ! —— they faint, — they fall, — they die :
 O stay ! —— the work is done.

SPIRIT OF VENGEANCE ! rest :
 Sweet MERCY cries, “ Forbear ! ”
 She clasps the vanquish’d to her breast ;
 Thou wilt not pierce them there ?

—— Thus vanish BRITAIN’S foes
 From her consuming eye ;
 But rich be the reward of those
 Who conquer, —— those who die.

O'ershadowing laurels deck
 The living HERO's brows ;
 But lovelier wreaths entwine his neck,
 — His children and his spouse.

Exulting o'er his lot,
 The dangers he has braved,
 He clasps the dear ones, hails the cot,
 Which his own valour saved.

DAUGHTERS OF ALBION, weep :
 On this triumphant plain,
 Your fathers, husbands, brethren sleep,
 For you and freedom slain.

O gently close the eye
 That loved to look on you ;
 O seal the lip whose earliest sigh,
 Whose latest breath was true :

With knots of sweetest flowers
 Their winding-sheet perfume ;
 And wash their wounds with true-love showers,
 And dress them for the tomb.

For beautiful in death
 The WARRIOR's corse appears,
 Embalm'd by fond AFFECTION's breath,
 And bathed in WOMAN's tears.

—— Give me the death of those
 Who for their country die ;
 And O be mine like their repose,
 When cold and low they lie !

Their loveliest mother Earth
 Enshrines the fallen brave,
 In her sweet lap who gave them birth
 They find their tranquil grave.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile :

EDMUND, the monarch of the dale,
All conscious of his powers ;
ELLA, the lily of the vale,
The rose of AUBURN's bowers.

In airy LOVE's delightful bands
He held her heart in vain ;
The Nymph denied her willing hands
To HYMEN's awful chain.

“ Ah ! why,” said he, “ our bliss delay ?

“ Mine ELLA, why so cold ?

“ Those who but love from day to day,

“ From day to day grow old.

“ The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,

“ Nor leaves a trace behind ;

“ And single lives like arrows fly,

“ — They vanish through the wind.

“ In Wedlock’s sweet endearing lot

“ Let us improve the scene,

“ That some may be, when we are not,

“ To tell — that we have been.”

“ ’Tis now,” replied the village Belle,

“ Saint Mark’s mysterious eve ;

“ And all that old traditions tell

“ I tremblingly believe : —

“ How, when the midnight signal tolls,
 “ Along the church-yard green,
 “ A mournful train of sentenced souls
 “ In winding-sheets are seen.

“ The ghosts of all whom DEATH shall doom
 “ Within the coming year,
 “ In pale procession walk the gloom,
 “ Amid the silence drear.

“ If EDMUND, bold in conscious might,
 “ By love severely tried,
 “ Can brave the terrors of to-night,
 “ ELLA will be his bride.”

She spake, — and, like the nimble fawn,
 From EDMUND’S presence fled :
 He sought, across the rural lawn,
 The dwelling of the dead.

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot,
Where human follies cease.

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shied o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young EDMUND gain'd the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick, threatening clouds assembled soon,
Their dragon wings display'd;
Eclipsed the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the deep abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save, glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glow-worm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n EDMUND quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While NATURE seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

— Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
As oft did EDMUND start;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the church-yard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment EDMUND stood,
Sick with severe surprise ;
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fix'd his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave ;
He saw the face of DEATH :
No pitying power appear'd to save —
He gasp'd away his breath.

Yet still the scene his soul beguiled,
And every spectre cast
A look, unutterably wild,
On EDMUND as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranced he lay ;
At length the vision broke :
— When, lo ! — a kiss, as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment through a rifted cloud,
The darting moon display'd,
Robed in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And shew'd a face most fair :
“ — My Love ! my ELLA ! ” EDMUND flew,
And clasp'd the yielding air.

“ Ha ! who art thou ? ” His cheek grew pale :
A well-known voice replied,
“ ELLA, the lily of the vale ;
“ ELLA — thy destined bride.”

To win his neck, her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread ;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid
His speed outstript the wind ;
But, — though unseen to move, — the shade
Was evermore behind.

So DEATH's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem suspended still ;
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor, and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of ELLA, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a nightmare-dream,
And EDMUND stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain ;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening ; — all the air was balm,
The heavens serenely clear ;
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart ; — a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold :
He flew, — a funeral met his eyes :
He paused, — a death-bell toll'd.

“ 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! ” — He burst away ;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was ELLA lay,
He all beside forgot.

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love-bewildered mien,
He wanders, weeps, and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every Eve of pale St. MARK,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with ELLA in the dark,
And reads the rolls of Fate.

HANNAH.

AT fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart :
Keen transport throb'd through every vein,
— I never felt so sweet a pain !

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid :
I stole her hand, — it shrunk, — but no ;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my HANNAH's downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy,

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the Sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frightened dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood, — and all his wrath defied;
I stood, — though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph ; — and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye ;
I shunn'd her — for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest :
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To HANNAH's cot I took my way :
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
 I lived my wooing days once more ;
 And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
 My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise, —
 My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes :
 The rural bells rang sweet and clear, —
 My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet : — all was gay ;
 I love a rustic holiday.
 I met a wedding, — stepp'd aside ;
 It pass'd — my HANNAH was the bride.

—— There is a grief that cannot feel ;
 It leaves a wound that will not heal ;
 —— My heart grew cold, — it felt not then :
 When shall it cease to feel again ?

A FIELD FLOWER.

ON FINDING ONE IN FULL BLOOM, ON CHRISTMAS
DAY, 1803.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed ;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis FLORA's page ; — in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms every where.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
The Rose has but a summer-reign,
The DAISY never dies.

THE SNOW-DROP.

WINTER, retire,
Thy reign is past ;
Hoary Sire,
Yield the sceptre of thy sway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blast,
And call thy storms away
Winter, retire ;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay ?
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day ;
On thy state
Whirlwinds wait ;
And blood-shot meteors lend thee light

Hence to dreary arctic regions
 Summon thy terrific legions ;
 Hence to caves of northern night
 Speed thy flight.

From halcyon seas
 And purer skies,
 O southern breeze !
 Awake, arise :
 Breath of heaven, benignly blow,
 Melt the snow ;
 Breath of heaven, unchain the floods,
 Warm the woods,
 And make the mountains flow.

Auspicious to the Muse's prayer,
 The freshening gale
 Embalms the vale,
 And breathes enchantment through the air ;

On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair :
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the Demon of the storm,
Like Gladness chasing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo ! the young romantic Hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And shine in FLORA's desert bowers.
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers.

O welcome to our isle,
Thou Messenger of Peace !

At whose bewitching smile
The embattled tempests cease :
Emblem of Innocence and Truth,
First-born of Nature's womb,
When strong in renovated youth,
She bursts from Winter's tomb ;
Thy parent's eye hath shed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But, lo ! the dew-drop flits away,
The sun salutes thee with a ray
Warm as a mother's kiss
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliss,
And joy that cannot speak.

— When I meet thee by the way,
 Like a pretty sportive child,
 On the winter-wasted wild,
 With thy darling breeze at play,
 Opening to the radiant sky
 All the sweetness of thine eye ;
 — Or bright with sunbeams, fresh with showers,
 O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers !
 Watch thee o'er the plain advance
 At the head of FLORA's dance ;
 Simple SNOW-DROP, then in thee
 All thy sister-train I see :
 Every brilliant bud that blows,
 From the blue-bell to the rose :
 All the beauties that appear
 On the bosom of the Year,
 All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
 Summer's ardent breath perfume,

Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
 — All to thee their tribute bring,
 Exhale their incense at thy shrine,
 — Their hues, their odours, all are thine.
 For while thy humble form I view,
 The Muse's keen prophetic sight
 Brings fair Futurity to light,
 And Fancy's magic makes the vision true.

— There is a Winter in my soul,
 The winter of despair ;
 O when shall Spring its rage control ?
 When shall the SNOW-DROP blossom there ?
 Cold gleams of comfort sometimes dart
 A dawn of glory on my heart,
 But quickly pass away :
 Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
 And give the promise of a morn
 That never turns to day !

—— But, hark ! methinks I hear
A small still whisper in mine ear ;
“ Rash youth, repent :
“ Afflictions, from above,
“ Are angels sent
“ On embassies of love.
“ A fiery legion at thy birth,
“ Of chastening woes were given,
“ To pluck the flowers of hope from earth,
“ And plant them high
“ O'er yonder sky,
“ Transform'd to stars, — and fix'd in heaven,”

THE OCEAN.

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH, IN THE SUMMER OF
1805.

ALL hail to the ruins *, the rocks and the shores !
Thou wide-rolling OCEAN, all hail !
Now brilliant with sunbeams, and dimpled with oars,
Now dark with the fresh-blowing gale,
While soft o'er thy bosom the cloud-shadows sail,
And the silver-wing'd sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulph, or triumphantly ride,
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the tide.

* Scarborough Castle.

From the tumult and smoke of the city set free,
 With eager and awful delight,
 From the crest of the mountain I gaze upon thee;
 I gaze, — and am changed at the sight;
 For mine eye is illumined, my Genius takes flight,
 My soul, like the sun, with a glance
 Embraces the boundless expanse,
 And moves on thy waters, wherever they roll,
 From the day-darting zone to the night-shadow'd
 pole.

My spirit descends where the day-spring is born,
 Where the billows are rubies on fire,
 And the breezes that rock the light cradle of morn
 Are sweet as the Phoenix's pyre:
 O regions of beauty, of love, and desire!
 O gardens of Eden! in vain
 Placed far on the fathomless main,

Where Nature with Innocence dwelt in her youth,
When pure was her heart, and unbroken her truth.

But now the fair rivers of Paradise wind
Through countries and kingdoms o'erthrown ;
Where the giant of Tyranny crushes mankind,
Where he reigns, — and will soon reign alone ;
For wide and more wide, o'er the sun-beaming
zone,

He stretches his hundred-fold arms,
Despoiling, destroying its charms ;
Beneath his broad footstep the Ganges is dry,
And the mountains recoil from the flash of his eye.

Thus the pestilent Upas, the Demon of trees,
Its boughs o'er the wilderness spreads,
And with livid contagion polluting the breeze,
Its mildewing influence sheds ;

The birds on the wing, and the flowers in their
beds,
Are slain by its venomous breath,
That darkens the noonday with death,
And pale ghosts of travellers wander around,
While their mouldering skeletons whiten the
ground.

Ah ! why hath JEHOVAH, in forming the world,
With the waters divided the land,
His ramparts of rocks round the continent hurl'd,
And cradled the Deep in his hand,
If man may transgress his eternal command,
And leap o'er the bounds of his birth,
To ravage the uttermost earth,
And violate nations and realms that should be
Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea?

There are, gloomy OCEAN, a brotherless clan,
 Who traverse thy banishing waves,
 The poor disinherited outcasts of man,
 Whom Avarice coins into slaves.
 From the homes of their kindred, their forefathers'
 , graves,
 Love, friendship, and conjugal bliss,
 They are dragged on the hoary abyss;
 The shark hears their shrieks, and ascending to
 day,
 Demands of the spoiler his share of the prey.

Then joy to the tempest that whelms them be-
 neath,
 And makes their destruction its sport;
 But woe to the winds that propitiously breathe,
 And waft them in safety to port,
 Where the vultures and vampires of Mammon
 resort;

Where Europe exultingly drains
 The life-blood from Africa's veins ;
 Where man rules o'er man with a merciless rod,
 And spurns at his footstool the image of God.

The hour is approaching, — a terrible hour !
 And Vengeance is bending her bow ;
 Already the clouds of the hurricane lour,
 And the rock-rending whirlwinds blow :
 Back rolls the huge OCEAN, Hell opens below :
 The floods return headlong, — they sweep
 The slave-cultured lands to the deep ;
 In a moment entomb'd in the horrible void,
 By their Maker Himself in his anger destroy'd.

Shall this be the fate of the cane-planted isles,
 More lovely than clouds in the west,
 When the sun o'er the ocean descending in smiles
 Sinks softly and sweetly to rest ?
 — NO ! — Father of mercy ! befriend the opprest ;

At the voice of thy Gospel of peace
 May the sorrows of Africa cease ;
 And the slave and his master devoutly unite
 To walk in thy freedom, and dwell in thy light !*

As homeward my weary-wing'd Fancy extends
 Her star-lighted course through the skies,
 High over the mighty Atlantic ascends,
 And turns upon Europe her eyes :
 Ah, me ! what new prospects, new horrors arise ?
 I see the war-tempested flood
 All foaming, and panting with blood ;
 The panic-struck OCEAN in agony roars,
 Rebounds from the battle, and flies to his shores.

* Alluding to the glorious success of the Moravian Missionaries among the Negroes in the West Indies.

For BRITANNIA is wielding the trident to-day,
 Consuming her foes in her ire,
 And hurling her thunder with absolute sway
 From her wave-ruling chariots of fire :
 —She triumphs ;—the winds and the waters con-
 spire,
 To spread her invincible name ;
 —The universe rings with her fame ;
 —But the cries of the fatherless mix with her
 praise,
 And the tears of the widow are shed on her bays.

O Britain ! dear Britain ! the land of my birth ;
 O Isle, most enchantingly fair !
 Thou Pearl of the Ocean ! Thou Gem of the
 Earth !
 O my Mother ! my Mother ! beware ;
 For wealth is a phantom, and empire a snare :

O let not thy birth-right be sold
 For reprobate glory and gold :
 Thy distant dominions like wild graftings shoot,
 They weigh down thy trunk,—they will tear up
 thy root :—

The root of thine OAK, O my country ! that stands
 Rock-planted, and flourishing free ;
 Its branches are stretch'd o'er the uttermost lands,
 And its shadow eclipses the sea :
 The blood of our ancestors nourish'd the tree ;
 From their tombs, from their ashes it sprung ;
 Its boughs with their trophies are hung ;
 Their spirit dwells in it :—and, hark ! for it spoke ;
 The voice of our fathers ascends from their Oak. .

“ Ye Britons, who dwell where we conquer'd of old,
 Who inherit our battle-field graves ;

Though poor were your fathers,—gigantic and bold,
 We were not, we could not be, slaves ;
 But firm as our rocks, and as free as our waves,
 The spears of the Romans we broke,
 We never stoop'd under their yoke ;
 In the shipwreck of nations we stood up alone,—
 The world was great CÆSAR'S—but Britain our
 own.

“ For ages and ages, with barbarous foes,
 The Saxon, Norwegian, and Gaul,
 We wrestled, were foil'd, were cast down, but we
 rose
 With new vigour, new life from each fall ;
By all we were conquer'd :—WE CONQUER'D
 THEM ALL !

—The cruel, the cannibal mind,
 We softened, subdued, and refined ;

Bears, wolves, and sea-monsters, they rush'd from
their den ;

We taught them, we tamed them, we turn'd them
to men.

“ Love led the wild hordes in his flower-woven bands,
The tenderest, strongest of chains :

Love married our hearts, he united our hands,
And mingled the blood in our veins ;

One race we became : — on the mountains and plains,
Where the wounds of our country were closed,
The Ark of Religion reposed,

The unquenchable Altar of Liberty blazed,
And the Temple of Justice in Mercy was raised.

“ Ark, Altar, and Temple, we left with our breath !
To our children, a sacred bequest :

O guard them, O keep them, in life and in death !
So the shades of your fathers shall rest,

And your spirits with ours be in Paradise blest :

— Let Ambition, the sin of the brave,
And Avarice, the soul of a slave,
No longer seduce your affections to roam
From Liberty, Justice, Religion, AT HOME.”

、

THE
COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man : — and WHO was HE ?
— Mortal ! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown :
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone : —

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast ;
His bliss and woe, — a smile, a tear !
— Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall ;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd, — but his pangs are o'er ;
Enjoy'd, — but his delights are fled ;
Had friends, — his friends are now no more ;
And foes, — his foes are dead.

He loved, — but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb :
O she was fair : — but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen ;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee :
He was — whatever thou hast been ;
He is — what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this, — THERE LIVED A MAN?

THE END.

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THE
World before the Flood,

A POEM,
IN TEN CANTOS:

WITH OTHER OCCASIONAL PIECES.

BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND, THE
WEST INDIES, &c.

“Of one departed World,
I see the mighty shadow.”
YOUNG’S Night Thoughts, IX.

FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THERE is no authentic history of the world from the Creation to the Deluge, besides that which is found in the first chapters of Genesis. He, therefore, who fixes the date of a fictitious narrative within that period, is under obligation to no other authority whatever, for conformity of manners, events, or even localities: he has full power to accommodate these to his peculiar purposes, observing only such analogy as shall consist with the brief

information, contained in the sacred records, concerning mankind in the earliest ages. The present writer acknowledges, that he has exercised this undoubted right with great freedom. Success alone sanctions bold innovation; if he has succeeded in what he has attempted, he will need no arguments to justify it; if he has miscarried, none will avail him. Those who imagine that he has exhibited the antediluvians, as more skilful in arts and arms than can be supposed, in their stage of society, may read the *Eleventh* book of PARADISE LOST:— and those, who think he has made the religion of the Patriarchs too evangelical, may read the *Twelfth*.

With respect to the personages and incidents of his story, the Author having delibe-

rately adopted them, under the conviction, that in the characters of the one he was not stepping out of human nature, and in the construction of the other not exceeding the limits of poetical probability, — he asks no favour, he deprecates no censure, on behalf of either; nor shall the facility, with which “much malice and a little wit” might turn into ridicule every line that he has written, deter him from leaving the whole to the mercy of general Readers.

But, — here is a large web of fiction involving a small fact of Scripture! Nothing could justify a work of this kind, if it were, in any way, calculated to impose on the credulity, pervert the principles, or corrupt the affections

of its approvers. Here, then, the appeal lies to conscience rather than to taste, and the decision on this point is of infinitely more importance to the Poet than his name among men, or his interests on earth. It was his design, in this composition, to present a similitude of events, that might be imagined to have happened in the first age of the world, in which such Scripture characters as are introduced would probably have acted and spoken, as they are here made to act and speak. The story is told as a Parable only, and its value, in this view, must be determined by its moral, or rather by its religious influence on the mind and on the heart. Fiction though it be, it is the fiction that represents Truth, and that is Truth, — Truth in the essence, though not in

the name; Truth in the spirit, though not in the letter.

Of the Miscellanies that compose the Second Part of this volume, nothing need be said in this place.

The Third Part consists of small poems and extracts from a volume published in 1797, which has long been out of print, and which is not worthy to be reprinted. As, however, it has frequently been enquired for, by those who had obtained some knowledge of the personal history of the Author, for the sake of the "*Prison Amusements*," which it contained, those Pieces are now republished, with such retrenchments as at this distant period seemed necessary. In behalf of these, the forbearance

of criticism may be solicited without degradation to the Author; they are the early, unripe, and bitter fruits of a mind, which in youth was subjected to a course of discipline and adversity, ill calculated to render it patient and gentle under the trials of maturer life.

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TO
THE SPIRIT
OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

MANY, my friend, have mourn'd for Thee,
And yet shall many mourn,
Long as thy name on earth shall be
In sweet remembrance borne,
By those who loved Thee here, and love
Thy Spirit still in realms above.

For while thine absence they deplore,
'Tis for themselves they weep ;
Though they behold thy face no more,
In peace thine ashes sleep,
And o'er the tomb they lift their eye,
—— Thou *art* not dead, thou could'st not die.

In silent anguish, O my friend !
 When I recall thy worth,
 Thy lovely life, thine early end,
 I feel estranged from earth ;
 My soul with thine desires to rest,
 Supremely and for ever blest.

In loftier mood, I fain would raise
 With my victorious breath
 Some fair memorial of thy praise,
 Beyond the reach of Death ;
 Proud wish, and vain ! — I cannot give
 The word, that makes the dead to live.

THOU art *not* dead, — Thou could'st not die ;
 To nobler life new-born,
 Thou look'st in pity from the sky
 Upon a world forlorn,
 Where glory is but dying flame,
 And Immortality a name.

Yet didst Thou prize the Poet's art ;
And when to Thee I sung,
How pure, how fervent from the heart,
The language of thy tongue !
In praise or blame alike sincere,
But still most kind when most severe.

When first this dream of ancient times
Warm on my fancy glow'd,
And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes
The Song of wonder flow'd ;
Pleased but alarm'd, I saw Thee stand,
And check'd the fury of my hand.

That hand with awe resumed the lyre,
I trembled, doubted, fear'd,
Then did thy voice my hope inspire,
My Soul thy presence cheer'd ;
But suddenly the light was flown,
I look'd, and found myself alone.

Alone, in sickness, care and woe,
 Since that bereaving day,
 With heartless patience, faint and low,
 I trill'd the secret lay,
 Afraid to trust the bold design
 To less indulgent ears than thine.

'Tis done ; — nor would I dread to meet
 The World's repulsive brow,
 Had I presented at thy feet
 The Muse's trophy now,
 And gain'd the smile I long'd to gain,
 The pledge of labour *not* in vain.

Full well I know, *if Thou wert here,*
 A pilgrim still with me,—
 Dear as my theme was once, and dear
 As I was once to Thee,—
 Too mean to yield Thee pure delight,
 The strains that now the world invite.

Yet could they reach Thee *where thou art*,
 And sounds might Spirits move,
 Their better, their diviner part
 Thou surely would'st approve,
 Though heavenly thoughts are all thy joy,
 And Angel-Songs thy tongue employ.

My task is o'er ; and I have wrought,
 With self-rewarding toil,
 To raise the scatter'd seed of thought
 Upon a desart soil :
 O for soft winds and clement showers !
 I seek not fruit, I planted flowers.

Those flowers I train'd, of many a hue,
 Along thy path to bloom,
 And little thought, that I must strew
 Their leaves upon thy tomb :
 — Beyond that tomb I lift mine eye,
 Thou *art* not dead, Thou could'st not die.

xvi

Farewell, but not a long farewell ;
In heaven may I appear,
The trials of my faith to tell
In thy transported ear,
And sing with Thee the eternal strain,
“ Worthy the Lamb that once was slain.”

January 23. 1813.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

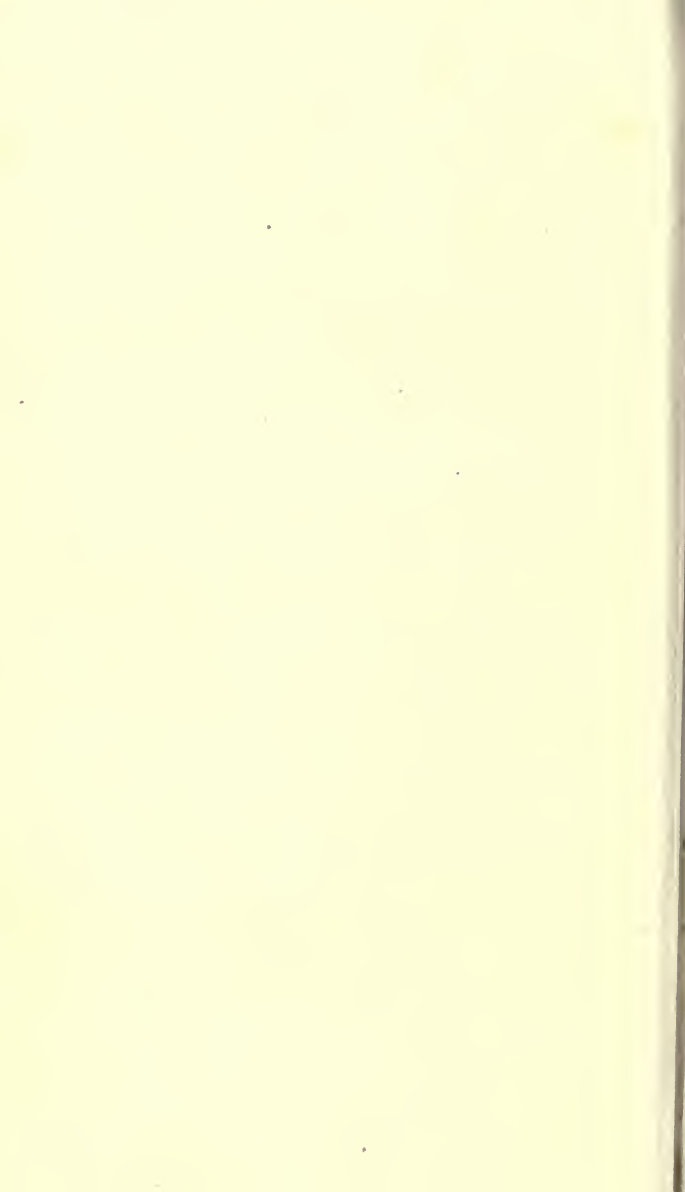
No place having been found, in Asia, to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject, and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land, at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world, he has placed "the happy garden" there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the deluge, and push'd

"Down the great river to the opening gulph,"

and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference between the scene of this story and the present face of the country, at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the eastern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger Children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden : the rest of the world having been gradually colo-

nized by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the Sons of God had formed connexions with the daughters of men, and there were Giants in the earth, the latter assumed to be Lords and Rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose One, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their King, and by their aid, in the course of a long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of Euphrates, at the opening of the action of the poem. It is only necessary to add, that for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as “ the host of Cain,” — “ the force of Cain,” — “ the camp of Cain ;” — and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated from Eden. — The Jews have an ancient tradition, that some of the Giants, at the deluge, fled to the top of a high mountain, and escaped the ruin that involved the rest of their kindred. In the tenth Canto of the following poem a hint is borrowed from this tradition, but it is made to yield to the superior authority of Scripture testimony.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD,
A POEM,
IN TEN CANTOS.



THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO FIRST.

The Invasion of Eden by the Descendants of Cain. The Flight of Javan from the Camp of the Invaders to the Valley where the Patriarchs dwelt. The Story of Javan's former Life.

EASTWARD of Eden's early-peopled plain,
When Abel perish'd by the hand of Cain,
The murderer from his Judge's presence fled :
Thence to the rising sun his offspring spread ;
But he, the fugitive of care and guilt,
Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes he built ;
While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chief,
Empire nor honour brought his soul relief ;

He found, where'er he roam'd, uncheer'd, unblest,
No pause from suffering, and from toil no rest.

Ages meanwhile, as ages now are told,
O'er the young world in long succession roll'd ;
For such the vigour of primeval man,
Through number'd centuries his period ran,
And the first Parents saw their hardy race,
O'er the green wilds of habitable space,
By tribes and kindreds, scatter'd wide and far,
Beneath the track of every varying star.
But as they multiplied from clime to clime,
Embolden'd by their elder brother's crime,
They spurn'd obedience to the Patriarchs' yoke,
The bonds of Nature's fellowship they broke ;
The weak became the victims of the strong,
And Earth was fill'd with violence and wrong.

Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plain,
A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain ;

There fruits and flowers, in genial light and dew,
 Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests grew ;
 By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray'd,
 While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the
 shade ;

Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil,
 And manly vigour till'd the unfailing soil ;
 Green sprang the turf, by holy footsteps trod,
 Round the pure altars of the living God ;
 Till foul Idolatry those altars stain'd,
 And lust and revelry through Eden reign'd.
 Then fled the people's glory and defence,
 The joys of home, the peace of innocence ;
 Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth,
 And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,
 Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild,
 Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled,
 Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran,
 And God and Angels deign'd to walk with man.

Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms,
The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms,
Full in the spirit of their father, came
To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.
In vain the younger race of Adam rose,
With force unequal, to repel their foes ;
Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins lay,
Their whole inheritance became a prey ;
The stars, to whom as Gods they raised their cry,
Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky ;
Till urged on Eden's utmost bounds at length,
In fierce despair they rallied all their strength.
They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight,
Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight :
The morning battle-scene at eve was spread
With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead ;
The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie,
By friends and foes, the dying left to die.
The victim, while he groan'd his soul away,
Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey,

Then strengthless felt the ravening beak, that tore
His widen'd wounds, and drank the living gore.

One sole-surviving remnant, void of fear,
Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear,
Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost,
For all they once had known, and loved, and lost ;
A small, a brave, a melancholy band,
The orphans, and the childless of the land.
The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led,
Wide o'er the north their vast encampment spread :
A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between ;
Westward a maze of waters girt the scene ;
There on Euphrates, in its ancient course,
Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent force,
Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,
Adorn'd the earthly paradise of God ;
But since he fell, within their triple bound,
Fenced a lone region of forbidden ground ;

Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed
 Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,
 The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools crost,
 In hoary foam and surging mist were lost ;
 Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow,
 White down the precipice they dash'd below ;
 There in tumultuous billows broken wide,
 They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide ;
 Through one majestic channel, calm and free,
 The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight watch was ended ;—down the west
 The glowing moon declined towards her rest ;
 Through either host the voice of war was dumb ;
 In dreams the hero won the fight to come ;
 No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore
 The distant cataract's everlasting roar,
 When from the tents of Cain, a Youth withdrew ;
 Secret and swift, from post to post he flew,

And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn
 Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn ;
 Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow,
 He fear'd at every step to start a foe ;
 Oft leap'd the hare across his path, upsprung
 The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung ;
 What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar,
 With golden splendour, rose the morning star,
 As if an Angel-centinel of night,
 From earth to heaven, had winged his homeward
 flight, —
 Glorious at first, but lessening by the way,
 And lost insensibly in higher day.

From track of man and herd his path he chose,
 Where high the grass, and thick the copsewood rose ;
 Thence by Euphrates' banks his course inclined,
 Where the grey willows trembled to the wind ;
 With toil and pain their humid shade he clear'd,
 When at the porch of heaven the sun appear'd,

Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the orient
 sky,
 And kindled into glory at his eye ;
 While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd round,
 From rock and tree, long shadows traced the ground.
 Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height,
 And resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man for ever closed,
 The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed :
 The gradual landscape open'd to his view ;
 From Nature's face the veil of mist withdrew,
 And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd,
 The radiant river, and the tented field ;
 The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay
 The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array ;
 The verdant ~~ch~~ampaign narrowing to the north,
 Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth
 The proud Invaders, early roused to fight,
 Tribe after tribe emerging into light ;

Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams,
 Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams,
 As when the breakers catch the morning glow,
 And ocean rolls in living fire below ;
 So round the unbroken border of the wood,
 The Giants pour'd their army like a flood,
 Eager to force the covert of their foe,
 And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought,
 Even till the wind the shout of legions brought,
 He gazed,—his heart recoil'd,—he turn'd his head,
 And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive ? — in infancy
 A youthful Mother's only hope was he,
 Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day,
 Precipitate destruction swept away :
 Earth trembled, open'd, and entomb'd them all ;
She saw them sinking, heard their voices call

Beneath the gulph, — and agonized, aghast,
On the wild verge of eddying ruin cast,
Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close,
A Widow's anguish, and a Mother's throes ;
A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth,
Where all had perish'd that she loved on earth.
Forlorn and helpless, on the upriven ground,
The parent, with her offspring, Enoch found ;
And thence with tender care and timely aid,
Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy,
One source of bliss to come, remain'd, — her boy !
Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose,
At once the seal and solace of her woes ;
When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,
Warm gush'd the tears, and would not be repress ;
In lonely anguish, when the truant child
Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.

In him, while fond imagination view'd
 Husband and parents, brethren, friends renew'd,
 Each vanish'd look, each well-remember'd grace,
 That pleased in them, she sought in Javan's face ;
 For quick his eye and changeable its ray,
 As the sun glancing through a vernal day ;
 And like the lake, by storm or moonlight seen,
 With darkening furrows or cerulean mien,
 His countenance, the mirror of his breast,
 The calm or trouble of his soul express'd.

As years enlarged his form, in moody hours,
 His mind betray'd its weakness with its powers ;
 Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fears
 Were nursed in silence, or divulged with tears ;
 The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongue,
 Though none might rival Javan when he sung.
 He loved, in lonely indolence reclined,
 To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind ;

But from the north, when snow and tempest came,
 His nobler spirit mounted into flame ;
 With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods,
 Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods.
 Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view
 The world, which yet by fame alone he knew :
 The joys of freedom were his daily theme,
 Glory the secret of his midnight dream ;
 That dream he told not ; though his heart would
 ache,

His home was precious for his mother's sake.
 With her the lowly paths of peace he ran,
 His guardian angel, till he verged to man ;
 But when her weary eye could watch no more,
 When to the grave her timeless corse he bore,
 Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain ;
 He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain.
 There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,
 Instinctive Genius caught the etherial fire ;

And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill,
 He learn'd to wind the passions at his will,
 To rule the chords with such mysterious art,
 They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart !
 Then Glory's opening field he proudly trod,
 Forsook the worship and the ways of God,
 Round the vain world pursued the phantom Fame,
 And cast away his birthright for a name.

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew,
 None save the tones that from his harp he drew,
 And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
 Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
 Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
 Pageants of light, resolving into air.
 The world, whose charms his young affections stole,
 He found too mean for an immortal soul ;
 Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,
 Death and eternity possess'd his thought ;

Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care
 Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair.
 Still was the secret of his griefs unknown,
 Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone ;
 The fame he follow'd, and the fame he found,
 Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound ;
 Admired, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved,
 The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved.
 All else that breathed below the circling sky,
 Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie ;
 He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn,
 And loose along the world of waters borne,
 Was cast companionless, from wave to wave,
 On life's rough sea,—and there was none to save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain,
 Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein ;
 No hand, no voice, like Javan's, could controul,
 With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul.

With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest
Through ten years' exile, sought his native west ;
There from the camp retiring, he pursued
His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude.
This son of peace no martial armour wore,
A scrip for food, a staff in hand he bore ;
Flaxen his robe ; and o'er his shoulder hung,
Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,
A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought
With hieroglyphics of embodied thought ;
Jubal himself enchased the polished frame ;
And Javan won it in the strife for fame,
Among the sons of Music, when their Sire
To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'Twas noon, when Javan climb'd the bordering hill,
By many an old remembrance hallow'd still,
Whence he beheld, by sloping woods enclosed,
The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed,

His home of happiness in early years,
And still the home of all his hopes and fears,
When from ambition struggling to break free,
He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.
Awhile he stood, with rumination pale,
Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale,
When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer
Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there ;
For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,
Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view ;
One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart
Ineffable emotion through his heart :
A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear
Than friendship, solaced him when she was near,
And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy,
That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy.
But when ambition, with a fiercer flame
Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame,
This infant passion, cherish'd yet repress,
Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast ;

For oft in distant lands, when hope beat high,
Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye,
And gazed in spirit on her absent form,
Fair as the moon emerging through the storm,
Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd
His thought,—and every glimpse of joy was lost.
Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain,
And life itself stood still in every vein,
While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above,
— Never to curse her with his bitter love !
His heart, espoused with hers, in secret sware
To hold its truth unskaken by despair :
The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,
But never, never was that heart forsworn ;
Throughout the world, the charm of Zillah's name
Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame.
Jealous and watchful of the Sex's wiles,
He trembled at the light of Woman's smiles !
So turns the mariner's mistrusting eye
From proud Orion bending through the sky,

Beauteous and terrible, who shines afar,
At once the brightest and most baneful star.*

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd
The circling forest and embosom'd glade,
Earth wore one summer robe of living green,
In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen ;
Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light,
And noon was silent as the depth of night.
O what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,
In that vast solitude, his anxious breast !
— To wither in the blossom of renown,
And unrecorded to the dust go down,
Or for a name on earth, to quit the prize
Of immortality beyond the skies.

* Così l'infaustj rai
Spande Oriòne, e i naviganti attrista,
Oriòn, chi tra gli astri in ciel risplende
Viè più d'ogni altro. e più d'ogni altro offende.

FILICAJA.

Perplex'd his wavering choice:— when Conscience
fail'd,
Love rose against the World, and Love prevail'd;
Passion, in aid of Virtue, conquer'd Pride,
And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO SECOND.

Javan, descending through the Forest, arrives at the Place where he had formerly parted with Zillah, when he withdrew from the Patriarchs' Glen. There he again discovers her in a Bower formed on the Spot. Their strange Interview, and abrupt Separation.

STEEP the descent, and wearisome the way ;
The twisted boughs forbade the light of day ;
No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry gloom,
The arching forest seem'd one pillar'd tomb,
Upright and tall the trees of ages grow,
While all is loneliness and waste below ;

There, as the massy foliage, far aloof.
 Display'd a dark impenetrable roof,
 So, gnarl'd and rigid, claspt and interwound,
 An uncouth maze of roots emboss'd the ground :
 Midway beneath, the sylvan wild assum'd
 A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd ;
 Openings of sky, and little plots of green,
 And showers of sun-beams through the eaves were
 seen.

Awhile the traveller halted at the place,
 Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face,
 One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat
 They met, as they were often wont to meet,
 And parted, not as they were wont to part,
 With gay regret, but heaviness of heart ;
 Though Javan named for his return the night,
 When the new moon had roll'd to full-orb'd light.

She stood, and gazed through tears, that forced their
way,

Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay,
Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head,
Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.
From that sad hour, she saw his face no more
In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore :
Moons wax'd and waned ; to *her* no hope appear'd,
Who much his death, but more his falsehood fear'd.

Now, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,
Remembrance eyed her lingering near the spot.
Onward he hasten'd ; all his bosom burn'd,
As if that eve of parting were return'd ;
And she, with silent tenderness of woe,
Clung to his heart, and would not let him go.
Sweet was the scene ! apart the cedars stood,
A sunny islet open'd in the wood ;
With vernal tints the wild-briar thicket glows,
For here the desert flourish'd as the rose ;

From sapling trees, with lucid foliage crown'd,
 Gay lights and shadows twinkled on the ground ;
 Up the tall stems luxuriant creepers run
 To hang their silver blossoms in the sun ;
 Deep velvet verdure clad the turf beneath,
 Where trodden flowers their richest odours breathe ;
 O'er all the Bees, with murmuring music, flew
 From bell to bell, to sip the treasured dew ;
 While insect myriads, in the solar gleams,
 Glanced to and fro, like intermingling beams ;
 So fresh, so pure, the woods, the sky, the air,
 It seem'd a place where Angels might repair,
 And tune their harps beneath those tranquil shades,
 To morning songs, or moonlight serenades.

He paused again, with memory's dream entranced ;
 Again his foot unconsciously advanced,
 For now the laurel-thicket caught his view,
 Where he and Zillah wept their last adieu.

Some curious hand, since that bereaving hour,
Had twined the copse into a covert bower,
With many a light and fragrant shrub between,
Flowering aloft amidst perennial green.
As Javan search'd this blossom-woven shade,
He spied the semblance of a sleeping Maid ;
'Tis she ; 'tis Zillah, in her leafy shrine ;
O'erwatch'd in slumber by a power divine,
In cool retirement from the heat of day,
Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay,
Fair as the rainbow shines thro' darkening showers,
Pure as a wreath of snow on April flowers.

O Youth ! in later times, whose gentle ear
This tale of ancient constancy shall hear ;
If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain,
To love with secret hope, yet love in vain ;
If months and years in pining silence worn,
Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne,

In evening shades thy faltering tongue confess'd
 The last dear wish that 'trembled in thy breast,
 While at each pause the streamlet purl'd along,
 And rival woodlands echoed song for song;
 Recall the Maiden's look;—the eye, the cheek,
 The blush that spoke what language could not speak;
 Recall her look, when at the altar's side
 She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride;
 Such were to Javan Zillah's form and face,
 The flower of meekness on a stem of grace;
 O she was all that Youth of Beauty deems,
 All that to Love the loveliest object seems!

Moments there are, that, in their sudden flight,
 Bring the slow mysteries of years to light;
 Javan, in one transporting instant, knew,
 That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd was true;
 For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd,
 Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast;

How could he tempt her innocence to share
 His poor ambition, and his fix'd despair !
 But now the phantoms of a wandering brain,
 And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain :
 Past sins and follies, cares and woes forgot,
 Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot ;
 Where'er he look'd, around him or above,
 All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,
 At whose transforming hand, where last they stood,
 Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed
 With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised
 The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed
 Their golden wreaths from her reclining head ;
 A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
 Her close lip quiver'd, as in act to speak,
 While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
 The inward trouble of a dream express'd :

At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
 The name of "Javan!" and a low "farewell!"
 Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
 And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,
 Wonder and ecstasy his bosom fill'd ;
 But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,
 He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought ;
 He turn'd aside ; within the neighbouring brake,
 Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake.
 There, as in luxury of thought reclined,
 A calm of tenderness composed his mind ;
 His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown,
 And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone,
 Framed by himself, the musing Minstrel play'd,
 To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.
 Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string,
 Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing ;

And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath,
 The joy of battle in the field of death ;
 But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
 With Love's clear eloquence the flute inspired ;
 At once obedient to the lip and hand,
 It utter'd every feeling at command.
 Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
 A spirit spoke in every tone they drew ;
 'Twas now the sky-lark on the wings of morn,
 Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn ;
 Anon through every pulse the music stole,
 And held sublime communion with the soul,
 Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigh,
 And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd,
 Within her bower awoke the conscious maid ;
 She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost,
 Had hail'd her wanderer found, and mourn'd him lost :

In one wild vision, 'midst a land unknown,
 By a dark river, as she sat alone,
 Javan beyond the stream dejected stood ;
 He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood ;
 The thwarting current urged him down its course,
 But Love repell'd it with victorious force ;
 She ran to help him landing, where at length
 He struggled up the bank with failing strength ;
 She caught his hand ;—when, downward from the
 day,

A water-monster dragg'd the youth away ;
 She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore
 Her form, light-floating, till she saw no more :
 For suddenly the dream's delusion changed,
 And through a blooming wilderness she ranged :
 Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd,
 Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd.
 He told, how he had journied many a year
 With changing seasons in their swift career,

Danced with the breezes in the bowers of morn,
Slept in the valley where new moons are born,
Rode with the planets, on their golden cars,
Round the blue world inhabited by stars,
And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams,
Became ethereal spirit in the beams,
Whence were his lineaments, from mortal sight,
Absorb'd in pure transparency of light ;
But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
In Eden's vale he sought repose at last. .
—The voice was mystery to Zillah's ear,
Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious, clear ;
No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.
Then while she sought him with desiring eyes,
The airy Javan darted from disguise,
Full on her view a stranger's visage broke ;
She fled, she fell, he caught her, — she awoke.

Awoke from sleep, — but in her solitude
 Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd;
 That living voice, so full, melodious, clear,
 That voice of mystery warbled in her ear.
 Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes,
 Unearthly, inexpressive music floats,
 In liquid tones so voluble and wild,
 Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled:
 Alarm'd she started from her lonely den,
 But, blushing, instantly retired again;
 The viewless phantom came in sound so near,
 The stranger of her dream might next appear.
 Javan, conceal'd behind the verdant brake,
 Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake;
 Then dropt his flute, and while he lay at rest
 Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.
 Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled,
 Now from the laurel-arbour shew'd her head,
 Her eye quick-glancing round, as if in thought,
 Recoiling from the object that she sought:

By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade,
 The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd.
 Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace,
 Years had but shed their favours on her face,
 While secret Love, and unrewarded Truth,
 Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth,
 Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,
 And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.

Words cannot paint the wonder of her look,
 When once again his pipe the Minstrel took,
 And soft in under-tones began to play,
 Like the caged woodlark's low-lamenting lay;
 Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,
 To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,
 Till new-born echoes through the forest rang,
 And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang.
 Bewildering transport, infantine surprise,
 Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes,

O'er every feature every feeling shone,
 Her colour changed as Javan changed his tone ;
 While she between the bower and brake entranced,
 Alternately retreated or advanced ;
 Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly,
 Then the full melody came rolling nigh ;
 She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and feet,
 Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet ;
 For yet through Eden's land, by fame alone,
 Jubal's harmonious minstrelsy was known,
 Though nobler songs than cheer'd the Patriarchs'
 glen
 Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening Maiden broke ;
 The heart of Javan check'd him while she spoke ;
 Though sweeter than his pipe her accents stole,
 He durst not learn the tumult of her soul,
 But, closely cowering in his ambuscade,
 With sprightlier breath and nimbler finger play'd.

— “ ’Tis not the nightingale that sang so well,
 When Javan left me near this lonely cell ;
 ’Tis not indeed the nightingale ; — her voice
 Could never since that hour my soul rejoice :
 Some bird from Paradise hath lost her way,
 And carols here a long-forbidden lay ;
 For ne’er since Eve’s transgression, mortal ear
 Was privileged such heavenly sounds to hear ;
 Perhaps an Angel, while he rests his wings,
 On earth alighting, here his descant sings ;
 Methinks those tones, so full of joy and love,
 Must be the language of the world above !
 Within this brake he rests : ” With curious ken,
 As if she fear’d to stir a lion’s den,
 Breathless, on tip-toe, round the copse she crept ;
 Her heart beat quicker, louder, as she stept,
 Till Javan rose, and fix’d on her his eyes,
 In dumb embarrassment, and feign’d surprise ;
 Upright she started, at the sudden view,
 Back from her brow the scatter’d ringlets flew,

Paleness a moment overspread her face ;
 But fear to frank astonishment gave place,
 And, with the virgin-blush of innocence,
 She ask'd, — “ Who art thou, Stranger, and from
 whence ? ” —

With mild demeanour, and with downcast eye,
 Javan, advancing, humbly made reply ;
 — “ A Wretch, escaping from the tribes of men,
 Seeks an asylum in the Patriarchs' glen ;
 As through the forest's breathless gloom I stray'd,
 Up sprang the breeze in this delicious shade ;
 Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree,
 I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy,
 Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal's art,
 To breathe at will the fulness of my heart :
 Fairest of Women ! if the clamour rude
 Hath scared the quiet of thy solitude,
 Forgive the innocent offence, and tell,
 How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell.” —

Though changed his voice, his look and stature
changed,

In air and garb, in all but love estranged,
Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought
A dear lost friend, for ever near her thought !
Yet answer'd coldly, — jealous and afraid
Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd.
— “ Not far from hence the faithful race reside ;
Pilgrim ! to whom shall I thy footsteps guide ?
Alike to all, if thou an alien be,
My father's home invites thee ; follow me.”

She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
Colour his lip, and power his tongue forsook ;
At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
— “ Enoch,” said he, “ the friend of God, I know.
To him I bear a message full of fear ;
I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear.”

He paused ; his cheek with red confusion burn'd ;
 Kindness through her relenting breast return'd :
 — “ Behold the path,” she cried, and led the way ;
 Ere long the vale unbosom'd to the day :
 — “ Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
 Arch'd o'er a cottage roof, that peeps between,
 Dwells Enoch ; Stranger ! peace attend thee there,
 My father's sheep demand his daughter's care.” —

Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye,
 She vanish'd ere he falter'd a reply,
 And sped, while he in cold amazement stood,
 Along the winding border of the wood ;
 Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade
 Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade.
 He saw, but might not follow, where her flock
 Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock.
 He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream,
 Of many an early lay the simple theme,

Chaunted in Boyhood's unsuspecting hours,
When Zillah join'd the song, or praised his powers.
Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore,
Nor ceased to gaze, when she was seen no more.

END OF CANTO SECOND.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO THIRD.

Javan's Soliloquy on Zillah's Desertion of him. He reaches the Ruins of his Mother's Cottage. Thence he proceeds to Enoch's Dwelling. His Reception there. Enoch and Javan proceed together towards the Place of Sacrifice. Description of the Patriarchs' Glen; — Occasion of the Family of Seth retiring thither at first.

“AM I so changed by suffering, so forgot,
That Love disowns me, Zillah knows me not?
Ah! no; she shrinks from my disastrous fate,
She dare not love me, and she cannot hate:
'Tis just; I merit this: — When Nature's womb
Ingulph'd my kindred in one common tomb,

Why was I spared? — A reprobate by birth,
 To heaven rebellious, unallied on earth,
 Whither, O whither shall the Outcast flee?
 There is no home, no peace, no hope for me.
 I hate the worldling's vanity and noise,
 I have no fellow-feeling in his joys;
 The saint's serener bliss I cannot share,
 My Soul, alas! hath no communion there.
 This is the portion of my cup below,
 Silent, unmingled, solitary woe;
 To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain,
 Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain;
 And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath,
 To nought in life, except the fear of Death." —

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent,
 And wander'd on, unheeding where he went,
 His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot,
 Where rose the ruins of his Childhood's cot:

Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise,
 His Mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes,
 As if her gentle form, unmark'd before,
 Had stood to greet him at the wonted door ;
 Yet did the pale retiring Spirit dart
 A look of tenderness that broke his heart :
 'Twas but a thought, arrested on its flight,
 And bodied forth with visionary light,
 But chill the life-blood ran through every vein,
 The fire of frenzy faded from his brain,
 He cast himself in terror on the ground :
 —Slowly recovering strength, he gazed around,
 In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd,
 Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd ;
 The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry,
 Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie ;
 The fractured roof, through which the sun-beams
 shone,
 With rank unflowering verdure overgrown ;

The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
 And reptile traces on the damp green floor.
 This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,
 Life's earliest scenes and trials were renew'd;
 O'er his dark mind, the light of years gone by
 Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
 He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
 A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan cheek,
 Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung,
 And "O my Mother!" trembled from his tongue.
 That name, though but a murmur, that dear name
 Touch'd every kind affection into flame;
 Despondency assumed a milder form,
 A ray of comfort darted through the storm;
 "O God! be merciful to me!" — He said,
 Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze,
 Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees,

Beheld the youth approaching ; and his eye,
 Instructed by the light of prophecy,
 Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air,
 The orphan object of his tenderest care ;
 Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man
 To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran,
 Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and cried,
 " My Son ! my Son !" — but Javan shrunk aside ;
 The Patriarch raised, embraced him, oft withdrew
 His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.
 The mourner bow'd with agony of shame,
 Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.
 — " Father ! behold a suppliant in me,
 A sinner in the sight of heaven and thee ;
 Yet for thy former love, may Javan live ;
 O, for the mother's sake, the son forgive !—
 The meanest office, and the lowest seat,
 In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."

" Come to my home, my bosom, and my rest,
 Not as a stranger, and way-faring guest ;
 My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share,
 Child of my faith ! and answer to my prayer !
 O I have wept through many a night for thee,
 And watch'd through many a day *this* day to see.
 Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart,
 I am resign'd, and ready to depart :
 With joy I hail my course of nature run,
 Since I have seen thy face, my son ! my son !"

So saying, Enoch led to his abode
 The trembling penitent, along the road
 That through the garden's gay inclosure wound ;
 Midst fruits and flowers the Patriarch's spouse they
 found,
 Plucking the purple clusters from the vine,
 To crown the cup of unfermented wine.
 She came to meet them ; — but in strange surmise
 Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes ;

He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace
 Ah ! then she knew him !— as he bow'd his face,
 His mother's features in a glimpse she caught,
 And the son's image rush'd upon her thought ;
 Pale she recoil'd with momentary fright,
 As if a spirit had ris'n before her sight ;
 Returning, with a heart too full to speak,
 She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cheek,
 Then laugh'd for gladness, — but her laugh was wild ;
 — “ Where hast thou been, my own, my orphan
 child ?

Child of my soul ! bequeath'd in death to me,
 By her who had no other wealth than thee !”
 She cried, and with a Mother's love caress'd
 The Youth, who wept in silence on her breast.

This hasty tumult of affection o'er,
 They pass'd within the hospitable door ;
 There on a grassy couch, with joy o'ercome,
 Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb,

Javan reclined, while kneeling at his seat,
 The humble Patriarch wash'd the traveller's feet.
 Quickly the Spouse her plenteous table spread
 With homely viands, milk and fruits and bread.
 Ere long the guest, grown innocently bold,
 With simple eloquence his story told ;
 His sins, his follies, frankly were reveal'd,
 And nothing but his nameless love conceal'd.
 — “ While thus,” he cried, “ I proved the world a
 snare,
 Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air ;
 While with the sons of men my footsteps trod,
 My home, my heart was with the Sons of God.”

“ Went not my spirit with thee,” Enoch said,
 “ When from the Mother's grave the Orphan fled ?
 Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood,
 Or self-devoted to the strangling flood,
 (Too plainly in thy grief-bewilder'd mien,
 By every eye, a breaking heart was seen ;)

I mourn'd in secret thine apostacy,
 Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.
 Strong was my faith, in dreams or waking thought,
 Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought,
 I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign,
 The deep communion of my soul with thine.
 This day a voice, that thrill'd my breast with fear,
 (Methought 'twas Adam's) whisper'd in mine ear,
 — ' Enoch ! ere thrice the morning meet the sun,
 Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun.' —
 While yet those tones were murmuring in air,
 I turn'd to look, — but saw no speaker there :
 Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy ?
 Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my boy ?
 Yes ! and while still I sate beneath the tree,
 Revolving what the signal meant to me,
 I spied thee coming, and with eager feet
 Ran, the returning fugitive to greet :
 Nor less the welcome art thou, since I know
 By this high warning, that from earth I go ;

My days are number'd ; peace on thine attend !
The trial comes,—be faithful to the end."

" O live the years of Adam !" cried the youth ;
" Yet seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth :
Sire ! while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,
From sun-rise to the ocean of the west,
I found that sin, where'er the foot of man
Nature's primeval wilderness o'er-ran,
Had track'd his steps, and through advancing Time
Urged the deluded race from crime to crime,
Till wrath and strife, in fratricidal war,
Gather'd the force of nations from afar,
To deal and suffer Death's unheeded blow,
As if the curse on Adam were too slow.
Even now an host, like locusts on their way,
That desolate the earth, and dim the day,
Led by a Giant-King, whose arm hath broke
Remotest realms to wear his iron yoke,

Hover o'er Eden, resolute to close
 His final triumph o'er his latest foes ;
 A feeble band, that in their covert lie,
 Like cowering doves beneath the falcon's eye.
 That easy and ignoble conquest won,
 There yet remains one fouler deed undone.
 Oft have I heard the tyrant, in his ire,
 Devote this glen to massacre and fire,
 And swear to root, from Earth's dishonour'd face,
 The last least relic of the faithful race ;
 Thenceforth he hopes, on God's terrestrial throne
 To rule the nether universe alone.
 Wherefore, O Sire ! when evening shuts the sky,
 Fly with thy kindred, from destruction fly ;
 Far to the south, unpeopled wilds of wood
 Skirt the dark borders of Euphrates' flood ;
 There shall the Patriarchs find secure repose,
 Till Eden rest, forsaken of her foes."

At Javan's speech the Matron's cheek grew pale,
 Her courage, not her faith, began to fail ;
 Eve's youngest daughter she ; the silent tear
 Witness'd her patience, but betray'd her fear.
 Then answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
 That shed celestial beauty o'er his mien ;
 " Here is mine earthly habitation ; here
 I wait till my Redeemer shall appear ;
 Death and the face of man I dare not shun,
 God is my refuge, and His will be done."

The Matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,
 And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye.
 Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd,
 But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd :
 He felt the power of truth ; his heart o'erflow'd,
 And in his look sublime devotion glow'd.
 Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face ;
 " The Sun," said he, " hath well nigh run his race ;

I to the yearly sacrifice repair,
Our Brethren meet me at the place of prayer."

" I follow ; O my father ! I am thine
Thy God, thy people, and thine altar mine !"
Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,
And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and wood ;
In rural groups the scatter'd hamlet stood ;
Tents, arbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene,
Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between ;
Through all, a streamlet, from its mountain-source,
Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and Man
The demon-sacrifice of war began,
Self-exiled here, the family of Seth
Renounced a world of violence and death,

Faithful alone amidst the faithless found,*
 And innocent while murder cursed the ground.
 Here, in retirement from profane mankind,
 They worshipt God with purity of mind,
 Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil,
 Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,
 — Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had closed,
 Whose bones beneath their quiet turf reposed.
 No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,
 Could youthful Nature boast before the flood;
 Far less shall Earth, now hastening to decay,
 A scene of sweeter loneliness display,
 Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and
 love,
 Nor seen but woods around, and heaven above.

* “ So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found
 Among the faithless, faithful only he.”

Yet not in cold and unconcern'd content,
 Their years in that delicious range were spent ;
 Oft from their haunts the fervent Patriarchs broke,
 In strong affection to their kindred spoke,
 With tears and prayers reproved their growing
 crimes,
 Or told the impending judgments of the times.
 In vain ; the world despised the warning word,
 With scorn belied it, or with mockery heard,
 Forbade the zealous monitors to roam,
 And stoned, or chased them to their forest home.
 There, from the depth of solitude, their sighs
 Pleaded with heaven in ceaseless sacrifice,
 And long did righteous heaven the guilty spare,
 Won by the holy violence of prayer.

Yet sharper pangs of unavailing woe,
 Those Sires in secrecy were doom'd to know ;
 Oft by the world's alluring snares misled,
 Their youth from that sequester'd valley fled,

Join'd the wild herd, increased the Godless crew,
And left the virtuous remnant weak and few.

END OF CANTO THIRD.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO FOURTH.

Enoch relates to Javan the Circumstances of the Death of Adam, including his Appointment of an annual Sacrifice on the Day of his Transgression and Fall in Paradise.

THUS through the valley while they held their walk,
Enoch of former days began to talk.

— “ Thou know’st our place of sacrifice and prayer,
Javan ! for thou wert wont to worship there :
Built by our father’s venerable hands,
On the same spot our ancient altar stands,
Where, driven from Eden’s hallow’d groves, he found
An home on earth’s unconsecrated ground ;

Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o'er,
 He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more.
 Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell
 How Adam once by disobedience fell ;
 Would that my tongue were gifted to display
 The terror and the glory of that day,
 When seized and stricken by the hand of Death,
 The first transgressor yielded up his breath !
 Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,
 The host of heaven have measured day and night,
 Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose,
 On his returning dust in silence close.

“ With him his noblest sons might not compare,
 In godlike feature and majestic air ;
 Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,
 Perfect from his Creator's hand he came ;
 And as in form excelling, so in mind
 The Sire of men transcended all mankind :

A soul was in his eye, and in his speech
 A dialect of heaven no art could reach ;
 For oft of old to him, the evening breeze
 Had borne the voice of God among the trees ;
 Angels were wont their songs with his to blend,
 And talk with him as their familiar friend.
 But deep remorse for that mysterious crime,
 Whose dire contagion through elapsing time
 Diffused the curse of death beyond controul,
 Had wrought such self-abasement in his soul,
 That he, whose honours were approach'd by none
 Was yet the meekest man beneath the sun.
 From sin, as from the serpent that betray'd
 Eve's early innocence, he shrunk afraid ;
 Vice he rebuked with so austere a frown,
 He seem'd to bring an instant judgment down ;
 Yet while he chid, compunctious tears would start,
 And yearning tenderness dissolve his heart ;
 The guilt of all his race became his own,
 He suffer'd as if *he* had sinn'd alone.

Within our glen to filial love endear'd,
 Abroad for wisdom, truth and justice fear'd,
 He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all,
 The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his fall.
 Children were his delight ; — they ran to meet
 His soothing hand, and clasp his honour'd feet ;
 While 'midst their fearless sports supremely blest,
 He grew in heart a child among the rest :
 Yet as a Parent, nought beneath the sky
 Touch'd him so quickly as an infant's eye ;
 Joy from its smile of happiness he caught,
 Its flash of rage sent horror through his thought,
 His smitten conscience felt as fierce a pain,
 As if he fell from innocence again.

“ One morn I track'd him on his lonely way,
 Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening day ;
 With feeble step he climb'd yon craggy height,
 Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight ;

He gazed awhile in silent thought profound,
 Then falling prostrate on the dewy ground,
 He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer,
 Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair,
 And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace,
 The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race.
 Wrestling with God, as Nature's vigour fail'd,
 His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail'd;
 The prayer from agony to rapture rose,
 And sweet as Angel accents fell the close.
 I stood to greet him; when he raised his head,
 Divine expression o'er his visage spread,
 His presence was so saintly to behold,
 He seem'd in sinless Paradise grown old.

“ — ‘ This day,’ said he, ‘ in Time's star-lighted
 round,

Renews the anguish of that mortal wound
 On me inflicted, when the Serpent's tongue
 My Spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.

Though years of grace through centuries have pass'd,
 Since my transgression, this may be my last ;
 Infirmities without, and fears within,
 Foretell the consummating stroke of sin ;
 The hour, the place, the form to me unknown,
 But God, who lent me life, *will* claim his own :
 Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death,
 As quicken'd into being by his breath,
 Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,
 And but once more, to view my native place,
 To bid yon garden of delight farewell,
 The earthly Paradise from which I fell.
 This mantle, Enoch ! which I yearly wear
 To mark the day of penitence and prayer, —
 These skins, the covering of my first offence,
 When conscious of departed innocence,
 Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled,
 A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread ; —
 Enoch ! this mantle thus vouchsafed to me,
 At my dismissal I bequeath to thee ;

Wear it in sad memorial on this day,
 And yearly at mine earliest altar lay
 A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt
 In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt;
 So be the sins of all my race confest,
 So on their heads may peace and pardon rest.
 —Thus spake our Sire, and down the steep descent
 With strengthen'd heart, and fearless footstep went:
 O Javan! when we parted at his door,
 I loved him as I never loved before.

“ Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found
 Our father labouring in his harvest ground,
 (For yet he till'd a little plot of soil,
 Patient and pleased with voluntary toil ;)
 But O how changed from him, whose morning eye
 Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh!
 Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook ;
 I mark'd the ghastly dolour of his look,

And ran to help him ; but his latest strength
 Fail'd ;—prone upon his sheaves he fell at length :
 I strove to raise him ; sight and sense were fled,
 Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head.
 Seth pass'd ; I call'd him, and we bore our Sire
 To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire :
 Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh,
 And half unclosed his hesitating eye ;
 Strangely and timidly he peer'd around,
 Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound :
 — ' Is this a new Creation ? — Have I pass'd
 The bitterness of death ? ' — He look'd aghast,
 Then sorrowful ;— ' No ; men and trees appear ;
 'Tis not a new Creation, — pain is here :
 From Sin's dominion is there no release ?
 Lord ! let thy Servant *now* depart in peace.'
 — Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his soul,
 He knew us ; tears of consternation stole

Down his pale cheeks : — ‘ Seth ! — Enoch !

Where is Eve ?

How could the spouse her dying consort leave ?’

“ Eve look’d that moment from their cottage-door

In quest of Adam, where he toil’d before ;

He was not there ; she call’d him by his name ;

Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came ;

— ‘ Here am I,’ answer’d he, in tone so weak,

That we who held him scarcely heard him speak ;

But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain

He struggled till he swoon’d away with pain.

Eve call’d again, and turning tow’rds the shade,

Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid ;

She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound,

Forward, and cast herself upon the ground

At Adam’s feet ; half-rising in despair,

Him from our arms she wildly strove to tear ;

Repell’d by gentle violence, she press’d

His powerless hand to her convulsive breast,

And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears,
 Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears.
 Light to his eyes at that refreshment came,
 They open'd on her in a transient flame ;
 — ' And art thou here, my Life ! my Love ! ' he
 cried,
 ' Faithful in death to this congenial side ?
 Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart,
 One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part.'

— ' Leave me not, Adam ! leave me not below ;
 With thee I tarry, or with thee I go,'

She said, and yielding to his faint embrace,
 Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face.
 Alarming recollection soon return'd,
 His fever'd frame with growing anguish burn'd :
 Ah ! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,
 With fond solicitude of love she sought
 To sooth his limbs upon their grassy bed,
 And make the pillow easy to his head ;

She wiped his reeking temples with her hair ;
She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air ;
Moisten'd his lips with kisses : with her breath
Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death,
That ran and revell'd through his swollen veins
With quicker pulses, and severer pains.

“ The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky ;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne ;
The vital air was still ; the torrid heat
Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.

Here, though his sufferings through the glen were
known,

We chose to watch his dying bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I. — In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd :
— ' Blow on me, Wind ! I faint with heat ! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring ;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye Cedars ! wash me cold with midnight dews.
— Cheer me, my friends ! with looks of kindness
cheer ;

Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear ;
Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom ;
This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten ; help me on my way ;
O sing to sooth me, and to strengthen pray !'
We sang to sooth him, — hopeless was the song ;
We pray'd to strengthen him, — he grew not strong.
In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,
Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power,

We press'd the virtue ; no terrestrial balm
 Nature's dissolving agony could calm.
 Thus as the day declined, the fell disease
 Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees :
 Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more resign'd,
 More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind ;
 Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore,
 The righteous penalty of sin he bore ;
 Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains,
 But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.
 — ' 'Tis just, 'tis merciful,' we heard him say ;
 ' Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away ?
 I see Him not ; I hear Him not ; I call ;
 My God ! my God ! support me, or I fall.'

“ The sun went down, amidst an angry glare
 Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air ;
 The winds brake loose ; the forest boughs were torn,
 And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne ;

Cattle to shelter scudded in affright ;
 The florid Evening vanish'd into night :
 Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
 In peals of thunder, and thick-vollied hail ;
 Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land,
 Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand ;
 Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
 Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams,
 With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the
 ground,
 The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round ;
 Never since Nature into being came,
 Had such mysterious motion shook her frame ;
 We thought, ingulph'd in floods, or wrapt in fire,
 The world itself would perish with our Sire.

“ Amidst this war of elements, within
 More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
 Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
 Breathing the slow remains of life away.

Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
 Beneath the pressure of collected woes :
 But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
 Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
 Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
 For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
 Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
 The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began.

“ — ‘ O ye, that shudder at this awful strife,
 This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
 Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
 Will leave me thus forsaken to the last ;
 Nature's infirmity alone you see ;
 My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free ;
 Though firm in God the Spirit holds her trust,
 The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
 Horror and anguish seize me ; — 'tis the hour
 Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power ;

The Tempter plies me with his direst art,
 I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart ;
 He stirs the wound he once inflicted there,
 Instills the deadening poison of despair,
 Belies the truth of God's delaying grace,
 And bids me curse my Maker to his face.
 — I will not curse Him, though his grace delay ;
 I will not cease to trust Him, though he slay ;
 Full on his promised mercy I rely,
 For God hath spoken, — God, who cannot lie.
 — THOU, of my faith the Author and the End !
 Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend !
 The joy, that once thy presence gave, restore
 Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more :
 Down to the dust returns this earthly frame,
 Receive my Spirit, Lord ! from whom it came ;
 Rebuke the Tempter, shew thy power to save,
 O let thy glory light me to the grave,
 That these, who witness my departing breath,
 May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death.'

“ He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
 And seem’d to rest in silent prayer awhile :
 Around his couch with filial awe we kneel’d,
 When suddenly a light from heaven reveal’d
 A Spirit, that stood within the unopen’d door ; —
 The sword of God in his right hand he bore ;
 His countenance was lightning, and his vest
 Like snow at sun-rise on the mountain’s crest ;
 Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
 His presence still’d the fury of the storm ;
 At once the winds retire, the waters cease ;
 His look was love, his salutation, ‘ Peace !’

“ Our Mother first beheld him, sore amazed,
 But terror grew to transport, while she gazed :
 — ‘ ’Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove
 Our banish’d feet from Eden’s happy grove ; *

* PARADISE LOST, Book XI. v. 258.

Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake !' she cried ;
 ' Return to Paradise ; behold thy Guide !
 O let me follow in this dear embrace !'
 She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
 Adam look'd up ; his visage changed its hue,
 Transform'd into an Angel's at the view :
 ' I come !' he cried, with faith's full triumph fired,
 And in a sigh of ecstasy expired.
 The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled ;
 We stood alone, the living with the dead ;
 The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
 Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom ;
 But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed,
 The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

" Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless
 Spouse ;
 Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse ;
 She gave no answer ; motionless and cold,
 It fell like clay from my relaxing hold ;

Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of grey
That hid her cheek ; her soul had pass'd away ;
A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side,
Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide.

“ Trembling astonishment of grief we felt,
Till Nature's sympathies began to melt ;
We wept in stillness through the long dark night ;
—And O how welcome was the morning light !”

END OF CANTO FOURTH.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO FIFTH.

*The Burying-Place of the Patriarchs. The Sacrifice on the
Anniversary of the Fall of Adam. Enoch's Prophecy.*

“ AND here,” said Enoch, with dejected eye,
“ Behold the grave, in which our Parents lie.”
They stopt, and o’er the turf-inclosure wept,
Where, side by side, the First-Created slept :
It seem’d as if a voice, with still small sound,
Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound ;
— ‘ From earth we came, and we return’d to earth ;
Descendants! spare the Dust that gave you birth ;

Though Death, the pain for our transgression due,
 By sad inheritance we left to you,
 O let our Children bless us in our grave,
 And Man forgive the wrong that God forgave !'

Thence to the altar Enoch turn'd his face,
 But Javan linger'd in that burying-place,
 A scene sequester'd from the haunts of men,
 The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
 Where weary pilgrims found their last repose :
 The little heaps were ranged in comely rows,
 With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
 Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod :
 No sculptured monument was taught to breathe
His praises, whom the worm devour'd beneath ;
 The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
 Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there ;
 Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot,
 By one dishonour'd or by all forgot ;

To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,
 From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.
 And oft the living, by affection led,
 Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
 Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
 No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
 But, white and red with intermingling flowers,
 The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.
 Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound,
 Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring sound ;
 'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care,
 It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat?
 The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet ;
 Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold
 A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould ;
 But lo ! the turf, which his own hands had piled,
 With choicest flowers, and richest verdure smiled ;

By all the glen, his mother's couch of rest,
 In his default, was visited and blest.
 He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe;
 His heart was where his treasure lay, below;
 And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward eyes,
 He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already on a neighbouring mount, that stood
 Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood,
 Whose open summit, rising o'er the trees,
 Caught the cool fragrance of the evening-breeze,
 The Patriarchal Worshippers were met;
 The Lamb was brought, the wood in order set
 On Adam's rustic altar, moss-o'ergrown,
 An unwrought mass of earth-embedded stone,
 Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,
 The Earth first drank the blood of innocence,
 When God himself ordain'd the typic rite
 To Eden's Exiles, resting on their flight.

Foremost, amidst the group, was Enoch seen,
 Known by his humble port, and heavenly mien :
 On him the Priest's mysterious office lay,
 For 'twas the eve of Man's transgression-day,
 And him had Adam, with expiring breath,
 Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death,
 A victim on that mountain, whence the Skies
 Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice.
 In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands,
 Spreading to heaven his supplicating hands,
 Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew
 To smite the victim, sporting in his view.
 Behind him Seth, in majesty confest,
 The World's great Elder, tower'd above the rest.
 Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye,
 Like the sun reigning in the western sky ;
 Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed
 Grey hairs, the crown of glory, on his head,
 In hardy health he rear'd his front sublime,
 Like the green Aloe in perennial prime,

When full of years it shoots forth all its bloom,
 And glads the forest through the inmost gloom ;
 So, in the blossom of a good old age,
 Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless Sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood
 The Fathers of the World before the Flood :
 — Enos ; who taught mankind, on solemn days,
 In sacred groves, to meet for prayer and praise,
 And warn'd Idolaters to lift their eye,
 From sun and stars, to Him who made the sky :
 — Canaan and Malael ; of whom alone,
 Their age, of all that once they were, is known :
 — Jared ; who full of hope beyond the tomb,
 Hallow'd his offspring from the Mother's womb,*
 And heaven received *the Son* that Parent gave,
He walk'd with God, and overstept the grave ;

* The name of *Enoch*, the son of Jared, is derived from *chanac*, to dedicate.

— A mighty pilgrim in the vale of tears,
 Born to the troubles of a thousand years,
 Methuselah, whose feet unhalting ran
 To the last circle of the life of man :
 —Lamech ; from infancy inured to toil,
 To wring slow blessings from the accursed soil,
 Ere yet to dress his vineyards, reap his corn,
 And comfort him in care, was Noah born,*
 Who in a later age, by signal grace,
 Survived to renovate the human race ;
 Both worlds, by sad reversion, were his due,
 The Orphan of the old, the Father of the new.

These, with their families, on either hand,
 Aliens and exiles in their native land,
 The few, who loved their Maker from their youth,
 And worshipt God in spirit and in truth ;

* And he called his name Noah, saying, This same shall comfort us concerning our work, and toil of our hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed. — GEN. V. v. 29.

These stood with Enoch : — All had fix'd their eyes
 On him, and on the Lamb of sacrifice,
 For now with trembling hand he shed the blood,
 And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood ;
 Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he laid
 His hand upon the hallow'd pyre and pray'd.
 “ Maker of heaven and earth ! supreme o'er all
 That live, and move, and breathe, on Thee we call :
 Our Father sinn'd and suffer'd ; — we, who bear
 Our Father's image, his transgression share ;
 Humbled for his offences, and our own,
 Thou, who art holy, wise, and just alone,
 Accept, with free confession of our guilt,
 This victim slain, this blood devoutly spilt,
 While through the veil of sacrifice we see
 Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Thee ;
 O grant forgiveness ; power and grace are thine ;
 God of salvation ! cause thy face to shine ;
 Hear us in heaven ! fulfil our souls' desire,
 God of our Father ! answer now with fire.”

He rose ; no light from heaven around him shone,
No fire descended from the eternal throne ;
Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay,
Amidst the stillness of expiring day ;
The eyes of all, that watch'd in vain to view
The wonted sign, distractedly withdrew,
Fear clipt their breath, their doubling pulses raised,
And each by stealth upon his neighbour gazed ;
From heart to heart a strange contagion ran,
A shuddering instinct crowded man to man ;
Even Seth with secret consternation shook,
And cast on Enoch an imploring look.
Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien,
No change of hue, no cloud of care was seen,
Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face,
Clear as the sun prepared to run his race ;
He spoke ; his words, with awful warning fraught,
Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought.

“ Men, Brethren, Fathers ! wherefore do ye fear !
 Hath God departed from us ? — God is here ;
 Present in every heart, with sovereign power,
 He tries, he proves his people in this hour ;
 Naked as light to his all-searching eye,
 The thoughts that wrong, the doubts that tempt
 Him lie ;

Yet slow to anger, merciful as just,
 He knows our frame, remembers we are dust,
 And spares our weakness : — In his truth believe,
 Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive.
 What, though no flame on Adam’s altar burn,
 No signal of acceptance yet return,
 God is not man, who to our Father swear,
 All times, in every place, to answer prayer ;
 He cannot change ; though heaven and earth decay,
 The word of God shall never pass away.

“ But mark the season : — from the rising sun,
 Westward, the race of Cain the world o’er-run ;

Their Monarch, mightiest of the Sons of Men,
 Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen ;
 Hither he hastens ; carnage strews his path :
 — Who will await the Giant in his wrath ?
 Or who will take the wings of silent night,
 And seek deliverance from his sword by flight ?
 Thus saith the Lord : — Ye weak of faith and heart !
 Who dare not trust the living God, depart ;
 The Angel of his presence leads your way,
 Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey :
 But ye, who, unappall'd at earthly harm,
 Lean on the strength of his Almighty arm,
 Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
 — Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord."

A pause, a dreary pause ensued : — then cried
 The holy man, — " On either hand divide ;
 The feeble fly ; with me the valiant stay ;
 Choose now your portion ; whom will ye obey,

God or your fears? His counsel, or your own?"
 — "The LORD; the LORD; for HE IS GOD ALONE!"
 Exclaim'd at once, with consentaneous choice,
 The whole Assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.
 Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came,
 Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame,
 And upwards to their glorious source return'd
 The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd;
 While through the evening gloom, to distant eyes,
 Morn o'er the Patriarchs' mountains seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck the Congregation kneel'd around,
 And worshipt with their faces to the ground;
 The peace of God, beyond expression sweet,
 Fill'd every spirit humbled at his feet,
 And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there,
 Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.

They rose;—as if his soul had pass'd away,
 Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay,

Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead :
 At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his
 head ;

To heaven in ecstasy he turn'd his eyes ;
 — With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,
 When the last trumpet calls them from the dust,
 To join the resurrection of the Just : —
 Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined,
 (As if the soul had left the flesh behind,
 Yet wore a mortal semblance,) upright stood
 The great Evangelist before the flood ;
 On him the vision of the Almighty broke,
 And future times were present while he spoke.*

“ The Saints shall suffer ; righteousness shall fail,
 O'er all the world iniquity prevail ;
 Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God,
 Shall rule the nations with an iron rod ;

* NUMBERS, XXIV. v. 4.

On every mountain Idol Groves shall rise,
 And darken heaven with human sacrifice;
 But God the Avenger comes,—a judgment-day,
 A flood, shall sweep his enemies away.
 How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the sun,
 — One righteous family, and only one, —
 Saved from that wreck of Nature, shall behold
 The new Creation rising from the old!

“ O, that the World of wickedness, destroy'd,
 Might lie for ever without form and void!
 Or, that the Earth, to innocence restored,
 Might flourish as the garden of the Lord!
 It will not be: — among the sons of men,
 The Giant-Spirit shall go forth again,
 From clime to clime shall kindle murderous rage,
 And spread the plagues of Sin from age to age;
 Yet shall the God of mercy, from above,
 Extend the golden sceptre of his love

And win the rebels to his righteous sway,
Till every mouth confess, and heart obey.

“ Amidst the visions of ascending years,
What mighty Chief, what Conqueror appears ; *
His garments roll'd in blood, his eyes of flame,
And on his thigh the unutterable name ? †
— ‘ 'Tis I, that bring deliverance : strong to save,
I pluck'd the prey from death, and spoil'd the
Grave.’

— Wherefore, O Warrior ! are thy garments red,
Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread ?
— ‘ I trod the Wine-Press of the field alone ;
I look'd around for succour ; there was none ;
Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,
And mine own arm my Saints' salvation wrought.’
— Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail ;
Thus may thy foes, O Lord ! for ever fail ;

* ISA. LXIII. v. 1—6.

† REV. XIX. v. 12.

Captive by thee Captivity be led ;
 Seed of the Woman ! bruise the serpent's head ;
 Redeemer ! promised since the world began,
 Bow the high heavens, and condescend to man.

“ Hail to the Day-spring ; dawning from afar,
 Bright in the east I see his natal star :
 Prisoners of hope ! lift up your joyful eyes ;
 Welcome the King of Glory from the skies :
 Who is the King of Glory ? — Mark his birth ;
 In deep humility he stoops to earth,
 Assumes a Servant's form, a Pilgrim's lot,
 Comes to his own, his own receive him not,
 Though Angel-Choirs his peaceful advent greet,
 And Gentile-Sages worship at his feet.

“ Fair as that sovereign Plant, whose scions shoot
 With healing verdure, and immortal fruit,
 The Tree of Life, beside the stream that laves
 The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves ;

Behold him rise from infancy to youth,
The Father's Image, full of grace and truth ;
Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till the hour,
When, girt with meekness, but array'd with power,
Forth in the spirit of the Lord, at length,
Like the sun shining in meridian strength,
He goes : — to preach good tidings to the poor ;
To heal the wounds that nature cannot cure ;
To bind the broken-hearted ; to controul
Disease and Death ; to raise the sinking Soul ;
Unbar the dungeon, set the captive free,
Proclaim the joyous year of liberty,
And from the depth of undiscover'd night,
Bring life and immortality to light.

“ How beauteous on the mountains are thy feet,
Thy form how comely, and thy voice how sweet,
Son of the Highest ! — Who can tell thy fame ?
The Deaf shall hear it while the Dumb proclaim ;

Now bid the Blind behold their Saviour's light,
 The Lame go forth rejoicing in thy might;
 Cleanse with a touch yon kneeling Leper's skin;
 Cheer this pale Penitent, forgive her sin;
 O, for that Mother's faith, her Daughter spare;
 Restore the Maniac to a Father's prayer;
 Pity the tears those mournful Sisters shed,
 And BE the RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD!

“ What scene is this? — Amidst involving gloom,
 The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb;
 No noise disturbs the garden's hallow'd bound,
 But the Watch walking on their midnight round:
 Ah! who lies here, with marr'd and bloodless
 mien,
 In whom no form or comeliness is seen;
 His livid limbs with nails and scourges torn,
 His side transpierced, his temples wreathed with
 thorn?

'Tis He, the Man of Sorrows! He who bore
 Our sins and chastisement : — His toils are o'er ;
 On earth erewhile a suffering life he led,
 Here hath he found a place to lay his head ;
 Rank'd with transgressors he resign'd his breath,
 But with the rich he made his bed in death.
 Sweet is the grave where Angels watch and weep ;
 Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleep :
 Rest, O my spirit ! by this martyr'd form,
 This wreck, that sunk beneath the Almighty storm,
 When floods of wrath, that weigh'd the world to
 hell,

On him alone, in righteous vengeance fell ;
 While men derided, demons urged his woes,
 And God forsook him, — till the awful close ;
 Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,
 — ' 'Tis finish'd ! ' — bow'd his sacred head, and
 died.

Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found
 His sting was lost for ever in the wound ;

The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest prize,
Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies.

He lives : — ye bars of steel ! ye gates of brass !

Give way, and let the King of Glory pass ;

He lives ; — ye golden portals of the spheres !

Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears.

But, ah ! my Spirit faints beneath the blaze,

That breaks, and brightens o'er the latter days,

When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,

And every knee shall worship at his name ;

For He shall reign with undivided power,

To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour.

“ 'Tis done : — again the conquering Chief ap-
pears

In the dread vision of dissolving years ;

His vesture dipt in blood, his eyes of flame,

The WORD of GOD his everlasting name ; *

* REV. XIX. -v. 13.

Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory
spread,

He sits in judgment on the quick and dead :
Strong to deliver ; Saints ! your songs prepare ;
Rush from your tombs to meet him in the air :
But terrible in vengeance ; Sinners ! bow *
Your haughty heads, the grave protects not now ;
He, who alone in mortal conflict trod
The mighty Wine-Press of the wrath of God,
Shall fill the cup of trembling to his foes,
The unmingled cup of inexhausted woes ;
The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day,
While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd
away."

Here ceased the Prophet : — From the altar broke
The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke ;

* JUDE, v. 14—16.

Darkness had fall'n around ; but o'er the streams
The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening
beams ;

Homeward, with tears, the Worshippers return'd,
Yet while they wept. their hearts within them
burn'd.

END OF CANTO FIFTH.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO SIXTH.

Javan's second Interview with Zillah. He visits the various Dwellings scattered throughout the Glen, and in the Evening sings to his Harp, amidst the assembled Inhabitants: — Address to Twilight; Jubal's Song of the Creation: the Power of Music exemplified.

SPENT with the toils of that eventful day,
All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay;
But early springing from his bed of leaves,
Waked by the songs of swallows on the eaves,
From Enoch's cottage, in the cool grey hour,
He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland bower;

There, in his former covert, on the ground,
 The frame of his forsaken harp he found ;
 He smote the boss ; the convex orb, unstrung,
 Instant with sweet reverberation rung :
 The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke,
 To find the spell of harmony unbroke ;
 Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell ;
 There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,
 He thought of Zillah, and resolved too late
 To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She from the hour, when, in a Pilgrim's guise,
 Javan return'd, a stranger to her eyes,
 Not to her heart, — from anguish knew no rest,
 Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.
 All day she strove to hide her misery,
 In vain ; — a Mother's eye is quick to see,
 Slow to rebuke a Daughter's bashful fears,
 And Zillah's Mother only chid with tears :

Night came, but Javan came not with the night ;
Light vanish'd, Hope departed with the light ;
Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes,
But with the morning star the maiden rose.
The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams,
The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams,
The light, the joy, the music of the hour,
Stole on her spirit with resistless power,
With healing sweetness sooth'd her fever'd brain,
And woke the pulse of tenderness again.
Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet,
Absent in thought she reach'd her sylvan seat :
The youth descried her not amidst the wood,
Till, like a vision, at his side she stood.
Their eyes encounter'd ; both at once exclaim'd,
“ Javan !” and “ Zillah !” — each the other named ;
Those sounds were life or death to either heart ;
He rose ; she turn'd in terror to depart ;
He caught her hand : — “ O do not, do not flee !”
— It was a moment of eternity,

And now or never must he plight his vow,
Win or abandon her for ever now.

“ Stay;—hear me, Zillah!—every power above,
Heaven, Earth, Thyself, bear witness to my love !
Thee have I loved from earliest infancy,
Loved with supreme affection only thee.
Long in these shades my timid passion grew,
Through every change, in every trial true ;
I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,
Loved *thee*, that I might love no other Fair ;
Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly,
Receive me, love me, Zillah ! or I die.”

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd,
With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd ;
Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak,
While deadly paleness overcast her cheek :
— “ Say not, ‘ I love thee ! ’ — Witness every tree
Around this bower, thy cruel scorn of me !

Could Javan love me through the world, yet leave
 Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve?
 Returning, could he find her here alone,
 Yet pass her by, unknowing, as unknown?
 All day was she forsaken, or forgot?
 Did Javan seek her at her Father's cot?
 That cot of old so much his soul's delight,
 His Mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight:
 No; Javan mocks me; none could love so well,
 So long, so painfully, — and never tell."

" Love owns no law," rejoin'd the pleading
 Youth,

" Except obedience to eternal truth;
 Deep streams are silent; from the generous breast,
 The dearest feelings are the last confest:
 Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace,
 Now I could talk of love and never cease:
 — Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd;
 Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd,

Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung,
 By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue.
 Yet hath Affection language of her own,
 And mine in every thing but words was shewn :
 In childhood, as the bird of nature free,
 My song was gladness, when I sung to thee :
 In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom flame,
 And praised a maiden whom I durst not name,
 Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine?
 Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine?
 When for vain glory I forsook thee here,
 Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear,
 From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged,
 To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged ;
 And as I loved without a hope before,
 Without a hope I loved thee yet the more.
 At length, when, weary of the ways of men,
 Refuge I sought in this maternal glen,
 Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar,
 And Zillah's beauty was my leading star.

Here when I found thee, fear itself grew bold,
 Methought my tale of love already told ;
 But soon thine eyes the dream of folly broke,
 And I from bliss, as they from slumber, woke ;
 My heart, my tongue, were chill'd to instant stone,
 I durst not speak thy name, nor give my own.
 When thou wert vanish'd, horror and affright
 Seized me, my sins uprose before my sight ;
 Like fiends they rush'd upon me ; but Despair
 Wrung from expiring Faith a broken prayer ;
 Strength came ; the path to Enoch's bower I trod ;
 He saw me, met me, led me back to God.
 O Zillah ! while I sought my Maker's grace,
 And flesh and spirit fail'd before his face,
 Thy tempting image from my breast I drove,
 It was no season then for earthly love." —

" For earthly love it is no season now,"
 Exclaim'd the Maiden with reproachful brow,

And eyes through tears of tenderness that shone,
 And voice, half peace, half anger, in its tone :
 “ Freely thy past unkindness I forgive ;
 Content to perish here, so Javan live ;
 The Tyrant’s menace to our tribe we know ;
 The Patriarchs never seek, nor shun a foe ;
 Thou, while thou may’st, from swift destruction fly ;
 I and my father’s house resolve to die.”

“ With thee and with thy father’s house, to bear
 Death or captivity, is Javan’s prayer ;
 Remorse for ever be the recreant’s lot ;
 If I forsake thee now, I love thee not.”

Thus while he vow’d, a gentle answer sprung
 To Zillah’s lips, but died upon her tongue ;
 Trembling she turn’d, and hasten’d to the rock,
 Beyond those woods, that hid her folded flock,
 Whose bleatings reach’d her ear, with loud complaint
 Of her delay ; she loosed them from restraint ;

Then bounding headlong forth, with antic glee,
 They roam'd in all the joy of liberty.
 Javan beside her walk'd, as in a dream,
 Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless theme.

Forthwith from home, to home, throughout the
 glen,
 The friends whom once he knew he sought again ;
 Each hail'd the Stranger welcome at his board,
 As lost but found, as dead to life restored.
 From Eden's camp no tidings came ; the day
 In awful expectation pass'd away.
 At eve his harp the fond Enthusiast strung,
 On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung ;
 While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
 The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

“ I love thee, Twilight ! as thy shadows roll,
 The calm of evening steals upon my soul,

Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, Twilight ! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight ! I love thee ; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace ;
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the Poet's breast :
Deeper, O Twilight ! then thy shadows roll,
An awful vision opens on my soul.

“ On such an evening, so divinely calm,
 The woods all melody, the breezes balm,
 Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray’d,
 And mountain-cedars stretcht their downward shade,
 Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth unknown),
 Retired to commune with his harp alone ;
 For still he nursed it, like a secret thought,
 Long cherish’d and to late perfection wrought, —
 And still with cunning hand, and curious ear,
 Enrich’d, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
 Till he had compass’d, in that magic round,
 A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
 Then sang the Minstrel, in his laurel bower,
 Of Nature’s origin, and Music’s power.
 — ‘ He spake, and it was done ; — Eternal Night,
 At God’s command, awaken’d into light ;
 He call’d the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air,
 He call’d them when they were not, and they were :
 He look’d through space, and kindling o’er the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars came forth to meet his eye :

His spirit moved upon the desert earth,
 And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth;
 Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole;
 He breathed, and man became a living soul:
 Through Eden's groves the Lord of Nature trod,
 Upright and pure, the image of his God.
 Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,
 In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid;
 The glorious scene a holy sabbath closed,
 Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed:
 And while he view'd, and bless'd them from his seat,
 All worlds, all beings worshipt at his feet:
 The morning stars in choral concert sang,
 The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang,
 Adoring Angels from their orbs rejoice,
 The voice of music was Creation's voice.

“ ‘ Alone along the Lyre of Nature sigh'd
 The master-chord, to which no chord replied ;

For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd around,
 For Man alone, no fellowship was found,
 No fond companion, in whose dearer breast,
 His heart, repining in his own, might rest ;
 For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,
 A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
 On earth's green lap, the Father of mankind,
 In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined ;
 Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
 And Fancy soothed him while Reflection slept.
 Then God—who thus would make his counsel known,
 Counsel that will'd not Man to dwell alone,
 Created Woman with a smile of grace,
 And left the smile that made her on her face.
 The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride,
 — The morn of beauty risen from his side !
 He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
 And Love's first whispers won her to his arms.
 Then, tuned through all the chords supremely sweet,
 Exulting Nature found her lyre complete,

And from the key of each harmonious sphere,
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear.'

"Here Jubal paused ; for grim before him lay,
Couch'd like a Lion watching for his prey,
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,
Fix'd, like the gazing Serpent's, on the lyre,
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,
Half brute, half human ; whose terrific beard,
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,
Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,
Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghastly pale with woes,
That goaded till remorse to madness rose ;
Haunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,
With savage beasts in solitude to roam ;
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind :

Already seven disastrous years had shed
 Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head ;
 His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,
 His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon.

“ 'Twas Cain, the sire of nations : — Jubal knew
 His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew ;
 He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire,
 Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre :
 Sooner with life the struggling Bard would part,
 And ere the fiend could tear it from his heart,
 He hurl'd his hand, with one tremendous stroke,
 O'er all the strings ; whence in a whirlwind broke
 Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair,
 As till that hour had never jarr'd in air.
 Astonish'd into marble at the shock,
 Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock,
 Cold, breathless, motionless through all his frame ;
 But soon his visage quicken'd into flame,

When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed
 To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged
 From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,
 Then rolling down in thunder on the ear ;
 With power the pulse of anguish to restrain,
 And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

“ Slowly recovering from that trance profound,
 Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound,
 Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky,
 While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye,
 And reason, by alternate frenzy crost,
 Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost.
 So shines the moon, by glimpses, through her
 shrouds,

When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds,
 Till through the blue, serene, and silent night,
 She reigns in full tranquillity of light.
 Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chace
 Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face,

And waked his noblest numbers, to controul
 The tide and tempest of the Maniac's soul ;
 Through many a maze of melody they flew,
 They rose like incense, they distill'd like dew,
 Pour'd through the sufferer's breast delicious balm,
 And soothed remembrance till remorse grew calm,
 Till Cain forsook the solitary wild,
 Led by the Minstrel like a weaned child.
 O ! had you seen him to his home restored,
 How young and old ran forth to meet their Lord ;
 How friends and kindred on his neck did fall,
 Weeping aloud, while Cain outwept them all :
 But hush ! — thenceforward when recoiling care
 Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd to despair,
 The Lyre of Jubal, with divinest art,
 Repell'd the Demon, and revived his heart.
 Thus Song, the breath of heaven, had power to bind
 In chains of harmony the mightiest mind ;
 Thus Music's empire in the soul began,
 The first-born Poet ruled the first-born Man."

While Javan sung, the shadows fell around,
 The moving glow-worm brighten'd on the ground.
 He ceased : the mute Assembly rose in tears ;
 Delight and wonder were chastised with fears ;
 That heavenly harmony, unheard before,
 Awoke the feeling, — “ Who shall hear it more ? ”
 The sun had set in glory on their sight,
 For them in vain might morn restore the light ;
 Though self-devoted, through each mortal frame,
 At thought of Death, a cold sick shuddering came,
 Nature's infirmity ; — but faith was given,
 The flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven :
 Through doubt and darkness then, beyond the skies,
 Eternal prospects open'd on their eyes ;
 Already seem'd the immortal Spirit free,
 And Death was swallow'd up in victory.

END OF CANTO SIXTH.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO SEVENTH.

The Patriarchs and their Families carried away captive by a Detachment from the Army of the Invaders. The Tomb of Abel : his Murder by Cain described. The Origin of the Giants : the Infancy and early Adventures of their King : the Leader of their Host encamped in Eden.

THE flocks and herds throughout the glen reposed ;
No human eyelid there in slumber closed ;
None, save the Infant's on the Mother's breast ; —
With arms of love caressing and carest,
She, while her elder offspring round her clung,
Each eye intent on hers, and mute each tongue,
The voice of Death in every murmur heard,
And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.

At midnight, down the forest hills, a train
 Of eager warriors, from the host of Cain,
 Burst on the stillness of the scene : — they spread
 In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled ;
 Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose
 Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes ;
 Though Woman wept to leave her home behind,
 The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd,
 And ere the moon, descending o'er the vale,
 Grew, at the bright approach of morning, pale,
 Collected thus, the Patriarchal clan,
 With strengthen'd confidence, their march began,
 Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid,
 And Death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.
 Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw
 Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe ;
 The foe became a phalanx of defence,
 And brought them, like a guard of Angels, thence.
 A vista-path, that through the forest led,
 (By Javan shunn'd when from the camp he fled,)

The Pilgrims track'd, till on the mountain's height
 They met the sun, new-ris'n, in glorious light;
 Empurpled mists along the landscape roll'd,
 And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise
 To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise;
 — “ Glory to Thee, for every blessing shed,
 In days of peace, on our protected head;
 Glory to Thee, for fortitude to bear
 The wrath of man, rejoicing o'er despair;
 Glory to Thee, whatever ill befall,
 For faith on thy victorious name to call;
 Thine own eternal purposes fulfil;
 We come, O God! to suffer all thy will.”

Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,
 Ere the clouds melted from the firmament;
 Odours abroad the winds of morning breathe,
 And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath:

Down from the hills, that gently sloped away
 To the broad river shining into day,
 They pass'd ; along the brink the path they kept,
 Where high aloof o'erarching willows wept,
 Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam,
 And floating shadows fringed the checquer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound,
 Whose spiry top, a granite fragment crown'd ;
 Tinctured with many-colour'd moss, the stone,
 Rich as a cloud of summer-evening, shone
 Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd
 The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.

“ Javan !” said Enoch, “ on this spot began
 The fatal curse ; — man perish'd here by man ;
 The earliest death a son of Adam died
 Was murder, and that murder fratricide !
 Here Abel fell, a corse along this shore ;
 Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reek'd with gore :

Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees ;
 He heard a voice ; he hid among the trees :
 — ‘ Where is thy Brother ?’ — From the whirlwind
 came

The voice of God, amidst enfolding flame :
 — ‘ Am I my Brother’s keeper?’ — hoarse and low,
 Cain mutter’d from the copse, — ‘ that I should
 know?’

— ‘ What hast thou done? — For vengeance to the
 skies,

Lo ! from the dust the blood of Abel cries :
 Curs’d from the earth that drank his blood, with toil
 Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren soil ;
 An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be ;
 A Brother’s eye shall never look on thee.’ —

“ The shuddering culprit answer’d in despair,
 — ‘ Greater the punishment than flesh can bear.’
 — ‘ Yet shalt thou bear it ; on thy brow reveal’d,
 Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard seal’d.’

Silently, swiftly as the lightning's blast,
 A hand of fire athwart his temples pass'd :
 He ran, as in the terror of a dream,
 To quench his burning anguish in the stream ;
 But bending o'er the brink, the swelling wave
 Back to the eye his branded visage gave ;
 As soon on murder'd Abel durst he look ;
 Yet power to fly his palsied limbs forsook ;
 There turn'd to stone for his presumptuous crime,
 A monument of wrath to latest time,
 Might Cain have stood ; but Mercy raised his head
 In prayer for help, — his strength return'd, — he fled.
 That mound of myrtles, o'er their favourite child,
 Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled ;
 Yon mossy stone, above his ashes raised,
 His altar once, with Abel's offering blazed,
 When God well pleased beheld the flames arise,
 And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice."

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side,
 Thus held discourse apart : the youth replied ;
 “ Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest,
 And the turf flowers on his disburthen'd breast,
 Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns,
 But riots fiercest in the Giants' veins.
 — Sprung from false leagues, when monstrous love
 combined

The sons of God and daughters of mankind,
 Self-styled the progeny of heaven and earth,
 Eden first gave the world's oppressors birth ;
 Thence far away, beneath the rising moon,
 Or where the shadow vanishes at noon,
 The adulterous Mothers from the Sires withdrew :
 — Nurst in luxuriant climes their offspring grew ;
 Till, as in stature o'er mankind they tower'd,
 And Giant-strength all mortal strength o'erpower'd,
 To heaven the proud blasphemers raised their eyes,
 And scorn'd the tardy vengeance of the skies ;

On earth invincible, they sternly broke
 Love's willing bonds, and Nature's kindred yoke,
 Mad for dominion, with remorseless sway,
 Compell'd their reptile-brethren to obey,
 And doom'd their human herds, with thankless toil,
 Like brutes, to grow and perish on the soil,
 Their sole inheritance, through lingering years,
 The bread of misery and the cup of tears,
 The tasks of oxen, with the hire of slaves,
 Dishonour'd lives, and desecrated graves.

“ When war, that self-inflicted scourge of man,
 His boldest crime and bitterest curse, — began ;
 As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,
 And terrible as torrents, in their fall,
 Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards
 hurl'd,
 These men of prey laid waste the eastern world.

They taught their tributary hordes to wield
 The sword, red-flaming, through the death-strown
 field,

With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,
 Glance the light arrow from the bounding bow,
 Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke,
 And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak.
 Then eye from eye with fell suspicion turn'd,
 In kindred breasts unnatural hatred burn'd ;
 Brother met brother in the lists of strife,
 The son lay lurking for the father's life ;
 With rabid instinct, men who never knew
 Each other's face before, each other slew ;
 All tribes, all nations learn'd the fatal art,
 And every hand was arm'd to pierce a heart.
 Nor man alone the Giants' might subdued ;
 — The Camel, wean'd from quiet solitude,
 Grazed round their camps, or slow along the road,
 Midst marching legions, bore the servile load.

With flying forelock and dishevell'd mane,
 They caught the wild Steed prancing o'er the plain,
 For war or pastime rein'd his fiery force ;
 Fleet as the wind he stretch'd along the course,
 Or loudly neighing at the trumpet's sound,
 With hoofs of thunder smote the indented ground.
 The enormous Elephant obey'd their will,
 And, tamed to cruelty with direst skill,
 Roar'd for the battle, when he felt the goad,
 And his proud Lord his sinewy neck bestrode,
 Through crashing ranks resistless havoc bore,
 And writhed his trunk, and bathed his tusks in gore.

“ Thus while the Giants trampled friends and foes,
 Amongst their tribe, a mighty chieftain rose ;
 His birth mysterious, but traditions tell
 What strange events his infancy befell.

“ A Goatherd fed his flock on many a steep,
 Where Eden's rivers swell the southern deep;

A melancholy man, who dwelt alone,
Yet far abroad his evil fame was known,
The first of woman born, that might presume
To wake the dead bones mouldering in the tomb,
And, from the gulph of uncreated night,
Call phantoms of futurity to light.

'Twas said his voice could stay the falling flood,
Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to blood,
Roll back the planets on their golden cars,
And from the firmament unfix the stars.
Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land,
Came at his call, and flew at his command ;
His spells so potent, that his changing breath
Open'd or shut the gates of life and death.
O'er nature's powers he claim'd supreme controul,
And held communion with all Nature's soul :
The name and place of every herb he knew,
Its healing balsam, or pernicious dew :
The meanest reptile, and the noblest birth
Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth,

Obey'd his mandate : — Lord of all the rest,
 Man more than all his hidden art confess'd,
 Cringed to his face, consulted, and revered
 His oracles, — detested him and fear'd.

“ Once by the river, in a waking dream,
 He stood to watch the ever-running stream,
 In which, reflected upward to his eyes,
 He giddily look'd down upon the skies,
 For thus he feign'd in his ecstatic mood,
 To summon divination from the flood.
 His steady view, a floating object cross'd ;
 His eye pursued it till the sight was lost. —
 An outcast Infant in a fragile bark !
 The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark
 Down tow'rds the deep ; the tide returning bore
 The little voyager unharm'd to shore :
 Him in his cradle-ship securely bound
 With swathing skins at eve the Goatherd found.

Nurst by that foster-sire, austere and rude,
 Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude,
 Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew,
 Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew,
 Till baby-curls his broader temples crown'd,
 And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd :
 Then as he sprang from green to florid age,
 And rose to Giant stature, stage by stage,
 He roam'd the vallies with his browsing flock,
 And leapt in joy of youth from rock to rock,
 Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast,
 To seize the eagle brooding on her nest,
 And rent his way through matted woods, to tear
 The skulking panther from his hidden lair.
 A trodden serpent, horrible and vast,
 Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd ;
 Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straitening fold
 Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd
 On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,
 Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.

With hardy exercise, and cruel art,
 To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart,
 The wizard train'd his pupil, from a span,
 To thrice the bulk and majesty of man.
 His limbs were sinewy strength ; commanding grace,
 And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face ;
 His arm could pluck the lion from his prey,
 And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay,
 His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind,
 Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

“ Yet 'twas the stripling's chief delight to brave
 The river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave ;
 When torrent rains had swoln the furious tide,
 Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride ;
 When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,
 Fearless he dived to search the caves below.
 His childhood's story, often told, had wrought
 Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought.

— Once on a cedar, from its mountain throne
 Pluckt by the tempest, forth he sail'd alone,
 And reach'd the gulph; — with eye of eager fire,
 And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,
 Till sky and water wide around were spread;
 — Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led,
 With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,
 And follow'd all the long and lonely night:
 But ere the morning-star expired, he found
 His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.
 Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,
 When in the east he saw the sun arise:
 Pride quickly check'd them:—young ambition burn'd
 For bolder enterprize, as he return'd.

“ Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and
 power,
 He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,
 And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,
 Began to scourge and subjugate the earth.

Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,
 By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil ;
 Wisely their scatter'd knowledge, he combined ;
 Yet had an hundred years matured his mind,
 Ere with the strength that laid the forest low,
 And skill that made the iron furnace glow,
 His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm,
 (His throne and sceptre on the watry realm,)
 While from the tent of his expanded sail,
 He eyed the heavens and flew before the gale,
 The first of men, whose courage knew to guide
 The bounding vessel through the reflux tide.
 Then swore the Giant, in his pride of soul,
 To range the universe from pole to pole,
 Rule the remotest nations with his nod,
 To live a Hero, and to die a God.

“ This is the King that wars in Eden : — now,
 Fulfill'd at length he deems his early vow ;

His foot hath overrun the world, — his hand
Smitten to dust the pride of every land :
The Patriarchs last, beneath his impious rod,
He dooms to perish or abjure their God.
— O God of truth ! rebuke the 'Tyrant's rage,
And save the remnant of thine heritage."

When Javan ceased, they stood upon the height,
Where first he rested on his lonely flight,
Whence to the sacred mountain far away,
The land of Eden in perspective lay.
'Twas noon ; — they tarried there, till milder hours
Woke with light airs the breath of evening flowers.

END OF CANTO SEVENTH.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO EIGHTH.

The Scene changes to a Mountain, on the Summit of which, beneath the Shade of ancient Trees, the Giants are assembled round their King. A Minstrel sings the Monarch's Praises, and describes the Destruction of the Remnant of the Force of his Enemies, in an Assault, by Land and Water, on their Encampment, between the Forest on the eastern Plain of Eden and the River to the West. The Captive Patriarchs are presented before the King and his Chieftains.

“THERE is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music, and a soul of fire ;
It speaks a language, to the world unknown ;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone ;
While warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That Spirit's voice in every tone he hears ;

'Tis his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
 To utter oracles in glowing verse,
 Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
 And make the Dead in nature live in Song.
 Through graven rocks the Warrior's deeds proclaim,
 And mountains, hewn to statues, wear his name;
 Though, shrined in adamant, his relics lie
 Beneath a pyramid, that scales the sky;
 All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay;
 All that the eye admires shall pass away;
 The mouldering rocks, the Hero's hope shall fail,
 Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale,
 The shrine of Adamant betray its trust,
 And the proud Pyramid resolve to dust;
 The Lyre alone immortal fame secures,
 For Song alone through Nature's change endures;—
 Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,
 From Sire to Son by sure succession flows,
 Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime,
 Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.

“ Soul of the Lyre ! whose magic power can raise
 Inspiring visions of departed days ; —
 Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
 Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd Time ;
 Soul of the Lyre ! instruct thy bard to sing
 The latest triumph of the Giant-King,
 Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd :
 — In what creative numbers shall I build,
 With what exalted strains of music crown,
 His everlasting pillar of renown ?
 Though, like the Rainbow, by a wondrous birth,
 He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth ;
 Though, like the Rainbow, — for he cannot die, —
 His form shall pass unseen into the sky ;
 Say, shall the Hero share the coward's lot,
 Vanish from earth, ingloriously forgot ?
 No ! the Divinity that rules the lyre,
 And clothes these lips with eloquence of fire,
 Commands the Song to rise in quenchless flame,
 And light the world for ever with his fame.”

Thus on a mountain's venerable head,
Where trees, coeval with Creation, spread
Their massy-twisted branches, green and grey,
Mature below, their tops in dry decay,
A Bard of Jubal's lineage proudly sung,
Then stay'd awhile the raptures of his tongue :
A shout of horrible applause, that rent
The echoing hills and answering firmament,
Burst from the Giants, —where in barbarous state,
Flush'd with new wine, around their king they sate :
A Chieftain each, who, on his brazen car,
Had led an host of meaner men to war ;
And now from recent fight on Eden's plain,
Where fell their foes, in helpless conflict slain,
Victoriously return'd, beneath the trees
They rest from toil, carousing at their ease.

Adjacent, where the mountain's spacious breast
Open'd in airy grandeur to the west,

Huge piles of fragrant Cedars, on the ground,
 As altars blazed, while victims bled around,
 To Gods, whose worship vanish'd with the flood,
 — Divinities of brass, and stone, and wood,
 By Man himself in his own image made ;
 The fond Creator to the Creature pray'd ;
 And he, who from the forest or the rock
 Hew'd the rough mass, adored the shapen block ;
 Then seem'd his flocks ignoble in his eyes,
 His choicest herds too mean for sacrifice,
 He pour'd his brethren's blood upon the pyre,
 And pass'd his sons to Demons through the fire.

Exalted o'er the vassal Chiefs, behold
 Their Sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould ;
 Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd
 A verdant canopy of light and shade,
 Throned on a rock the Giant-King appears,
 In the full manhood of five hundred years ;

His robe, the spoils of Lions, by his might
 Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chase or fight ;
 His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,
 Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime ;
 His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam
 Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.
 Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,
 And nothing satisfy if less than all,
 Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,
 The character of calm and awful grace ;
 But direst cruelty, by guile repress,
 Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,
 In silence brooding, like the secret power,
 That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride,
 Red from afar, the battle-scene he eyed,
 Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow,
 The remnant of his last and noblest foe ;

At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils,
 Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected
 spoils ;

Below, his legions march'd in war array,
 Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray :

— An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had
 borne,

Without contention, from the field at morn,
 Their bands dividing, when the fight was won,
 Darken'd the region tow'rd the slanting sun,
 Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the landscape sail,
 — While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale,
 A waving sea of tents, immensely spread,
 The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led.
 With these a train of captives, sad and slow,
 Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe,
 A death on altars hateful to the skies,
 Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.

Fair smiled the face of nature ;— all serene
 And lovely, Evening tranquillized the scene ;

The furies of the fight were gone to rest,
 The cloudless sun grew broader down the west,
 The hills beneath him melted from the sight,
 Receding through the heaven of purple light ;
 Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd,
 And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.

Thus while the Tyrant cast his haughty eye
 O'er the broad landscape and incumbent sky,
 His heart exulting whisper'd — " All is mine,"
 And heard a voice from all things answer " Thine."
 Such was the matchless Chief, whose name of yore
 Fill'd the wide world ; — his name is known no
 more :

O that for ever from the rolls of fame,
 Like his, had perish'd ev'ry Conqueror's name !
 Then had mankind been spared, in after times,
 Their greatest sufferings and their greatest crimes.
 The Hero scourges not his Age alone,
 His curse to late posterity is known :

He slays his thousands with his living breath,
 His tens of thousands by his fame in death.
 Achilles quench'd not all his wrath on Greece,
 Through Homer's song its miseries never cease ;
 Like Phœbus' shafts, the bright contagion brings
 Plagues on the people for the feuds of Kings.
 'Twas not in vain the son of Philip sigh'd
 For worlds to conquer, — o'er the western tide,
 His Spirit, in the Spaniard's form, o'erthrew
 Realms, that the Macedonian never knew.
 The steel of Brutus struck not Cæsar dead ;
 Cæsar in other lands hath rear'd his head,
 And fought, of friends and foes, on many a plain,
 His millions, captured, fugitive, and slain ;
 Yet seldom suffer'd, where his Country died,
 A Roman vengeance for his parricide.

The sun was sunk ; the sacrificial pyres
 From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue
 fires ;

The smiling Star, that lights the world to rest,
 Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west,
 Like Eve erewhile, through Eden's blooming bowers,
 A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers.
 Now in the freshness of the falling shade,
 Again the Minstrel to the Monarch play'd.

— “Where is the Youth renown'd? — the Youth
 whose voice

Was wont to make the listening Camp rejoice,
 When to his harp, in many a peerless strain,
 He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign :
 O where is Javan?” — Thus the Bard renew'd
 His lay, and with a Rival's transport view'd
 The cloud of sudden anger, that o'ercame
 The Tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name ;
 Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight,
 Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight.
 The envious Minstrel smiled ; then boldly ran
 His prelude o'er the chords, and thus began :

“ ’Twas on the morn that faithless Javan fled,
 To yonder plain the King of nations led
 His countless hosts, and stretch’d their wide array
 Along the woods, within whose shelter lay
 The sons of Eden * : — these, with secret pride,
 In ambush thus the Invincible defied :
 — ‘ Girt with the forest, wherefore should we fear ?
 The Giant’s sword shall never reach us here ;
 Behind, the River rolls its deep defence ;
 The Giant’s hand shall never pluck us hence.’
 Vain boast of fools ! who to that hand prepare
 For their own lives the inevitable snare :
 His legions smote the standards of the wood,
 And with their prostrate strength controul’d the
 flood ;
 Lopt off their boughs, and jointed beam to beam,
 The pines and oaks were launch’d upon the stream,

* Vide Canto I. p. 5., and Canto III. p. 48.

An hundred rafts. — Yet still within a zone
 Of tangled coppices, — a waste, o'ergrown
 With briars and thorns, the dauntless victims lie,
 Scorn to surrender, and prepare to die.
 The second sun went down ; the Monarch's plan
 Was perfected ; the dire assault began.

“ Marshall'd by twilight, his obedient bands
 Engirt the wood, with torches in their hands ;
 The signal given, they shoot them through the air ;
 The blazing brands in rapid volleys glare,
 Descending through the gloom with spangled light,
 As if the stars were falling through the night.
 Along the wither'd grass the wild-fire flew,
 Higher and hotter with obstruction grew ;
 The green wood hiss'd ; from crackling thickets
 broke
 Light glancing flame, and heavy rolling smoke ;
 Till all the breadth of forest seem'd to rise
 In raging conflagration to the skies.

Fresh o'er our heads the winds propitious blow,
But roll the fierce combustion on the foe.
Awhile they paused, of every hope bereft,
Choice of destruction all their refuge left;
If from the flames they fled, behind them lay
The river roaring to receive his prey;
If through the stream they sought the farther strand,
Our rafts were moor'd to meet them ere they land;
With triple death environ'd thus they stood,
Till nearer peril drove them to the flood.
Safe on a hill, where sweetest moonlight slept,
As o'er the changing scene my watch I kept,
I heard their shrieks of agony; I hear
Those shrieks still ring in my tormented ear;
I saw them leap the gulph with headlong fright;
O that mine eyes could now forget that sight!
They sank in multitude; but, prompt to save,
Our warriors snatch'd the stragglers from the wave,
And on their rafts a noble harvest bore
Of rescued heroes, captive, to the shore.

“ One little troop their lessening ground maintain'd,

Till space to perish in alone remain'd ;

Then with a shout that rent the echoing air,

More like the shout of victory than despair,

Wedged in a solid phalanx, man by man,

Right through the scorching wilderness they ran,

Where half-extinct the smouldering fuel glow'd,

And levell'd copses strew'd the open road.

Unharm'd as spirits while they seem'd to pass,

Their lighted features flared like molten brass ;

Around the flames in writhing volumes spread,

Thwarted their path, or mingled o'er their head ;

Beneath their feet the fires to ashes turn'd,

But in their wake with mounting fury burn'd.

Our host recoil'd from that amazing sight ;

Scarcely the King himself restrain'd their flight ;

He, with his Chiefs, in brazen armour, stood

Unmoved, to meet the maniacs from the wood.

Dark as a thunder-cloud their phalanx came,
 But split like lightning, into forms of flame;
 Soon as in purer air their heads they raised
 To taste the breath of heaven, their garments blazed;
 Then blind, distracted, weaponless, yet flush'd
 With dreadful valour, on their foes they rush'd;
 The Giants met them midway on the plain;
 'Twas but a struggle of a moment; — slain,
 They fell; their relics, to the flames return'd,
 As offerings to the immortal Gods were burn'd;
 And never did the light of morning rise
 Upon the clouds of such a sacrifice."

Abruptly here the Minstrel ceased to sing,
 And every face was turn'd upon the King;
 He, while the stoutest hearts recoil'd with fear,
 And Giants trembled their own deeds to hear,
 Unmoved and unrelenting, in his mind,
 Deeds of more impious enterprize design'd:

A dire conception labour'd in his breast ;
 His eye was sternly pointed to the west,
 Where stood the Mount of Paradise sublime,
 Whose guarded top, since Man's presumptuous
 crime,

By noon, a dusky cloud appear'd to rise,
 But blazed a beacon through nocturnal skies.
 As Ætna, view'd from ocean far away,
 Slumbers in blue revolving smoke by day,
 Till darkness, with terrific splendour, shews
 The eternal fires that crest the eternal snows ; *
 So where the Cherubim in vision turn'd
 Their flaming swords, the summit lower'd or burn'd.
 And now conspicuous through the twilight gloom,
 The glancing beams the distant hills illumine,

* Sorge nel sen de la Sicilia aprica
 Monte superbo al cielo,
 Che d'atro incendio incoronato hà il crine ;
 Sparso il tergo è di neve, e fatta amica
 Lambe la fiamma il gielo,
 E tra discreti ardor duran le brine. — F. TESTI.

And, as the shadows deepen o'er the ground,
Scatter a red and wavering lustre round.

Awhile the Monarch, fearlessly amazed,
With jealous anger on the glory gazed ;
Already had his arm in battle hurl'd
His thunders round the subjugated world ;
Lord of the nether Universe, his pride
Was rein'd, while Paradise his power defied.
An upland Isle, by meeting streams embraced,
It tower'd to heaven amidst a sandy waste ;
Below, impenetrable woods display'd
Depths of mysterious solitude and shade ;
Above, with adamantine bulwarks crown'd,
Primeval rocks in hoary masses frown'd ;
O'er all were seen the Cherubim of light,
Like pillar'd flames amidst the falling night ;
So high it rose, so bright the mountain shone,
It seem'd the footstool of Jehovah's throne.

The Giant panted with intense desire
 To scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire
 His ardent soul in ecstasy of thought,
 Even now with Michael and his Angels fought,
 And saw the Seraphim, like meteors driven
 Before his banners through the gates of heaven,
 While he secure the glorious garden trod,
 And sway'd his sceptre from the Mount of God.

When suddenly the Bard had ceased to sing,
 While all the Chieftains gazed upon their King,
 Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,
 Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke,
 The trumpets sounded, and before his face
 Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race,
 — A lovely and a venerable band
 Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand ;

Unawed they see the fiery trial near ;
 They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.*

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires,
 Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres ;
 While from the east the moon with doubtful gleams
 Now tipt the hill, now glanced athwart the streams ;
 Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,
 She open'd all the temple of the sky.
 The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
 By turns survey'd the prisoners and the King.
 Javan stood forth ; — to all the youth was known,
 And every eye was fixed on him alone.

* Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

RACINE.

END OF CANTO EIGHTH.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO NINTH.

The King's Determination to sacrifice the Patriarchs and their Families to his Demon-Gods. His Sentence on Javan. Zillah's Distress. The Sorcerer pretends to declare the Secret of the Birth of the King, and proposes his Deification. Enoch appears.

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight,
Shot o'er the Monarch's brow with baleful light ;
“ Behold,” thought he, “ the great decisive hour ;
Ere morn, these Sons of God shall prove my power :
Offer'd by me, their blood shall be the price
Of Demon-aid to conquer Paradise.”

Thus while he threaten'd, Javan caught his view,
And instantly his visage changed its hue ;
Inflamed with rage past utterance, he frown'd,
He gnash'd his teeth, and wildly glared around,
As one who saw a spectre in the air,
And durst not look upon it, nor forbear ;
Still on the youth, his eye, wherever cast,
Abhorrently return'd, and fix'd at last :
“ Slaves ! smite the Traitor ; be his limbs consign'd
To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind !”
He cried in tone so vehement, so loud,
Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd ;
And ere the guards to seize their victim rush'd,
The Youth was pleading, — every breath was hush'd ;
Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his foes ;
Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose ;
Well pleased, on him the Patriarch-fathers smiled,
And every Mother loved him as her child.

“ Monarch ! to thee no traitor, here I stand ;
 These are my brethren, this my native land ;
 My native land, by sword and fire consumed,
 My brethren, captive, and to death foredoom’d ;
 To these indeed a Rebel in my youth,
 A fugitive apostate from the truth,
 Too late repentant, I confess my crime,
 And mourn o’er lost irrevocable time.
 — When from thy camp by conscience urged to flee,
 I plann’d no wrong, I laid no snare for thee :
 Did I provoke these Sons of Innocence,
 Against thine arms, to rise in vain defence ?
 No ; I conjured them, ere this threaten’d hour,
 In sheltering forests to escape thy power ;
 Firm in their rectitude, they scorn’d to fly ;
 Thy foes they were not, — they resolved to die.
 Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike bands,
 They lie beyond redemption in thine hands :
 The God in whom they trust may help them still,
 They know he *can* deliver, and HE WILL :

Whether by life, or death, afflicts them not,
 On his decree, not thine, they rest their lot.
 For me, unworthy with the Just to share
 Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer ;
 Mercy, O God ! to these in life be shewn,
 I die rejoicing, if I die alone."

" Thou shalt not die alone ;" a voice replied,
 A well-known voice — 'twas Zillah at his side ;
 She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear,
 Step after step, unconsciously drew near ;
 Her bosom with severe compunction wrung,
 Pleased or alarm'd, on every word she hung.
 He turn'd his face ; — with agonizing air,
 In all the desolation of despair,
 She stood ; her hands to heaven uplift and claspt,
 Then suddenly unloosed, his arm she grasp'd,
 And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe,
 Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

“ O I have wrong’d thee, Javan! — Let us be
 Espoused in death : — No, I will die for thee.
 — Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head
 Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed,
 But spare the Innocent; let Javan live,
 Whose crime was love : — Can Javan too forgive
 Love’s lightest, fondest weakness, maiden-shame,
 — It was not pride, — that hid my bosom-flame?
 And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor’s death,
 Who says, ‘ I love thee,’ with her latest breath?
 And when thou think’st of days and years gone by,
 Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye?
 If ever thou hast cherish’d in thine heart
 Visions of hope, in which I bore a part;
 If ever thou hast long’d with me to share
 One home-born joy, one home-endearing care;
 If thou didst ever love me; — speak the word,
 Which late with feign’d indifferency I heard;
 Tell me, thou lovest me still; — haste, Javan, mark,
 How high those ruffians pile the faggots, — hark,

How the flames crackle, — see, how fierce they
 glare,
 Like fiery serpents hissing through the air ;
 Farewell ; I fear them not — Now seize me, bind
 These willing limbs, — ye cannot touch the mind ;
 Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink :
 — Nay, look not on me, Javan, lest I shrink ;
 Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine eye,
 That I may lift my soul to heaven, and die."

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress,
 Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness ;
 Sorrow and Love, with intermingling grace,
 Terror and beauty, lighten'd o'er her face ;
 Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt,
 And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.
 Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight,
 Almost forgot his being, at the sight ;
 That bending form, those suppliant accents, seem
 The strange illusions of a Lover's dream ;

And while she clung upon his arm, he found
 His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment, bound ;
 He dare not touch her, lest the charm should break,
 He dare not move, lest he himself should wake.

But when she ceased to speak and he to hear,
 The silence startled him ; — cold, shivering fear
 Crept o'er his nerves ; — in thought he cast his eye
 Back on the world, and heaved a bitter sigh,
 Thus from life's sweetest pleasures to be torn,
 Just when he seem'd to new existence born,
 And cease to feel, when feeling ceased to be
 A fever of protracted misery,
 And cease to love, when Love no more was pain ;
 'Twas but a pang of transient weakness : — “ Vain
 Are all thy sorrows,” falteringly he said ;
 “ Already I am number'd with the dead ;
 But long and blissfully may Zillah live !
 — And canst thou ‘ Javan's cruel scorn’ forgive ?

And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death,
 Who says, 'I love thee,' with his latest breath?
 And when thou think'st of days and years gone by,
 Will thoughts of Javan sometimes swell thine eye?
 Ah! while I wither'd in thy chilling frown,
 'Twas easy then to lay life's burthen down;
 When singly sentenced to these flames, my mind
 Gloried in leaving all I loved behind;
 How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this hour!
 One look has crush'd my soul's collected power;
 Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride defy,
 But O thy kindness makes it hard to die!"

"Then we will die together." — "Zillah! no,
 Thou shalt not perish; let me, let me go;
 Behold thy Parents! calm thy father's fears:
 Thy mother weeps; canst thou resist her tears?"

"Away with folly!" in tremendous tone,
 Exclaim'd a voice, more horrid than the groan

Of famish'd tyger leaping on his prey ;
 —Crouch'd at the Monarch's feet the Speaker lay ;
 But starting up, in his ferocious mien
 That Monarch's ancient foster-sire was seen,
 The Goatherd,—he who snatch'd him from the flood,
 The Sorcerer, who nursed him up to blood ;
 Who, still his evil Genius, felly bent
 On one bold purpose, went where'er he went ;
 That purpose, long in his own bosom seal'd,
 Ripe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd.
 Full in the midst he rush'd ; alarm'd, aghast,
 Giants and Captives trembled as he pass'd,
 For scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth ;
 Unchronicled the hour that gave him birth ;
 Though shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply
 plough'd,
 Keen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd ;
 Swarthy his features ; venerably grey,
 His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay :

Bald was his front ; but, white as snow behind,
His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind ;
Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone
Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown
A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round
His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

All gazed with horror : — deep unutter'd thought
In every muscle of his visage wrought ;
His eye, as if his eye could see the air,
Was fix'd ; up-writhing rose his horrent hair ;
His limbs grew dislocate, convulsed his frame ;
Deep from his chest mysterious noises came,
Now purring, hissing, barking, then they swell'd
To hideous dissonance ; he shriek'd, he yell'd,
As if the Legion-fiend his soul possess'd,
And a whole hell were worrying in his breast,
Then down he dash'd himself on earth, and roll'd
In agony, till powerless, stiff, and cold,

With face upturn'd to heaven, and arms outspread,
A ghastly spectacle, he lay as dead ;
The living too stood round, like forms of death,
And every pulse was hush'd, and every breath.

Meanwhile the wind arose, the clouds were driven
In watry masses through the waste of heaven,
The groaning woods foretold a tempest nigh,
And silent lightnings skirmish'd in the sky.

Ere long the Wizard started from the ground,
Giddily reel'd, and look'd bewilder'd round,
Till on the King he fix'd his hideous gaze ;
Then rapt with ecstasy and broad amaze,
He kneel'd in adoration, humbly bow'd
His face upon his hands, and cried aloud ;
Yet so remote and strange his accents fell,
They seem'd the voice of an Invisible :

—“Hail ! King and Conqueror of the peopled earth,
And more than King and Conqueror ! Know thy
birth ;

Thou art a ray of uncreated fire,
The Sun himself is thy celestial Sire ;
The Moon thy Mother, who to me consign'd
Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind.
These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year by year,
More great, more glorious in thine high career.
As the young Eagle plies his growing wings
In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings,
Till to the fountain of meridian day,
Full plumed and perfected he soars away ;
Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course begun,
Still upward tending to thy Sire the Sun :
Now midway meet him ; from yon flaming height,
Chace the vain phantoms of Cherubic light ;
There build a tower, whose spiral top shall rise,
Circle o'er circle, lessening to the skies ;

The Stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand
 To hail thee welcome to thy native land ;
 The Moon shall clasp thee in her glad embrace,
 The Sun behold his image in thy face,
 And call thee, as his offspring and his heir,
 His throne, his empire, and his orb to share."

Rising and turning his terrific head,
 That chill'd beholders, thus the Enchanter said ;
 — " Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice,
 The power that rules on earth shall rule the skies :
 Hither, O Chiefs! the captive Patriarchs bring,
 And pour their blood an offering to your King ;
 He, like his Sire the Sun, in transient clouds,
 His veil'd Divinity from mortals shrouds,
 Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain,
 And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his reign.
 Haste, heap the fallen cedars on the pyres,
 And give the victims living to the fires ;

Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand
Your Sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his
hand?

We dare him ; — if He saves his Servants now,
To Him let every knee in Nature bow,
For HE is GOD" — at that most awful name,
A spasm of horror wither'd up his frame ;
Even as he stood and look'd,—he looks, he stands,
With heaven-defying front, and clenched hands,
And lips half-open'd, eager from his breast
To blot the blasphemy, by force repress ;
For not in feign'd abstraction, as before,
He practised foul deceit by damned lore,
A frost was on his nerves, and in his veins
A fire, consuming with infernal pains ;
Conscious, though motionless his limbs were grown ;
Alive to suffering, but alive in stone.

In silent expectation, sore amazed,
The King and Chieftains on the Sorcerer gazed ;

Awhile no sound was heard, save through the woods,
 The wind deep-thundering, and the dashing floods :
 At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene,
 Where that false prophet shew'd his frantic mien,
 Where lurid flames from green-wood altars burn'd,
 Enoch stood forth ;—on him all eyes were turn'd,
 O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
 The light that glared upon that priest of hell.
 Unutterably awful was his look ;
 Through every joint the Giant-Monarch shook ;
 Shook, like Belshazzar, in his festive hall,
 When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall ;*
 Shook, like Eliphaz, with dissolving fright,†
 In thoughts amidst the visions of the night,
 When as the spirit pass'd before his face,
 Nor limb, nor lineament his eye could trace ;
 A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood,
 Close at his couch in living terror stood,

* DAN. V. v. 1—31.

† JOB, IV. v. 12—21.

And death-like silence, till a voice, more drear,
More dreadful than the silence, reach'd his ear :
Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake,
And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

END OF CANTO NINTH.

THE
WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

CANTO TENTH.

The Prophecy of Enoch concerning the Sorcerer, the King, and the Flood. His Translation to Heaven. The Conclusion.

“THE Lord is jealous:—He, who reigns on high,
Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the sky;
His voice the Moon and Stars by night obey,
He sends the Sun his Servant forth by day:
From Him all beings came, on Him depend,
To Him return, their Author, Sovereign, End.
Who shall destroy when he would save? or stand,
When he destroys, the stroke of his right hand?

With none his name and power will He divide,
For HE is GOD, and there is none beside.

“ The Proud shall perish : — mark how wild his air
In impotence of malice and despair,
What frenzy fires the bold blasphemer’s cheek !
He looks the curses which he cannot speak.
An hand hath touch’d him that he once defied ;
Touch’d, and for ever crush’d him in his pride ;
Yet shall he live, despised as fear’d before ;
The great deceiver shall deceive no more ;
Children shall pluck the beard of him, whose arts
Palsied the boldest hands, the stoutest hearts ;
His vaunted wisdom fools shall laugh to scorn,
When muttering spells, a spectacle forlorn,
A drivelling Idiot, he shall fondly roam
From house to house, and never find a home.”

The Wizard heard his sentence ; nor remain’d
A moment longer ; from his trance unchain’d,

He plunged into the woods ; — the Prophet then
Turn'd, and took up his parable again.

“ The Proud shall perish : — Monarch ! know thy
doom ;

Thy bones shall lack the shelter of a tomb ;
Not in the battle-field thine eyes shall close,
Slain upon thousands of thy slaughter'd foes ;
Not on the throne of empire, nor the bed
Of weary Nature, thou shalt bow thine head :
Death lurks in ambush ; Death, without a name,
Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle of fame ;
At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd toil,
Thy soul shall deem the universe her spoil
The dawn shall see thy carcase cast away,
The wolves, at sunrise, slumber on their prey.
Cut from the living, whither dost thou go ?
Hades is moved to meet thee from below : *

* See a Note at the end of the Poem.

The Kings thy sword had slain, the mighty Dead,
 Start from their thrones at thy descending tread;
 They ask in scorn, — ‘ Destroyer ! is it thus ?
 Art thou, — thou too, — become like one of us ?
 Torn from the feast of music, wine, and mirth,
 The worms thy covering, and thy couch the earth :
 How art thou fall’n from thine ethereal height,
 Son of the morning ! sunk in endless night :
 How art thou fall’n, who saidst, in pride of soul,
 I will ascend above the starry pole,
 Thence rule the adoring nations with my nod,
 And set my throne above the Mount of God.
 Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollutes the ground ;
 Sought by the eyes that fear’d thee, yet not found,
 Thy Chieftains pause, they turn thy relics o’er,
 Then pass thee by, — for thou art known no more.
 Hail to thine advent ! Potentate, in hell,
 Unfear’d, unflatter’d, undistinguish’d dwell ;
 On earth thy fierce ambition knew no rest,
 A worm, a flame for ever in thy breast ;

Here feel the rage of unconsuming fire.

Intense, eternal, impotent desire ;

Here lie, the deathless worm's unwasting prey,
In chains of darkness till the judgment-day.'

“ Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,
Thy living slaves bewail their vanish'd King.
Then, though thy reign with infamy expire,
Fulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire ;
The traitors, reeking with thy blood, shall swear,
They saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,
And point thy star revolving o'er the night,
A baleful comet with portentous light,
'Midst clouds and storms, denouncing from afar
Famine and havock, pestilence and war.
Temples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be,
And altars blaze on hills and groves to thee ;
A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
Thy name and honours to succeeding times ;

There shall thine Image hold the highest place
Among the Gods of man's revolted race !

“ That race shall perish : — Men and Giants, all
Thy kindred and thy worshippers shall fall.
The babe, whose life with yesterday began,
May spring to youth, and ripen into man,
But ere his locks are tinged with fading grey,
This world of sinners shall be swept away.
Jehovah lifts his standard to the skies,
Swift at the signal winds and vapours rise ;
The sun in sackcloth veils his face at noon, —
The stars are quench'd, and turn'd to blood the
moon,
Heaven's fountains open, clouds dissolving roll
In mingled cataracts from pole to pole.
Earth's central sluices burst, the hills uptorn,
In rapid whirlpools down the gulph are borne ;
The voice, that taught the Deep his bounds to know,
' Thus far, O Sea ! nor farther shalt thou go,' —

Sends forth the floods, commission'd to devour,
 With boundless licence and resistless power ;
 They own no impulse but the tempest's sway,
 Nor find a limit but the light of day.

“ The Vision opens : — sunk beneath the wave,
 The Guilty share an universal grave ;
 One wilderness of water rolls in view,
 And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue ;
 Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies,
 Higher beneath the inundations rise ;
 A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
 Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash between.
 — Methinks I see a distant vessel ride,
 A lonely object on the shoreless tide ;
 Within whose ark the Innocent have found
 Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round ;
 Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows
 His servants, spares them, while he smites his foes.

“ Eastward I turn ; — o’er all the deluged lands,
 Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands,
 Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led,
 And watch’d the stars at midnight, from its head ;
 An Island now, its dark majestic form
 Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm ;
 While on its top, the monument of fame,
 Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name,
 Defies the shock ; — a thousand cubits high,
 The sloping Pyramid ascends the sky.
 Thither, their latest refuge in distress,
 Like hunted wolves, the rallying Giants press ;
 Round the broad base of that stupendous tower,
 The shuddering fugitives collect their power,
 Cling to the dizzy cliff, o’er ocean bend,
 And howl with terror as the deeps ascend.
 The mountain’s strong foundations still endure,
 The heights repel the surge. — Awhile secure,
 And cheer’d with frantic hope, thy Votaries climb
 The fabric, rising step by step sublime.

Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow
 In heaven's pure daylight, o'er the gloom below ;
 There too thy worshipt Image shines like fire,
 In the full glory of thy fabled sire.

They hail the omen, and with heart and voice.
 Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice ;
 False omen ! on thy name in vain they call ;
 Fools in their joy ; — a moment and they fall.
 Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain,
 And shaken by the whole disrupted main,
 The mountain trembles on its failing base,
 It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place ;
 From all the Giants bursts one drowning cry ;
 Hark ! 'tis thy name — they curse it as they die ;
 Sheer to the lowest gulph the pile is hurl'd,
 The last sad wreck of a devoted world.

“ So fall transgressors : — Tyrant ! now fulfil
 Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will ;

Here crown thy triumphs : — life or death decree,
The weakest here disdains thy power and thee.”

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every ear
Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear,
Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace
Beam'd in his meek and venerable face ;
And sudden glory, streaming round his head,
O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread ;
His earthly features grew divinely bright,
His essence seem'd transforming into light.
Brief silence, like the pause between the flash,
At midnight, and the following thunder-crash,
Ensued : — Anon, with universal cry,
The Giants rush'd upon the prophet — “ Die !”
The king leapt foremost from his throne ; — he
drew
His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew ;
With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound,
The blade descended deep along the ground ;

The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength
 Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length ;
 But ere his Chiefs could stretch the helping arm,
 He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm ;
 Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,
 But *Enoch walk'd with God and was not found.*

Yet where the Captives stood, in holy awe,
 Rapt on the wings of Cherubim, they saw
 Their sainted Sire ascending through the night ;
 He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight,
 Then vanish'd : — Javan caught the Prophet's eye,
 And snatch'd his mantle falling from the sky ;
 O'er him the Spirit of the Prophet came,
 Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame :
 " Where is the God of Enoch now ? " he cried ; *
 " Captives, come forth ! Despisers, shrink aside."

* " And he (*Elisha*) took the mantle of *Elijah* that fell from him, and smote the waters (*of Jordan*) and said, — Where is the Lord God of *Elijah* ? — and when he had smitten the

He spake, and bursting through the Giant-throng,
 Smote with the mantle as he moved along ;
 A Power invisible their rage controul'd,
 Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd ;
 Unawed, unharm'd the ransom'd Prisoners pass'd
 Through ranks of foes astonied and aghast :
 Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod :
 — So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod,
 And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave,
 The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave.

Thus from the wolves this little flock was torn,
 And sheltering in the mountain-caves till morn,
 They join'd to sing, in strains of full delight,
 Songs of deliverance through the dreary night.

The Giants' frenzy, when they lost their prey,
 No tongue of man or angel might pourtray ;

waters, they parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over." II KINGS, II. v. 14.

First on their Idol Gods their vengeance turn'd,
Those Gods on their own altar-piles they burn'd ;
Then, at their Sovereign's mandate, sallied forth
To rouse their host to combat, from the north ;
Eager to risk their uttermost emprise,
Perish ere morn, or reign in Paradise.

Now the slow tempest, that so long had lower'd,
Keen in their faces sleet and hailstones shower'd ;
The winds blew loud, the waters roar'd around,
An earthquake rock'd the agonizing ground ;
Red in the west the burning Mount, array'd
With tenfold terror by incumbent shade,
(For moon and stars were rapt in dunnest gloom,)
Glared like a torch amidst Creation's tomb :
So Sinai's rocks were kindled when they felt
Their Maker's footstep, and began to melt ;
Darkness was his pavilion, whence He came,
Hid in the brightness of descending flame,
While storm, and whirlwind; and the trumpet's blast,
Proclaim'd his law in thunder, as he pass'd.

The Giants reach'd their camp : — the night's
alarms

Meanwhile had startled all their slaves to arms ;
They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they
sprang,

From tent to tent the brazen clangor rang ;
The hail, the earthquake, the mysterious light
Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd them with
affright.

“ Warriors ! to battle ; — summon all your powers ;
Warriors ! to conquest ; — Paradise is ours ; ”
Exclaim'd their Monarch ; — not an arm was raised,
In vacancy of thought, like men amazed,
And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood,
With palsied eyes, and horror-frozen blood.

The Giants' rage to instant madness grew ;
The King and Chiefs on their own' legions flew,
Denouncing vengeance ; — then had all the plain
Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain,

But ere a sword could fall, — by whirlwinds driven,
 In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven,
 From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst,
 The darting fires with noon-day splendour burst ;
 And fearful grew the scene above, below,
 With sights of mystery, and sounds of woe.
 The embattled Cherubim appear'd on high,
 And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky ;
 Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,
 Spirits of unimaginable mould,
 Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,
 Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight,
 From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd,
 In arms, against the Giants took the field.
 On such an host Elisha's Servant gazed,
 When all the mountain round the prophet blazed : *
 With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought,
 Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.

* II KINGS, VI. v. 17.

Roused by the trumpet, that shall wake the Dead,
 The torpid foe in consternation fled ;
 The Giants headlong in the uproar ran,
 The king himself the foremost of the van,
 Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight
 With swifter onset, than he led that flight.
 Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew ;
 Their arms, their vestments from their limbs they
 threw ;

O'er shields and helms the reinless Camel strode,
 And gold and purple strew'd the desert road.
 When through the Assyrian army, like a blast,
 At midnight, the destroying Angel pass'd,
 The Tyrant that defied the living God,
 Precipitately thus his steps retrod ;
 Even by the way he came, to his own land,
 Return'd, to perish by his offspring's hand.*

* II KINGS, XIX. v. 33—37.

So fled the Giant-Monarch; — but unknown
 The hand that smote his life; — he died alone;
 Amidst the tumult treacherously slain;
 At morn his Chieftains sought their Lord in vain,
 Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,
 Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils,
 Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar,
 With life alone escaping from that war,
 In which their King had hail'd his realm complete,
 The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.

As, when the waters of the flood declined,
 Rolling tumultuously before the wind,
 The proud waves shrunk from low to lower beds,
 And high the hills and higher raised their heads,
 Till Ocean lay, enchased with rock and strand,
 As in the hollow of the Almighty's hand,
 While earth with wrecks magnificent was strew'd,
 And stillness reign'd o'er Nature's solitude:

— Thus in a storm of horror and dismay,
 All night the Giant-Army sped away ;
 Thus on a lonely, sad, and silent scene,
 The morning rose in majesty serene.

Early and joyful, o'er the dewy grass,
 Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass ;
 As doves released their parent-dwelling find,
 They fly for life, nor cast a look behind;
 And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,
 Enoch alone of all their train "*was not.*"
 With them the Bard, who from the world withdrew,
 Javan, from folly and ambition flew ;
 Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound,
 Friendship, and home, and faithful love he found ;
 There did his wanderings and afflictions cease,
 His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

Meanwhile the scatter'd tribes of Eden's plain
 Turn'd to their desolated fields again,

And join'd their brethren, captives once in fight,
But left to freedom in that dreadful flight :
Thenceforth redeem'd from War's unnumber'd woes,
Rich with the spoils of their retreated foes,
By Giant tyranny no more oppress,
The people flourish'd, and the land had rest.

END OF THE TENTH AND LAST CANTO.

N O T E.

CANTO X. line 42, &c. This passage, the reader will perceive, is an imitation of some verses in the fourteenth Chapter of the Prophecy of Isaiah, which are applied to the fall of the King of Babylon. The following extract from Bishop Lowth's note on the original will elucidate the paraphrase. " The regions of the Dead are laid open, and Hades is represented as rousing up the shades of the departed monarchs; they rise from their thrones to meet the King of Babylon at his coming; and insult him on his being reduced to the same low state of impotence and dissolution with themselves. * * * * *

The image of the state of the Dead, or the *Infernum Poeticum* of the Hebrews, is taken from their custom of burying, those at least of the highest rank, in large sepulchral vaults hewn in the rock. Of this kind of sepulchres there are remains at Jerusalem now extant; and some that are said to be the sepulchres of the kings of Judah. See Maundrell, p. 76. You are to form to yourself the idea of an immense subterraneous vault, a

vast gloomy cavern, all round the sides of which there are cells to receive the dead bodies: here the deceased monarchs lie in a distinguished sort of state, suitable to their former rank, each on his own couch, with his arms beside him, his sword at his head, and the bodies of his chiefs and companions around him. * * * * * These illustrious shades rise at once from their couches, as from their thrones; and advance to the entrance of the cavern to meet the King of Babylon, and to receive him with insults on his fall.”—LOWTH’S ISAIAH, ch. XIV. v. 9, *et seq.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE
PEAK MOUNTAINS:

IN TWO PARTS.

Written at Buxton, in August, 1812.

It may be useful to remark, that the scenery in the neighbourhood of Buxton, when surveyed from any of the surrounding eminences, consists chiefly of numerous and naked hills, of which many are yet unenclosed, and the rest poorly cultivated; the whole district, except in the immediate precincts of the Baths and the village of Fairfield, being miserably bare of both trees and houses.

PART I.

HEALTH on these open hills I seek,
By these delicious springs in vain;
The Rose on this deserted cheek
Shall never bloom again;
For Youth is fled; — and less by Time
Than Sorrow torn away,

The pride, the strength of Manhood's prime
Falls to decay.

Restless and fluttering to expire,
Life's vapour sheds a cold dim light,
Frail as the evanescent fire
Amidst the murky night,
That tempts the traveller from afar
To follow, o'er the heath,
Its baleful and bewildering Star
To snares of Death.

A dreary torpor numbs my brain ;
Now shivering pale, — now flush'd with heat ;
Hurried, then slow, from vein to vein
Unequal pulses beat ;
Quick palpitations heave my heart,
Anon it seems to sink ;
Alarm'd at sudden sounds I start,
From shadows shrink.

Bear me, my failing limbs ! O ! bear
 A melancholy sufferer forth,
 To breathe abroad the mountain air
 Fresh from the vigorous North ;
 To view the prospect, waste and wild,
 Tempestuous or serene,
 Still dear to me, as to the Child
 The Mother's mien.

Ah ! who can look on Nature's face,
 And feel unholy passions move ?
 Her forms of majesty and grace
 I cannot chuse but love :
 Her frowns or smiles my woes disarm,
 Care and repining cease ;
 Her terrors awe, her beauties charm
 My thoughts to peace.

Already through mine inmost soul,
 A deep tranquillity I feel,

O'er every nerve, with mild controul,
Her consolations steal ;
This fever'd frame and fretful mind,
Jarring 'midst doubts and fears,
Are sooth'd to harmony : — I find
Delight in tears.

I quit the path, and track with toil
The mountain's unfrequented maze ;
Deep moss and heather clothe the soil,
And many a springlet plays,
That welling from its secret source
Down rugged dells is tost,
Or spreads through rushy fens its course,
Silently lost.

The flocks and herds, that freely range
These moorlands, turn a jealous eye,
As if the form of man were strange,
To watch me stealing by ;

The Heifer stands aloof to gaze,
 The Colt comes boldly on : —
 I pause, — he shakes his forelock, neighs,
 Starts and is gone.

I seek the valley : — all alone
 I seem in this sequester'd place ;
 Not so ; I meet, unseen, yet known,
 My Maker face to face ;
 My heart perceives his presence nigh,
 And hears his voice proclaim,
 While bright his glory passes by,
 His noblest name.

LOVE is that name, — for GOD is LOVE ;
 — Here, where unbuilt by mortal hands,
 Mountains below and heaven above,
 His awful Temple stands,
 I worship : — “ Lord ! though I am dust
 And ashes in thy sight,

Be thou my strength ; in Thee I trust ;
Be thou my light."

PART II.

EMERGING from the cavern'd glen,
From steep to steep I slowly climb,
And far above the haunts of men,
I tread in air sublime ;
Beneath my path the swallows sweep ;
Yet higher crags impend,
And wild flowers from the fissures peep,
And rills descend.

Now on the ridges bare and bleak,
Cool round my temples sighs the gale ;
Ye winds ! that wander o'er the Peak ;
Ye mountain-spirits ! hail !

Angels of health ! to man below,
Ye bring celestial airs ;
Bear back to Him, from whom ye blow,
Our praise and prayers.

Here, like the eagle from his nest,
I take my proud and dizzy stand ;
Here, from the cliff's sublimest crest,
Look down upon the land :
O for the eagle's eye to gaze
Undazzled through this light !
O for the eagle's wings to raise,
O'er all my flight !

The sun in glory walks the sky,
White fleecy clouds are floating round,
Whose shapes along the landscape fly,
— Here, chequering o'er the ground ;
There, down the glens the shadows sweep,
With changing lights between ;

Yonder they climb the uplands steep,
Shifting the scene.

Above, beneath, immensely spread,
Valleys and hoary rocks I view,
Heights over heights exalt their head,
Of many a sombre hue ;
No waving woods their flanks adorn,
No hedge-rows, gay with trees,
Encircle fields, where floods of corn
Roll to the breeze.

My soul this vast horizon fills,
Within whose undulated line,
Thick stand the multitude of hills,
And clear the waters shine ;
Grey mossy walls the slope ascend ;
While roads, that tire the eye,
Upward their winding course extend,
And touch the sky.

With rude diversity of form,
 The insulated mountains tower :
 —Oft o'er these cliffs the transient storm
 And partial darkness lower,
 While yonder summits far away
 Shine sweetly through the gloom,
 Like glimpses of eternal day
 Beyond the tomb.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came ;
 Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind ;
 Before Him went devouring flame,
 And thunder roll'd behind ;
 At His approach the mountains reel'd
 Like vessels to and fro ;
 Earth, heaving like a sea, reveal'd
 The gulphs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
 He seem'd in power alone a God ;

But blessings follow'd in his path,
For Mercy seized his rod ;
She smote the rock, — and as he pass'd
Forth gush'd a living stream ;
'The fire, the earthquake, and the blast
Fled as a dream.

Behold the everlasting hills,
In that convulsion scatter'd round ;
Hark ! from their caves the issuing rills
With sweetest music sound ;
Ye Lame and Impotent ! draw near ;
With healing on her wing,
The Cherub Mercy watches here
Her ancient Spring.

TO

ANN AND JANE:

*Verses, written on a Blank Leaf in the small Volume of
HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.*

WHEN the shades of night retire
From the Morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams,
Lo, the Lark begins her song,
Early on the wing, and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her Sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats,
Soaring in the dappled dawn;

Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
Harkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground,
Ere their wings are fledged to fly
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
Teaching Infant minds to raise
To the universal King
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,
O may all who hear your voice,
Look, and listen, and rejoice !

Faltering like the skylark's young,
While your numbers they record,

Soon may every heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord ;
And your strains divinely sweet,
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels ! what reward is due
For this labour of your love ?
— Through eternity may You,
In the Paradise above,
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
All your Infant Readers meet !

OCCASIONAL ODE

FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL BRITISH
SYSTEM OF EDUCATION,

Held at FREEMASONS' HALL, May 16, 1812.

THE Lion, o'er his wild domains,
Rules with the terror of his eye;
The Eagle of the rock maintains
By force his empire in the sky;
The Shark, the tyrant of the flood,
Reigns through the deep with quenchless rage;
Parent and Young, unwear'd from blood,
Are still the same from age to age.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;

He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of heaven and earth :
Force, cunning, speed, which Nature gave
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from Death to save,
These are the lowest powers of Man.

From strength to strength he travels on ;
He leaves the lingering Brute behind ;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars, a disembodied mind :
Beyond the grave, his course sublime
Destined through nobler paths to run,
In his career the end of Time
Is but Eternity begun.

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumines, cheers his way,
Discerns the Immortal from the Brute,
God's Image from the mould of clay ?

'Tis Knowledge : — Knowledge to the Soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace ;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of Knowledge shall increase.

Hail ! to the glorious plan, that spread
The light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
— Behold a new Creation rise,
New Spirit breathed into the clod,
Where'er the voice of Wisdom cries,
“ Man, know Thyself, and fear thy God.”

A DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER,

On her Birth-day, November 25, 1811.

THIS the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year ;
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning ;
Summer noon, with brighter beams
Gild the mountains and the streams ;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale :
Yet though stern November reigns,
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes ;

Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head ;
Never looks the evening-scene
So enchantingly serene,
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,
Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight,
Reminiscence of delight,
All around me, all above,
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears ;
Love, that through Life's flowery May
Led my Childhood, prone to stray ;
Love, that still directs my Youth
With the constancy of Truth,

Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness :
— May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage ;
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious ;
Souls, united here, would be
One to all Eternity.

When these eyes, from native night,
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view ?
On my Mother's smiling mien ;
All the Mother there was seen.
When their weary lids would close,
And she sung me to repose,

Found I not the sweetest rest
On my Mother's peaceful breast?
When my tongue from hers had caught
Sounds to utter infant-thought,
Readiest then what accents came?
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet begun,
Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try,
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made
Lines, where youthful dimples play'd,
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace;
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory?

— Cruel griefs have wrung that breast,
Once my Paradise of rest ;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
— Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honour due,
But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
— Many a hand, that Friendship plighted,
Have I clasp'd, with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
Mother ! on this day, 'tis meet,
That, with salutation sweet,

I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last ;
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now ;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine ;
One, in which with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice ;
O what *shall* that blessing be ?
— Dearest Mother ! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfill'd *for me* !

STANZAS;

*On reading the Verses entitled "RESIGNATION," written by
Chatterton, a few Days before his melancholy End.*

A DYING Swan of Pindus sings
In wildly-mournful strains ;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering Lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale ;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale :

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips ;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to Genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes ; — till his memory fail with years
Shall TIME thy strains recite ;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy Song shall charm his flight.

THE
WILD ROSE;

On plucking one late in the Month of October.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose! what dost thou here?
Why, frail flower! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer?
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
When every breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain,
Awaking from repose,
Thy fairy lids uncloze.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
Smile away thy sunless hour;

Every daisy, in my walk,
Scorns thee from its humbler stalk :
Nothing but thy form discloses
Thy descent from royal roses ;
How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush,
Drooping thy dejected head
Where their bolder blossoms spread,
Withering in the frosty gale,
Where their fragrance fill'd the vale.

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, colour, grace !
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips ;
No spangling dew-drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem ;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume,

But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconceal'd below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn.

Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
His ample web a spider weaves ;
A wily ruffian gaunt and grim,
His labyrinthine toils he spreads
Pensile and light ; — their glossy threads,
Bestrew'd with many a wing and limb ;
Even in thy chalice he prepares
His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
Giddily comes buzzing by ;
Round and round, on viewless wings,
Lo ! the insect wheels and sings ;
Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,

And while o'er the verge he hovers,
 Seems to fascinate his prize,
 As the snake's magnetic glare
 Charms the flitting tribes of air,
 Till the dire enchantment draws
 Destined victims to his jaws.

Now 'midst kindred corpses mangled,
 On his feet alights the fly;
 Ah! he feels himself entangled,
 Hark! he pours a piteous cry.
 Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
 On his prey the spider springs,
 Wounds his side, — with dexterous art
 Winds the web about his wings;
 Quick as he came, recoiling then,
 The villain vanishes into his den.
 The desperate fly perceives too late
 The hastening crisis of his fate;

Disaster crowds upon disaster,
 And every struggle to get free
 Snaps the hopes of liberty,
 And draws the knots of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line ;
 Hold, murderer ! hold ; — the game is mine.
 — Captive ! unwarn'd by danger, go,
 Frolic awhile in light and air ;
 Thy fate 'tis easy to foreshew,
 Preserved ——— to perish in a safer snare !
 Spider ! thy worthless life I spare ;
 Advice on thee 'twere vain to spend,
 Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend, —
 Then haste thee, Spoiler, mend thy net ;
 Wiser than I
 Must be yon fly,
 If he escapes thy trammels yet ;
 Most eagerly the trap is sought
 In which a fool has once been caught.

And thou, poor Rose ! whose livid leaves expand,
Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
Bloom unadmired, — uninjured die ;
Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
Ensures thy peaceful dull decay ;
Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
Grown “ sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,”
I might have pluck’d thy flower,
Worn it an hour,
“ Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.” *

* Otway’s Orphan.

ON FINDING

THE FEATHERS OF A LINNET,

Scattered on the Ground, in a solitary Walk.

THESE little relics, hapless bird!
That strew the lonely vale,
With silent eloquence record
Thy melancholy tale.

Like Autumn's leaves, that rustle round
From every withering tree,
These plumes, dishevell'd o'er the ground,
Alone remain of thee.

Some hovering Kite's rapacious maw
Hath been thy timeless grave,
No pitying eye thy murder saw,
No friend appear'd to save.

Heaven's thunder smite the guilty foe!

No: — spare the Tyrant's breath,

Till wintry winds, and famine slow,

Avenge thy cruel death!

But every feather of thy wing,

Be quicken'd where it lies,

And at the soft return of spring,

A fragrant cowslip rise!

Few were thy days, thy pleasures few,

Simple and unconfined;

On sunbeams every moment flew,

Nor left a care behind.

In spring to build thy curious nest,

And woo thy merry bride,

Carol and fly, and sport and rest,

Was all thy humble pride.

Happy beyond the lot of Kings,
 Thy bosom knew no smart,
 Till the last pang, that tore the strings
 From thy dissever'd heart.

When late to secret griefs a prey,
 I wander'd slowly here,
 Wild from the copse an artless lay,
 Like magic, won mine ear.

Perhaps 'twas thy last evening song,
 That exquisitely stole
 In sweetest melody along,
 And harmonized my soul.

Now, blithe musician ! now no more
 Thy mellow pipe resounds,
 But jarring drums at distance roar,
 And yonder howl the hounds : —

The hounds, that through the echoing wood
 The panting hare pursue ;
 The drums, that wake the cry of blood,
 — The voice of Glory too !

Here at my feet thy frail remains,
 Unwept, unburied lie,
 Like victims on embattled plains,
 Forsaken where they die.

Yet could the Muse, whose strains rehearse
 Thine unregarded doom,
 Enshrine thee in immortal verse,
 Kings should not scorn thy tomb.

Though brief as thine my tuneful date,
 When wandering near this spot,
 The sad memorials of thy fate
 Shall never be forgot.

While doom'd the lingering pangs to feel
Of many a nameless fear,
One truant sigh from these I'll steal,
And drop one willing tear.

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of P. Salandri.

TO A BRIDE.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of Love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care,
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill;
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Petrarch.

LONELY and thoughtful, o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow,
Mine eyes intent to shun, where'er I go,
The track of man : — from him to hide my pains,
No refuge save the wilderness remains :
The curious multitude would quickly know,
Amidst affected smiles, the cherish'd woe
That wrings my bosom, and consumes my veins.

O that the rocks and streams of solitude,
The vales and woods alone, my griefs might see !
But paths, however secret, wild and rude,
I find not, from tormenting passion free ;
Where'er I wander, still by Love pursued,
With Him I hold communion, HE with ME.

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Gaetana Passerini.

*On the Siege of Genoa by the French Army in 16***

Liberty speaks.

“ MY native Genoa ! if with tearless eye,
 Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
 Think not thy Daughter’s heart is dead to thee ;
 ’Twere treason, O my Mother ! here to sigh,
 For here, majestic though in ashes, lie
 Trophies of valour, skill and constancy ;
 Here at each glance, each footstep, I descry
 The proud memorials of thy love to me.

“ Conquest to noble suffering lost the day,
 And glorious was thy vengeance on the foe,
 — He saw thee perish, yet not feel the blow.”
 Thus Liberty, exulting on her way,
 Kiss’d the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
 And cried:—“ In ruins? *Yes!* — In slavery? *No.*”

SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Benedetto dall' Uva.

*On the Siege of Famagusta, in the Island of Cyprus, by the
Turks, in 1571.*

THUS saith the Lord: — “ In whom shall Cyprus
trust,

With all her crimes, her luxury and pride?
In her voluptuous Loves will she confide,
Her harlot-daughters, and her Queen of Lust?
My day is come, when o'er her neck in dust,
Vengeance and Fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and Captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish: — I the Lord am just.

“ Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely Merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more.”

DEPARTED DAYS;

4

A RHAPSODY ;

*Written on visiting FULNECK, in Yorkshire, where the Author
was educated, in the Spring of 1806.*

DAYS of my Childhood, hail !
Whose gentle Spirits wandering here,
Down in the visionary vale,
Before mine eyes appear,
Benignly pensive, beautifully pale ;
O days for ever fled, for ever dear,
Days of my Childhood, hail !

Joys of my early hours !
The swallows on the wing,

The bees among the flowers,
The butterflies of spring,
Light as their lovely moments flew,
Were not more gay, more innocent than you :
And fugitive as they,
Like butterflies in spring,
Like bees among the flowers,
Like swallows on the wing,
How swift, how soon ye pass'd away,
Joys of my early hours !

The loud Atlantic Ocean,
On Scotland's rugged breast,
Rocks, with harmonious motion,
His weary waves to rest,
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore,
My Parents hail'd their first-born boy ;

A Mother's pangs my Mother bore,
My Father felt a Father's joy :
My Father, Mother, — Parents now no more !
Beneath the Lion-Star they sleep,
Beyond the western Deep,
And when the sun's noon-glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves. *

Sweet seas, and smiling shores !
When no tornado-demon roars,
Resembling that celestial clime,
Where with the Spirits of the Blest,
Beyond the hurricanes of Time,
From all their toils my Parents rest :
There skies, eternally serene,
Diffuse ambrosial balm
Through sylvan isles for ever green,
O'er seas for ever calm ;

* In the islands of Barbadoes and Tobago.

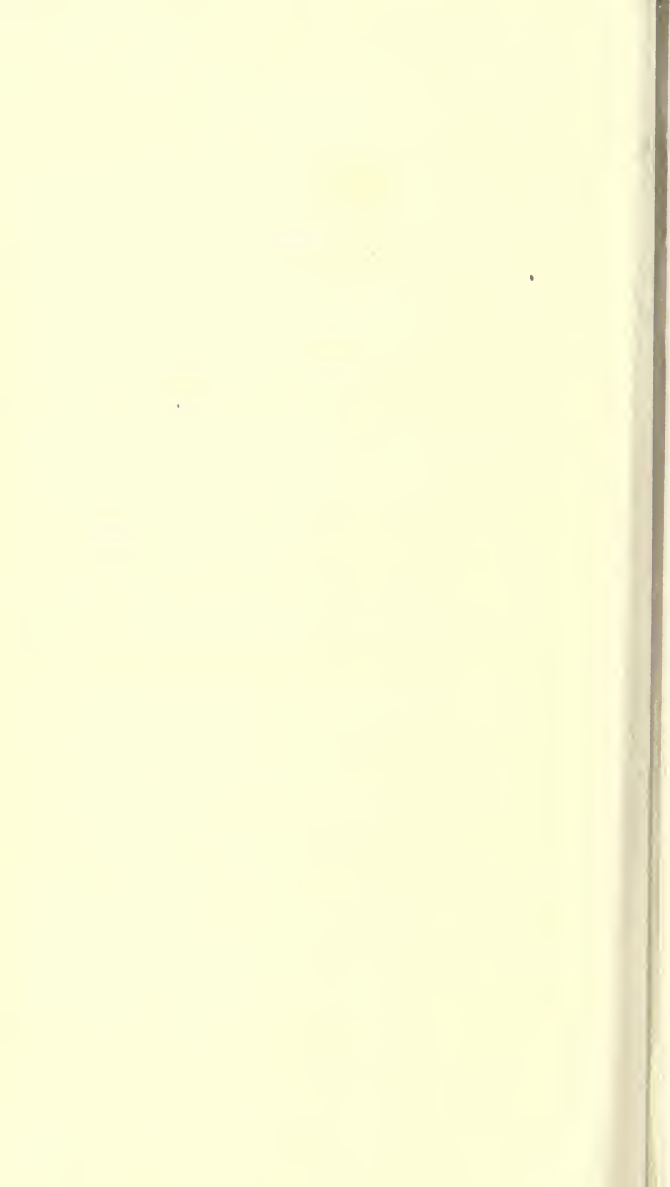
While Saints and Angels, kindling in his rays,
On the full glory of the Godhead gaze,
And taste and prove, in that transporting sight,
Joy without sorrow, without darkness light.
Light without darkness, without sorrow joy,
On earth are all unknown to man ;
Here, while I roved, a heedless boy,
Here, while through paths of peace I ran,
My feet were vex'd with puny snares,
My bosom stung with insect-cares :
But ah ! what light and little things
Are Childhood's woes ! — they break no rest,
Like dew-drops on the Skylark's wings,
While slumbering in his grassy nest,
Gone in a moment, when he springs
To meet the morn with open breast,
As o'er the eastern hills her banners glow,
And veil'd in mist the valley sleeps below.

Like him, on these delightful plains,
I taught, with fearless voice,
The echoing woods to sound my strains,
The mountains to rejoice.
Hail! to the trees, beneath whose shade,
Rapt into worlds unseen, I stray'd;
Hail! to the stream, that purl'd along
In hoarse accordance to my song,
My song that pour'd uncensured lays,
Tuned to a dying Saviour's praise,
In numbers simple, wild and sweet,
As were the flowers beneath my feet; —
Those flowers are dead,
Those numbers fled,
Yet o'er my secret thought,
From cold Oblivion's silent gloom,
Their music to mine ear is brought,
Like voices from the tomb.

As yet in this untainted breast,
 No baleful passion burn'd,
 Ambition had not banish'd rest,
 Nor hope had earthward turn'd ;
 Proud Reason still in shadow lay,
 And in my firmament alone,
 Forerunner of the day,
 The dazzling star of wonder shone,
 By whose enchanting ray,
 Creation open'd on my earliest view,
 And all was beautiful, for all was new.

Too soon my Mind's awakening powers
 Made the light slumbers flee,
 Then vanish'd, with the golden hours,
 The morning dreams of Infancy ;
 Sweet were those slumbers, dear those dreams to me :
 And yet to mournful Memory lingering here,
 Sweet are those slumbers, and those dreams are dear ;
 For hither from my native clime,

The hand, that leads Orion forth,
And wheels Arcturus round the north,
Brought me in Life's exulting prime :
—Blest be that hand ! — Whether it shed
Mercies or Judgments on my head,
Extend the sceptre or exalt the rod,—
Blest be that hand ! — It is the hand of GOD.



PRISON AMUSEMENTS:

WRITTEN

*During Nine Months of Confinement in the Castle of York,
in the Years 1795 and 1796.*

EXTRACT
FROM
THE ORIGINAL PREFACE.

THESE Pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horrors of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness. They were the transcripts of melancholy feelings,—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real.

The reader may be curious to be informed of the circumstances to which these trifles owe their existence. Suffice it to say, the writer is very young, and has been very unfortunate. Twice, in the course of twelve months, he was sentenced to the penalties of fine and imprisonment for imputed offences: In January 1795, and again in January 1796; the first time — a fine of twenty pounds, and three months' confinement: the second — six months' confinement, and a fine of thirty pounds.



PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

VERSES

TO

A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

Who visits the Window of my Prison every Day.

I.

WELCOME, pretty little Stranger!

Welcome to my lone retreat!

Here, secure from every danger,

Hop about, and chirp, and eat.

Robin! how I envy thee,

Happy Child of Liberty!

M

II.

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
 Shakes the world with tempests round,
 Heaven above with vapours scowling,
 Frost imprisons all the ground ;—
 Robin ! what are these to thee ?
 Thou art blest with Liberty.

III.

Though yon fair majestic River *
 Mourns in solid icy chains ;
 Though yon flocks and cattle shiver,
 On the desolated plains ;—
 Robin ! thou art gay and free,
 Happy in thy Liberty.

IV.

Hunger never shall distress thee,
 While my cates one crumb afford ;

* The Ouse.

Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee;
 Come and share my humble board.
 Robin! come and live with me,
 Live — yet still at Liberty.

V.

Soon shall Spring in smiles and blushes,
 Steal upon the blooming year;
 Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,
 Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
 Then shall I too, join'd with thee,
 Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

VI.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
 In this iron-hearted age,
 Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
 And confine thee in a cage,
 Then, poor Pris'ner! think of me,
 Think — and sigh for Liberty.

Feb. 2. 1795.

MOONLIGHT.



I.

GENTLE Moon! a Captive calls :
Gentle Moon! awake, arise ;
Gild the prison's sullen walls ;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

II.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside ;
Let those smiles that light the pole,
Through the liquid Æther glide, —
Glide into the mourner's soul.

III.

Cheer his melancholy mind ;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart :

Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

IV.

Chase despondency and care,
Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast:
Conscious virtue braves despair;
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

V.

Now I feel thy power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;
As thy beams the brightest shine,
When the deepest midnight reigns.

VI.

Say, fair shepherdess of night!
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue etherial mead;

VII.

At this moment, dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me, —
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear ?

VIII.

On a brilliant beam convey
This soft whisper to his breast ;
“ Wipe that generous drop away ;
He for whom it falls is blest :

IX.

“ Blest with Freedom unconfined ;
Dungeons cannot hold the Soul :
Who can chain the immortal Mind ?
— None but HE, who spans the pole.”

X.

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
With her subtle magic spell,

In romantic visions airy
Steals the Captive from his cell.

XI.

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain ;
Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again.

XII.

Stay, thou dear delusion ! stay ;
Beauteous bubble ! do not break ;
— Ah ! the pageant flits away ;
— Who from such a dream would wake ?

March 7. 1795.

THE
CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

I.

NOCTURNAL Silence reigning,
A Nightingale began,
In his cold cage, complaining
Of cruel-hearted man :
His drooping pinions shiver'd,
Like wither'd moss so dry ;
His heart with anguish quiver'd,
And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

II.

His grief in soothing slumbers,
No balmy power could steep ;

So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
 The Music seem'd to weep.
 Unfeeling Sons of Folly!
 To you the Mourner sung ;
 While tender melancholy
 Inspired his plaintive tongue.

III.

“ Now reigns the Moon in splendour
 Amid the heaven serene ;
 A thousand Stars attend her,
 And glitter round their Queen :
 Sweet hours of Inspiration !
 When I, the still night long,
 Was wont to pour my passion,
 And breathe my soul in Song.

IV.

“ But now, delicious Season !
 In vain thy charms invite :

Entomb'd in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I,
That hail'd the sun returning,
Or swam the liquid sky.

V.

“ In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours,
In solitude serene :
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravish'd eye ;
I vow'd eternal duty ;
She look'd — half kind, half shy !

VI.

“ My plumes with ardor trembling,
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung ;

'The fair one, still dissembling,
 Refused to trust my tongue ;
 A thousand tricks inventing,
 A thousand arts I tried :
 Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
 Confess'd herself my bride.

VII.

“ Deep in the grove retiring,
 To choose our secret seat,
 We found an oak aspiring,
 Beneath whose mossy feet,
 Where the tall herbage swelling
 Had formed a green alcove,
 We built our humble dwelling,
 And hallow'd it with love.

VIII.

“ Sweet scene of vanish'd pleasure!
 This day, this fatal day,

My little ones, my treasure,
 My spouse, were stolen away !
 I saw the precious plunder,
 All in a napkin bound ;
 Then smit with human thunder,
 I flutter'd on the ground !

IX.

“ O Man ! beneath whose vengeance
 All Nature bleeding lies !
 Who charged thine impious engines
 With lightning from the skies ?
 Ah ! is thy bosom iron ?
 Does it thine heart enchain ?
 As these cold bars environ,
 And, captive, me detain ?

X.

“ Where are my offspring tender ?
 Where is my widow'd mate ?

—Thou Guardian Moon ! defend her !

Ye stars ! avert their fate ! —

O'erwhelm'd with killing anguish,

In iron cage, forlorn,

I see my poor babes languish :

I hear their mother mourn !

XI.

“ O Liberty ! inspire me,

And eagle strength supply !

Thou, love almighty ! fire me !

I'll burst my prison — or die !”

He sung ; and forward bounded ;

He broke the yielding door !

But with the shock confounded,

Fell, lifeless, on the floor !

XII.

Farewell, then, Philomela !

Poor martyr'd bird ! adieu !

There's One, my charming fellow !

Who thinks, who feels, like you :

The bard, that pens thy story,

Amidst a prison's gloom,

Sighs, — not for wealth nor glory,

— But freedom, or thy tomb !

Feb. 12. 1796.

ODE
TO
THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL ! resplendent Evening Star !
Brightly beaming from afar ;
Fairest gem of purest light
In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
Lights to rest the weary day ;
While the lustre of thine eye
Sweetly trembles through the sky,
As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,

Lo ! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light ;
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges round the vast creation ;
When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,
Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE ; —
— Now, when visionary sleep
Lulls the world in slumbers deep ;
When silence, awfully profound,
Breathes solemn inspiration round ;

Queen of beauty ! queen of stars !
Smile upon these frowning bars ;
Softly sliding from thy sphere,
Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell,
No tormenting dæmons dwell ;
Round these walls, in wild despair,
No agonizing spectres glare :
Here reside no furies gaunt ;
No tumultuous passions haunt ;
Fell revenge, nor treachery base ;
Guilt, with bold unblushing face ;
Pale remorse, within whose breast
Scorpion horrors murder rest ;
Coward malice, hatred dire,
Lawless rapine, dark desire ;
Pining envy, frantic ire ;
Never, never dare intrude
On this pensive solitude.

— But a sorely hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here :
One, whose panting sides have been
Pierced with many an arrow keen ;
One, whose deeply-wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled ;
From the herd when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield ;
Too weak to fight, he lost the field ;
Assail'd, and captive, led away,
He fell a poor, inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star ! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head :
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee, from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,

Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart ;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose.
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep, majestic ocean,
When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide ;
Calmly thus, prepared, resigned,
Swells the independent mind.

But when, through clouds, thy beauteous light
Streams, in splendour, on the night ;
Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,

Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes :
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain ;
All my fretful fears are banish'd ;
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd ;
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the muse's hallow'd fires ;
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song.

Thus my prison moments gay,
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away ;
Till the last long day declining,
O'er yon tower thy glory shining,
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty !

Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return !

Rise to set the captive free ;
Rise, O sun of Liberty !

Feb. 29. 1796.

SOLILOQUY
OF
A WATER-WAGTAIL,
ON
THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

ON the walls that guard my prison,
Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
I a feather'd coxcomb spied :
When the little hopping elf
Gayly thus amused himself.

II.

“ Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
All good subjects, young and old !

I'm the Lord of the Creation ;
 I — a Water-Wagtail bold !
 All around, and all you see,
 All the world was made for ME !

III.

“ Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
 Rises — when I leave my nest ;
 And, behind the hills declining,
 Sets — when I retire to rest :
 Morn and evening, thus you see,
 Day and night, were made for ME !

IV.

“ Vernal gales to love invite me ;
 Summer sheds, for me, her beams ;
 Autumn's jovial scenes delight me ;
 Winter paves with ice my streams ;
 All the year is mine, you see ;
 Seasons change, like moons, for ME !

V.

“ On the heads of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees ;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease :
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME !

VI.

“ Boundless are my vast dominions ;
I can hop, or swim, or fly ;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky :
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME !

VII.

“ Birds and insects, beasts and fishes,
All their humble distance keep ;

Man, subservient to my wishes,
 Sows the harvest, which I reap :
 Mighty man himself, you see,
 All that breathe, were made for ME

VIII.

“ 'Twas for my accommodation,
 Nature rose when I was born ;
 Should I die — the whole creation
 Back to nothing would return :
 Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see,
 Sprung — exist — will fall with ME !”

IX.

Here the pretty prattler ending,
 Spread his wings to soar away ;
 But a cruel Hawk, descending,
 Pounced him up — an helpless prey
 — Couldst thou not, poor Wagtail ! see,
 That the Hawk was made for THEE ?

April 15. 1796.

THE
PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT :

In Two Epistles to a Friend.

EPISTLE I.

YOU ask, my friend, and well you may,
You ask me, how I spend the day ;
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time :
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen ;
These idle lines — they might be worse —
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock ;

Bolts, bars, and portals crash and thunder ;
 The gates of iron burst asunder ;
 Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
 With clattering chains, in concert mingle :
 So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
 For joy, would break its drum to hear ;
 While my dull organs, at the sound,
 Rest in tranquillity profound :
 Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
 And waft my spirit home again :
 Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
 At night I am as free as you ;
 Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
 Can hold me when I'm fast asleep !

But every thing is good in season,
 I dream at large — and wake in prison.
 Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
 I rise as early even as eight :

Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
 For any man, in four and twenty.
 You smile — and yet 'tis nobly done,
 I'm but five hours behind the sun !

When dress'd, I to the yard repair,
 And breakfast on the pure, fresh air :
 But though this choice Castalian cheer
 Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
 For reasons strong enough with me,
 I mend the meal with toast and tea.
 Now air and fame, as poets sing,
 Are both the same, the self-same thing :
 Yet bards are not camelions quite,
 And heavenly food is very light ;
 Who ever dined or supp'd on fame,
 And went to bed upon a name ?

Breakfast dispatch'd, I sometimes read,
 To clear the vapours from my head ;

For books are magic charms, I ween,
 Both for the crotchets and the spleen.
 When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
 Where sound is sense, and sense is sound ;
 When art and nature both combine,
 And live, and breathe, in every line ;
 The reader glows along the page
 With all the author's native rage !
 But books there are with nothing fraught, —
 Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought ;
 Where periods without period crawl,
 Like caterpillars on a wall,
 That fall to climb, and climb to fall ;
 While still their efforts only tend
 To keep them from their journey's end.
 The readers yawn with pure vexation,
 And nod — but not with approbation.
 In such a fog of dulness lost,
 Poor Patience must give up the ghost ;

Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep!

At half past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd,
The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends :
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy land I rove :
Those iron rails become a grove ;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay ;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains ;

Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
 Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd :
 Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers ;
 Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers :
 The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
 Are metamorphosed into songs ;
 While wretched female prisoners, lo !
 Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
 Those hideous walls with verdure shoot ;
 These pillars bend with blushing fruit ;
 That dunghill swells into a mountain,
 The pump becomes a purling fountain ;
 The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
 The circling air with fragrance fills ;
 This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
 And swans of ducks and geese I make ;
 Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
 That bill and coo their pretty loves ;
 Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
 And tomtits sing like nightingales.

No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles ;
The rattling rain, that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills ;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head ;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes ;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again !
As in a magic-lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,

Yet steal the lustre of their light
 From the deep shadow of the night :
 Thus in the darkness of my head,
 Ten thousand shining things are bred,
 That borrow splendour from the gloom,
 As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me,
 Kind Dulness draws her curtain round me ;
 The visions vanish in a trice,
 And I awake as cold as ice :
 Nothing remains of all the vapour,
 Save — what I send you — ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
 Smooth as the numbers of my song :
 Yet let me wander as I will,
 I feel I am a prisoner still.
 Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
 Is ravish'd from his little nest

By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg :
See the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
— The clock strikes one — I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day,
At present, worthy friend, farewell ;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

June 13. 1796.

THE
PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

EPISTLE II.

IN this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts and snug in chains ;
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather ;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie,
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly ;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout,
Would, rather than break in, break out ;
Where all's so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose ;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,

And those who can't the cost defray,
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what's heard and seen ;
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows,
As on York Minster or Kew Palace.
And here let us the scene review :
That's the old castle, this the new ;
Yonder the felons walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air ;
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells ;
There stands the chapel for good people ;
That black balcony is the steeple ;
How gayly spins the weather-cock !
How proudly shines the crazy clock !

A clock, whose wheels eccentric run,
More like my head than like the sun ;
And yet it shews us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long ;
Though captives often reckon here,
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The Porter, at the horrid gate ;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free ;
One thing indeed is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarr'd ;
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like — getting out again !
Across the green, behold the court,
Where jargon reigns and wigs resort ;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles ;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout.

There, on the outside of the door,
 (As sang a wicked wag of yore,)
 Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
 Who never yet hath ventured in.
 The cause, my friend, may soon be shewn,
 The lady was a stepping stone,
 Till — though the metamorphose odd is —
 A chisel made the block a goddess :
 — “ Odd ! ” did I say ? — I’m wrong this time ;
 But I was hamper’d for a rhyme :
 Justice at — I could tell you where —
 Is just the same as justice there.

But, lo ! my frisking dog attends,
 The kindest of four-footed friends ;
 Brim-full of giddiness and mirth,
 He is the prettiest fool on earth.
 The rogue is twice a squirrel’s size,
 With short snub nose and big black eyes ;

A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail ;
The same deep auburn dyes his ears,
That never were abridged by shears :
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows ;
Waves on his breast and plumes his feet,
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks, at once, a thousand ways ;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes ;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.

And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph ;
A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave as e'er you knew ;

Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles ;
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight ;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels :
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slily pinches in the rear ;
They start surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears ;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf,
The very picture of myself !
My ghost-like form and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counterparts of his :

Blasted like me by fortune's frown ;
Like me TWICE hunted, TWICE run down !
Like me pursued, almost to death,
He's come to gaol to save his breath !
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been ;
Still, on his woe-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.
Daily the mournful wretch I feed,
With crumbs of comfort and of bread ;
But man, false man ! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes :
In vain I smile to sooth his fear,
He will not, dare not, come too near ;
He lingers — looks — and fain he would —
Then strains his neck to reach the food.
Oft as his plaintive looks I see,
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate :

We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth nought :
I feel, and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself an host ;
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me — I'm at rest ;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dappled doe, all fire and life :
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace ;
Soft as the moon-light fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground ;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread :
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts and gives a timid squeak ;

Then, while her eye with brilliance burns,
The fawning animal returns ;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears :
— Poor Beast ! from fell ambition free,
And all the woes of LIBERTY ;
Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head ;
Ah ! mayst thou never pass these bounds,
To see the world — and feel the hounds ! —
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have fail'd to win her husband's heart ;
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest ;
Her swan-white neck, and ermine breast ;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread, —
To love and joy her Spouse is dead.

But lo! the evening shadows fall
 Broader and browner from the wall;
 A warning voice, like curfew bell,
 Commands each captive to his cell;
 My faithful dog and I retire,
 To play and chatter by the fire:
 Soon comes a turnkey with "Good night, sir!"
 And bolts the door with all his might, sir:
 Then leisurely to bed I creep,
 And sometimes wake — and sometimes sleep.
 These are the joys that reign in prison,
 And if I'm happy 'tis with reason:
 Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
 Makes every blessing doubly blest;
 That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd,
 And I, from all these comforts, banish'd!

June, 14. 1796.

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO I.

ONCE on the mountain's balmy lap reclined,
The Sage unlock'd the treasures of his mind ;
Pure from his lips sublime instruction came,
As the blest altar breathes celestial flame ;
A band of youths and virgins round him press'd,
Whom thus the prophet and the sage address'd.

“ Through the wide universe's boundless range,
All that exist decay, revive, and change :
No atom torpid or inactive lies ;
A being, once created, never dies.

The waning moon, when quench'd in shades of night,
 Renews her youth with all the charms of light ;
 The flowery beauties of the blooming year
 Shrink from the shivering blast, and disappear ;
 Yet, warm'd with quickening showers of genial rain,
 Spring from their graves, and purple all the plain.
 As day the night, and night succeeds the day,
 So death reanimates, so lives decay :
 Like billows on the undulating main,
 The swelling fall, the falling swell again ;
 Thus on the tide of time, inconstant, roll
 The dying body and the living soul.
 In every animal, inspired with breath,
 The flowers of life produce the seeds of death ; —
 The seeds of death, though scatter'd in the tomb,
 Spring with new vigour, vegetate and bloom.

“ When wasted down to dust the creature dies,
 Quick, from its cell, the enfranchised spirit flies ;

Fills, with fresh energy, another form,
 And towers an elephant, or glides a worm :
 The awful lion's royal shape assumes ;
 The fox's subtlety, or peacock's plumes ;
 Swims, like an eagle, in the eye of noon,
 Or wails, a screech owl, to the deaf, cold moon ;
 Haunts the dread brakes, where serpents hiss and
 glare,
 Or hums, a glittering insect, in the air.
 The illustrious souls of great and virtuous men,
 In noble animals revive again :
 But base and vicious spirits wind their way,
 In scorpions, vultures, sharks, and beasts of prey.
 The fair, the gay, the witty, and the brave,
 The fool, the coward, courtier, tyrant, slave ;
 Each, in congenial animals, shall find
 An home and kindred for his wandering mind.

“ Even the cold body, when enshrined in earth,
 Rises again in vegetable birth :

From the vile ashes of the bad proceeds
A baneful harvest of pernicious weeds ;
The relics of the good, awaked by showers,
Peep from the lap of death, and live in flowers ;
Sweet modest flowers, that blush along the vale,
Whose fragrant lips embalm the passing gale."

THE BRAMIN.

EXTRACT FROM CANTO II.



* * * * *

Now, mark the words these dying lips impart,
 And wear this grand memorial round your heart :
 All that inhabit ocean, air, or earth,
 From ONE ETERNAL SIRE derive their birth.
 The Hand, that built the Palace of the sky,
 Form'd the light wings that decorate a fly :
 The Power, that wheels the circling planets round,
 Rears every infant floweret on the ground ;
 That Bounty, which the mightiest beings share,
 Feeds the least gnat that gilds the evening air.
 Thus all the wild inhabitants of woods,
 Children of air and tenants of the floods ;

All, all are equal, independent, free,
And all the heirs of immortality !
For all that live and breathe have once been men,
And, in succession, will be such again :
Even you, in turn, that human shape must change,
And through ten thousand forms of being range.

Ah ! then, refrain your brethren's blood to spill,
And, till you can create, forbear to kill !
Oft as a guiltless fellow-creature dies,
The blood of innocence for vengeance cries :
Even grim, rapacious savages of prey,
Presume not, save in self-defence, to slay ;
What, though to heaven their forfeit lives they owe,
Hath heaven commissioned thee to deal the blow ?
Crush not the feeble, inoffensive worm,
Thy sister's spirit wears that humble form !
Why should thy cruel arrow smite yon bird ?
In him thy brother's plaintive song is heard.

When the poor, harmless kid, all trembling, lies,
 And begs his little life with infant cries,
 Think, ere you take the throbbing victim's breath,
 You doom a dear, an only child to death.

When at the ring, the beauteous heifer stands,
 — Stay, monster ! stay those parricidal hands ;
 Canst thou not, in that mild dejected face,
 The sacred features of thy mother trace ?

When to the stake the generous bull you lead,
 Tremble, — ah, tremble, — lest your father bleed.
 Let not your anger on your dog descend,
 The faithful animal was once your friend ;
 The friend whose courage snatch'd you from the
 grave,

When wrapt in flames or sinking in the wave.
 — Rash impious youth ! renounce that horrid knife,
 Spare the sweet antelope ! — ah, spare — thy wife !
 In the meek victim's tear-illumined eyes,
 See the soft image of thy consort rise ;

Such as she is, when by romantic streams,
Her spirit greets thee in delightful dreams ;
Not as she looked, when blighted in her bloom ;
Not as she lies, all pale in yonder tomb ;
That mournful tomb, where all thy joys repose ;
That hallow'd tomb, where all thy griefs shall close.

While yet I sing, the weary king of light
Resigns his sceptre to the queen of night ;
Unnumber'd orbs of living fire appear,
And roll in glittering grandeur o'er the sphere.
Perhaps the soul released from earthly ties,
A thousand ages hence may mount the skies ;
Through suns and planets, stars and systems range,
In each new forms assume, relinquish, change ;
From age to age, from world to world aspire,
And climb the scale of being higher and higher ;
But who these awful mysteries dare explore ?
Pause, O my soul ! and tremble, and adore.

There is a Power, all other powers above,
 Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love ;
 Who call'd the infant universe to light,
 From central nothing and circumfluent night.
 On His great providence all worlds depend,
 As trembling atoms to their centre tend :
 In nature's face His glory shines confest,
 She wears His sacred image on her breast ;
 His spirit breathes in every living soul ;
 His bounty feeds, His presence fills the whole ;
 Though seen, invisible—though felt, unknown :
 All that exist, exist in Him alone.
 But who the wonders of His hand can trace
 Through the dread ocean of unfathom'd space ?
 When from the shore we lift our fainting eyes,
 Where boundless scenes of Godlike grandeur rise ;
 Like sparkling atoms in the noontide rays,
 Worlds, stars, and suns, and universes blaze !
 Yet these transcendent monuments that shine,
 Eternal miracles of skill divine,

These, and ten thousand more, are only still
The shadow of His power, the transcript of His will.

April 14. 1796.

THE END.

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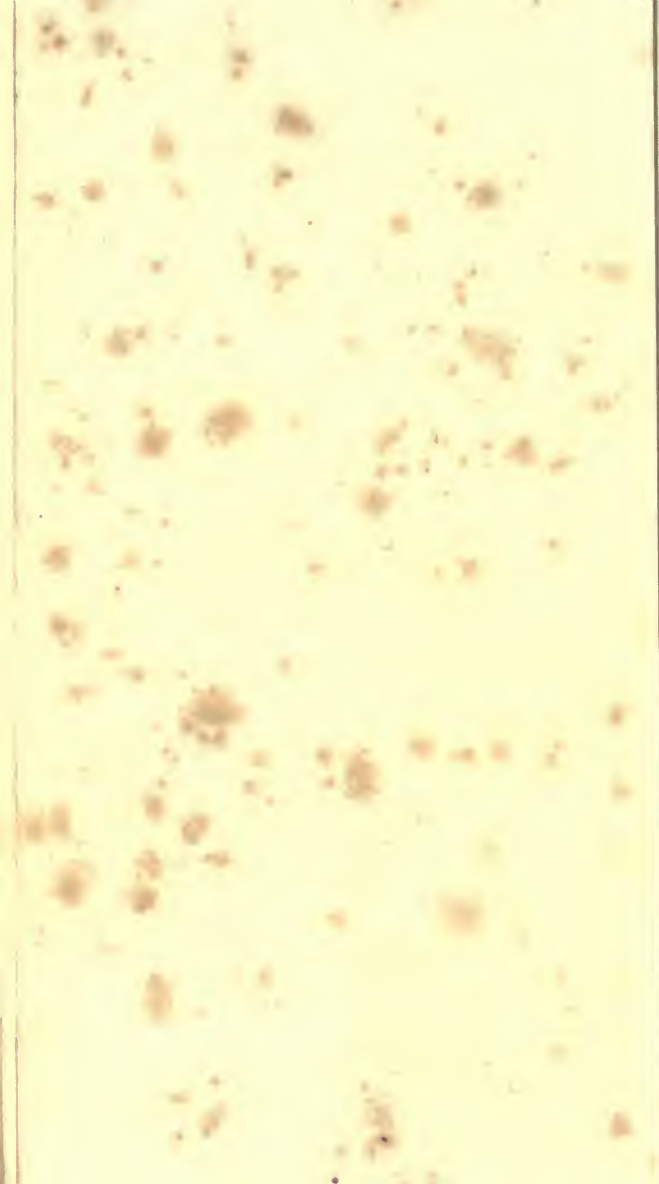
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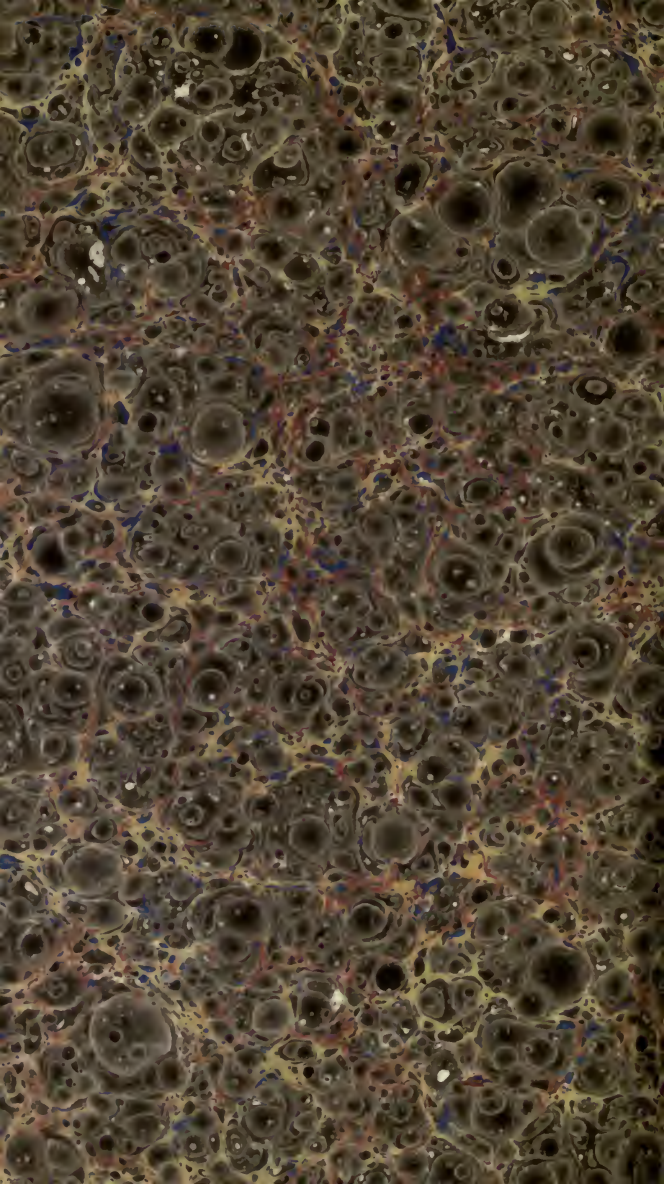












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